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DAISY MILLER.

A COMEDY. IN THREE ACTS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FREDERICK WINTERBOURNE.
CHARLES REVERDY.
GIACOMO GIOVANELLI.
EUGENIO.
RANDOLPH MILLER.

MRS. COSTELLO.
MADAME DE KATKOFF.
ALICE DURANT.
MRS. WALKER.
DAISY MILLER.

A WAITER.

ACT I. — *An Hotel on the Lake of Geneva.*

ACT II. — *The Promenade of the Pincian, Rome.*

ACT III. — *An Hotel in Rome.*

ACT I.

Garden and terrace of an hotel on the Lake of Geneva. The portico of the hotel to the left, with steps leading up to it. In the background a low parapet dividing the garden from the lake, and divided itself by a small gate opening upon a flight of steps which are supposed to descend to a pier. Beyond this a distant view of mountains and of the lake, with the Château de Chillon. Orange-trees in green tubs, benches, a few small tables and chairs.

SCENE I. MADAME DE KATKOFF, EUGENIO.

MADAME DE KATKOFF, *coming in as if a little startled, with a French book in a pink cover under her arm.* I believe he means to speak to me! He is capable of any impertinence.

EUGENIO, *following slowly, handsomely dressed, with a large watch-guard, and a courier's satchel over his shoulder. He takes off his hat and bows obsequiously,*

but with a certain mock respect. Madame does me the honor to recognize me, I think.

MME. DE K. Certainly I recognize you. I never forget my servants, especially (*with a little laugh*) the faithful ones!

EUGENIO. Madame's memory is perhaps slightly at fault in leading her to speak of me as a servant!

MME. DE K. What were you, then? A friend, possibly?

EUGENIO. May I not say that I was, at least on a certain occasion, an adviser?

MME. DE K. In the way of occasions, I remember only the one on which I turned you out of the house.

EUGENIO. You remember it with a little regret, I hope.

MME. DE K. An immense deal —

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that I had n't dismissed you six months sooner!

EUGENIO. I comprehend the regret of Madame. It was in those six months that an incident occurred — (*He pauses.*)

MME. DE K. An incident?

EUGENIO. An incident which it is natural that Madame should not have desired to come to the knowledge of persons occupying a position, however humble, near Madame.

MME. DE K., *aside*. He is more than impertinent — he is dangerous. (*Aloud.*) You are very audacious. You took away a great deal of money.

EUGENIO. Madame appears still to have an abundance.

MME. DE K., *looking at him a moment*. Yes, I have enough.

EUGENIO, *smiling*. Madame is to be congratulated! I have never ceased to take an interest in Madame. I have followed her — at a distance.

MME. DE K. The greater the distance, the better!

EUGENIO, *significantly*. Yes, I remember that Madame was very fond of her privacy. But I intrude as little as possible. I have duties at present which give me plenty of occupation. Not so much, indeed, as when I was in the employment of Monsieur de Katkoff: that was the busiest part of my life. The Russians are very exacting — the Americans are very easy!

MME. DE K. You are with Americans now?

EUGENIO. Madame sees that she is willing to talk! I am traveling with a family from New York — a family of three persons.

MME. DE K. You have no excuse, then, for detaining me; you know where to find conversation.

EUGENIO. Their conversation is not so agreeable as that of Madame! (*With a slight change of tone.*) I know more about you than you perhaps suspect.

MME. DE K. I know what you know.

EUGENIO. Oh, I don't allude to Madame's secrets. I should never be so indiscreet! It is not a secret to-day that Madame has a charming villa on this lovely lake, about three miles from Geneva.

MME. DE K. No, that is not a secret.

EUGENIO. And that though she leads a life of elegant seclusion, suited to the mourning which she has never laid aside — though she has lightened it a little — since she became a widow, Madame does not entirely shut her doors. She receives a few privileged persons.

MME. DE K., *aside*. What on earth is he coming to? (*Aloud.*) Do you aspire to be one of them?

EUGENIO. I should count upon it the day I should have something particular to say to Madame. But that day may never come.

MME. DE K. Let us hope so!

EUGENIO. Let us hope so! Meanwhile Madame is in a position to know as well as myself that — as I said just now — the Americans are very easy.

MME. DE K. The Americans?

EUGENIO. Perhaps, after all, Madame does n't find them so? Her most privileged visitor is of that nationality! Has he discovered — like me — that the Russians are very exacting?

MME. DE K., *looking at him a moment, then quickly, though with an effort*. The Russians, when their antagonists go too far, can be as dangerous as any one else! I forget *your* nationality.

EUGENIO. I am not sure that Madame ever knew it. I'm an Italian Swiss, a native of the beautiful city of Lugano. Is Madame acquainted with Lugano? If she should go that way, I recommend the Hôtel Washington: always our Americans, you see! The Russians? They are the most dangerous people I know, and we gentlemen who take charge of families know everything.

MME. DE K. You had better add frankly that you traffic in your knowledge.

EUGENIO. What could be more just? It costs us a good deal to get it.

MME. DE K., *to herself, after a pause.* It is best to know the worst, and have done with it. (*Aloud.*) How much do you want?

EUGENIO. How much do I want for what? For keeping quiet about Mr. Winterbourne, so that his family shan't think he's wasting his time, and come out from America to bring him home? You see I know even his name! He's supposed to be at Geneva for purposes of study.

MME. DE K. How much do you want to go away and never let me see you again? Be merciful. Remember that I'm not rich.

EUGENIO. I know exactly the fortune of Madame! She is not rich, for very good reasons — she was exceedingly extravagant in her youth! On the other hand, she is by no means in misery. She is not rich, like the American lady — the amiable Mrs. Miller — whom I have at present the honor to serve; but she is able to indulge herself with the usual luxuries.

MME. DE K. It would be a luxury to get rid of you!

EUGENIO. Ah, I'm not sure that Madame can afford that; that would come under the head of extras! Moreover, I'm not in want of money. The amiable Mrs. Miller —

MME. DE K., *interrupting.* The amiable Mrs. Miller is as great a fool as I?

EUGENIO. I should never think of comparing her with Madame! Madame has much more the appearance of one who is born to command. It is for this reason that I approached her with the utmost deliberation. I recognized her three days ago, the evening she arrived at the hotel, and I pointed her out to Mrs. Miller as a Russian lady of great distinction, whose husband I had for-

merly the honor to serve in a very confidential position. Mrs. Miller has a daughter even more amiable than herself, and this young lady was profoundly impressed with the distinguished appearance of Madame.

MME. DE K. Her good opinion is doubtless of great value; but I suppose it's hardly to assure me of that —

EUGENIO. I may add that I did n't permit myself to make any further remarks.

MME. DE K. And your discretion's an example of what you are capable of doing? I should be happy to believe it, and if you have not come to claim your reward —

EUGENIO. My reward? My reward shall be this: that we leave the account open between us! (*Changing his tone entirely.*) Let me speak to you very frankly. Some eight years ago, when you were thirty years old, you were living at Dresden.

MME. DE K. I was living at Dresden, but I was not thirty years old.

EUGENIO. The age doesn't matter — we will call it twenty, if you like: that makes me younger, too. At that time I was under your roof; I was the confidential servant, on a very exceptional footing, of M. de Katkoff. He had a great deal of business — a great deal of diplomatic business; and as he employed me very often to write for him — do you remember my beautiful hand? — I was not so much a servant as a secretary. At any rate, I was in a position to observe that you had a quarrel with your husband.

MME. DE K. In a position? I should think you were! He paid you to spy upon me.

EUGENIO. To spy upon you?

MME. DE K. To watch me — to follow me — to calumniate me.

EUGENIO, *smiling.* That's just the way you used to talk! You were always violent, and that gave one an advantage.

MME. DE K. All this is insupportable. Please to spare me your reminiscences, and come to the point!

EUGENIO. The point is this — that I got the advantage of you then, and that I have never lost it! Though you did n't care for your husband, you cared for some one else; and M. de Katkoff, — with my assistance, if you will — discovered the object of your preference. Need I remind you of what followed the day this discovery became known to you? Your surprise was great, because you thought yourself safe; but your anger was even greater. You found me for a moment in your path, and you imagined — for that moment — that I was a Russian serf. The mistake had serious consequences. You called me by the vilest of names — and I have never forgotten it!

MME. DE K. I thank you for reminding me of my contempt. It was extremely sweet.

EUGENIO. It made you very reckless. I got possession of two letters, addressed to the person I speak of, and singularly rash compositions. They bear your signature in full.

MME. DE K. Can there be any better proof that I have nothing to be ashamed of?

EUGENIO. You were not ashamed then, because, as I have already remarked, you were reckless. But to-day you are wise.

MME. DE K., *proudly*. Whatever I have said — I have always signed!

EUGENIO. It's a habit I appreciate. One of those letters I gave to M. de Katkoff; the other — the best — I kept for myself.

MME. DE K. What do you mean by the best?

EUGENIO. I mean — the worst!

MME. DE K. It can't be very bad.

EUGENIO, *smiling*. Should you like me to submit it to a few of your friends?

MME. DE K., *aside*. Horrible man! (*Aloud*.) That's the point, then: you wish to sell it.

EUGENIO. No; I only wish you to know I have it.

MME. DE K. I knew that already. What good does it do you?

EUGENIO. You suspected it, but you did n't know it. The good it does me is this — that when, as sometimes happens to us poor members of a despised and laborious class, I take stock of my prospects and reckon up the little advantages I may happen to possess, I like to feel that particular one among them.

MME. DE K. I see — you regard it as a part of your capital. But you draw no income.

EUGENIO. Ah, the income, Madame, is accumulating!

MME. DE K. If you are trying to frighten me, you don't — very much!

EUGENIO. Very much — no! But enough is as good as a feast. There is no telling what may happen. We couriers have our ups and downs, and some day I may be in distress. Then, and only then, if I feel a pinch, I shall call on Madame. For the present —

MME. DE K. For the present, you only wish to insult me!

EUGENIO. Madame does injustice to my manners: they are usually much appreciated. For the rest of the time that we remain under the same roof — so to speak — I shall not again disturb your meditations.

MME. DE K. Be so good as to leave me.

EUGENIO. I wish Madame a very good morning! (*He goes into the hotel.*)

MME. DE K., *stands a moment, thinking*. That's what it is to have been a fool — for a single moment! That moment reëchoes through eternity. He has shaken my nerves, and in this wretched garden one is always observed. (*Exit into the hotel.*)

SCENE II. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, CHARLES REVERDY. *They come out of the hotel as Madame de Katkoff passes into it, looking at her attentively.*

REVERDY, *who carries a camp-stool.* That's the biggest swell in the house — a Russian princess!

MRS. COSTELLO. A Russian princess is nothing very great. We have found one at every hotel.

REVERDY. Well, this is the best of them all. You would notice her anywhere.

MRS. C. The best bred people are the people you notice least.

REVERDY. She's very quiet, any way. She speaks to no one.

MRS. C. You mean by that that no one speaks to her.

REVERDY, *aside.* The old lady's snappish this morning: hanged if I'll stand it! (*Aloud.*) No one speaks to her, because no one ventures to.

MISS DURANT. You ventured to, I think, and she did n't answer you. That's what you mean by her being quiet!

REVERDY. She dropped her fan, and I picked it up and gave it to her. She thanked me with a smile that was a poem in itself: she did n't need to speak!

MRS. C. You need n't mind waiting on Russian princesses. Your business is to attend to us — till my nephew comes.

REVERDY, *looking at his watch.* As I understand you, he's already due.

MRS. C. He's a quarter of an hour late. We are waiting breakfast.

MISS D. I'm afraid the delay will bring on one of your headaches.

MRS. C. I have one already, so it does n't matter!

REVERDY, *aside.* Very convenient, those headaches! (*Aloud.*) Won't you sit down, at least? (*Offering camp-stool.*) You know I don't come out for three minutes without our little implement.

MRS. C. I don't care for that; I'll sit on a bench.

REVERDY, *aside.* She insists on my bringing it, and yet she won't use it! (*The ladies seat themselves, and he places himself between them, astride the camp-stool. He continues, aloud.*) If Mr. Winterbourne is already due, my holiday has legally begun.

MISS D. You won't lose anything by waiting. After he comes you will be at perfect liberty.

REVERDY. Oh yes, after that you won't look at me, I suppose! Miss Durant is counting very much on Mr. Winterbourne.

MRS. C. And I am counting very much on Miss Durant. You are to be very nice to him, you know.

MISS D. That will depend on how I like him.

MRS. C. That's not what I brought you to Europe for — to make conditions. Besides, Frederick's a perfect gentleman.

MISS D. You seem to wish me to promise to marry him. I must wait till he asks me, you know.

REVERDY. He will ask you if Mrs. Costello bids him. He is evidently in excellent training.

MRS. C. I have n't seen him for ten years: at that time he was a model nephew.

REVERDY. I should n't wonder if he were to turn out a regular "hard" one. That would be a jolly lark!

MRS. C. That's not his reputation. Moreover, he has been brought up in Geneva, the most moral city in Europe.

REVERDY. You can't tell anything from that. Here am I, brought up in New York — and we all know what New York is. Yet where can you find a more immaculate young man? I have n't a fault — I'm ashamed of myself!

MISS D. If Mr. Winterbourne is a little wild, I shan't like him any the less. Some faults are very charming.

REVERDY. Tell me what they are, and I'll try and acquire them.

MRS. C. My dear Alice, I'm startled by your sentiments. I have tried to form your taste . . .

MISS D. Yes, but you have only cultivated my dislikes. Those are a few of my preferences.

REVERDY. Tell us a few more of them — they sound awfully spicy!

MISS D. I'm very fond of a certain indifference. I like men who are not always running after you with a camp-stool, and who don't seem to care whether you like them or not.

MRS. C. If you like rude men, they are very easily found. If I did n't know you were a very nice girl, I should take you for — I don't know what!

REVERDY. Miss Durant's remarks are addressed to me, and between you two ladies it's hard to know what to do. You want me to be always at your elbow, and you make a great point of the camp-stool. Will you have it a little, for a change? (*Getting up and offering it. Mrs. Costello refuses with a gesture.*) I don't offer it to Miss Alice; we have heard what *she* thinks of it!

MISS D. I did n't speak of that piece of furniture: I spoke of the person who carries it.

REVERDY. The person who carries the camp-stool? Is that what I've come to be known by? Look here, my dear friends, you ought to engage a courier.

MRS. C. To cheat us out of our eyes? Thank you very much!

REVERDY. A courier with a gorgeous satchel, and a feather in his hat — like those ladies from Schenectady!

MRS. C. So that he might smoke in our faces, as he does in theirs, and have his coffee with us after dinner, as he does with them? They've ruined a good servant.

MISS D. They treat him as an equal; they make him their companion.

REVERDY. But they give him hand-

some wages — which is more than you do me!

MISS D. I've no doubt they give him little tokens of affection, and locks of their hair. But that makes them only the more dreadful!

MRS. C. I'm glad to see, my dear, that your taste is coming back to you!

REVERDY. Oh, if taste consists in demolishing Miss Daisy Miller, she can take the prize.

MISS D. Demolishing her? I should be sorry to take that trouble. I think her very vulgar: that's all!

MRS. C. Miss Daisy Miller? Is that her distinguished name?

REVERDY, *aside*. Ah, we can't all be named Costello!

MRS. C. They are the sort of Americans that one does one's duty by not accepting.

REVERDY. Ah, you don't accept her?

MRS. C. I would if I could — but I can't. One should let Europeans know —

REVERDY. One should let them know?

MRS. C. That we are not all like that.

REVERDY. They can see it for themselves: she's charmingly pretty.

MISS D. You are extremely impertinent.

REVERDY, *aside*. I put in one that time. (*Aloud.*) I can't help it; she's lovely.

MRS. C. And is the mamma lovely, too? Has any one ever seen the mamma?

REVERDY. She's sick in bed — she's always sick.

MISS D. The courier sits with her, and gives her her medicine.

REVERDY. I hope you call that devoted, then?

MRS. C. It does n't matter, because the head of the family is the little boy. He orders the dinner; he has the best seat in the carriage.

REVERDY. He's the most amusing

little specimen. He has the heart of a patriot in the body of a — (*Hesitates for a word.*)

MISS D. In the body of a grasshopper!

REVERDY. He hops a good deal, or, rather, I should say, he flies; for there is a good deal of the spread-eagle about him.

MISS D. He leaves his toys all over the hotel; I suppose you would say his plumes.

REVERDY. Well, he's a dauntless American infant; a child of nature and of freedom.

MRS. C. Oh, nature and freedom! We have heard too much of *them*.

REVERDY. Wait till you are stopped at the New York custom-house! The youthful Miller and I have struck up a friendship: he introduced me to his sister.

MRS. C. You don't mean to say you spoke to her!

REVERDY. Spoke to her? Yes, indeed — and she answered me.

MISS D. She was not like the Russian princess!

REVERDY. No, she's as little as possible like the Russian princess; but she's very charming in another style. As soon as Mr. Winterbourne arrives (and you must excuse me for saying that he takes a deuce of a time about it), I shall console myself for the loss of your society by plunging into that of the Millers.

MRS. C. You won't lose us, Mr. Reverdy: you can console yourself with *me*.

REVERDY. Oh, thank you!

MRS. C. Frederick will devote himself to Alice.

MISS D. We had better wait till he comes! I have no patience with his delay.

MRS. C. Neither have I, my dear; but I may as well take the opportunity of remarking that a young lady should n't seem too eager . . .

MISS D. Too eager?

MRS. C. For the arrival of a gentleman.

MISS D. I see what you mean — more reserve. But simply before you . . .

REVERDY. And before me, please. Am I nobody?

MISS D. Nobody at all!

REVERDY. Well, I don't care, for I descry in the distance the adorable Miss Miller!

MISS D. I'm glad she's in the distance.

REVERDY. Ah, but she's coming this way.

MISS D., *quickly*. I forbid you to speak to her.

REVERDY, *aside*. Ah, then I *am* somebody? (*Aloud.*) I can't cut the poor girl, you know.

MISS D. You need n't see her. You can look at me.

MRS. C. She's always wandering about the garden — the image of idleness and frivolity.

REVERDY. She's not as serious as we, nor as well occupied, certainly; but she's bored to death. She has got no one to flirt with.

MISS D. She shall not flirt with you, at any rate!

REVERDY. Do you wish me to hide behind a tree?

MISS D. No, you can sit down here (*indicating the bench beside her*), and take my parasol — so! — and hold it before your face, as if you were shading your eyes.

REVERDY, *with the parasol*. From Miss Daisy Miller? It's true she's very dazzling! (*Daisy enters from the right, strolling slowly, as if she has nothing to do, and passes across the stage in front of the others, who sit silent, watching her, Reverdy peeping for a moment from behind his parasol.* "She was dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces, and knots of pale-colored ribbon. She was bare-headed; but she balanced in her hand a large par-

*asol, with a deep border of embroidery ; and she was strikingly, admirably, pretty."*¹ *She looks at the others as she passes them, and goes out on the left — not into the hotel. (Reverdy continues.)* Now, then, may I look out ?

MISS D., *taking back her parasol.* She saw you, I'm happy to say.

REVERDY. Oh yes, I gave her a wink !

MRS. C. That's the way she roams about —

MISS D. Seeking whom she may devour !

REVERDY. Poor little creature ! I'm the only tolerably good-looking young man in the hotel.

MRS. C. Mercy on us ! I hope she won't get hold of Frederick !

REVERDY. Not if I can help it, dear Madam. I have never seen Frederick — but I mistrust Frederick.

MRS. C. He's not at all in your style. He's had a foreign education. He speaks a dozen languages.

REVERDY, *aside.* An awful prig, — I can see that.

MRS. C. Let us hope that, thanks to his foreign education, he will be out of danger. Such people as that can only disgust him.

REVERDY. I know the style of fellow you mean — a very high collar and a very stiff spine ! He speaks a dozen languages — but he does n't speak the language of Schenectady ! He won't understand an American girl — he had better leave her alone.

MISS D. I'm very much obliged to you — for me !

Enter a waiter from the hotel.

REVERDY. Oh, you are not an American ; you're an angel !

THE WAITER, *approaching with a bow.* The breakfast that Madame ordered is served.

MRS. C., *to her companions.* It's just twelve o'clock ; we certainly can't wait any longer.

¹ From the story.

MISS D. I don't believe he's coming at all !

MRS. C. Ah, if I've only brought on a headache for nothing !

REVERDY, *aside.* Won't he catch it when he arrives ? (*They pass into the hotel, the waiter leading the way.*)

SCENE III. EUGENIO, *then* WINTERBOURNE *and the* WAITER. *Eugenio comes out of the hotel, then looks about him and begins to call. He is without his hat and satchel.*

EUGENIO. Meester Randolph ! Meester Randolph ! Confound that infernal child — it's the fifth time this morning that I've chased him round the garden ! (*Stands calling again.*) Meester Randolph ! Meester Randolph ! He is always there when he's not wanted and never when he is, and when I find him I haven't even the right to pinch his ear ! He begins to kick like a little mule, and he has nails in his boots — for the mountains. Meester Randolph ! Meester Randolph ! Drat the little wretch — I'm a courier, not a nurse ! (*Exit to the right, while Winterbourne comes down from the hotel, followed by a waiter, the same who has just appeared, carrying a little tray with a service of black coffee.*)

WINTERBOURNE. I'll have my coffee here, it's so close in the hotel. (*The waiter places the tray on a small table, which he draws up to a bench. Winterbourne takes out a card, on which, on his pocket-book, he writes a few words.*) And please to take that card to the lady whose name I have written there, and ask her when it will be convenient for her to see me.

THE WAITER, *looking at the card.* The Russian lady who arrived three days ago ? I will let you know, sir.

WINTERBOURNE, *seated at the little table.* Wait a moment. Do you know whether Mrs. Costello has breakfasted ?

THE WAITER. Mrs. Costello ? The lady with the young lady, and the gentleman also young ?

WINTERBOURNE. I know nothing about her companions. A lady with her hair very high. She is rather — rather —

THE WAITER. Yes, sir, she is rather high altogether! When she gives an order —

WINTERBOURNE, *pouring out his coffee*. I don't ask you to describe her — I ask you if she has breakfasted.

THE WAITER. The party's at table now, sir. I conducted them myself, five minutes ago. I think they waited for you, sir; they expected you to arrive.

WINTERBOURNE. I arrived an hour ago, by the train; but I was dusty, and I had to have a bath. (*Lighting a cigarette*.) Then while I dressed, to save time, I had my breakfast brought to my room. Where do they usually take their coffee?

THE WAITER. They take it in our beautiful garden, sir.

WINTERBOURNE. Very good. I will wait for them here. That's all. (*The waiter reënters the hotel. Winterbourne puffs his cigarette*.) There is no use in being in a hurry. I want to be eager — but I don't want to be *too* eager. That worthy man is quite right; when Aunt Louisa gives an order, it's a military command. She has ordered me up from Geneva, and I've marched at the word; but I'll rest a little before reporting at headquarters. (*Puffs his cigarette*.) It coincides very happily, for I don't know that, without this pretext, I should have ventured to come. Three days ago, the waiter said? A week ago, at the villa, they told me she had gone. There is always a mystery in that woman's movements. Yes, Aunt Louisa is rather high; but it's not of *her* I'm afraid! (*Puffs a moment in silence*.)

SCENE IV. WINTERBOURNE, RANDOLPH, then DAISY.

RANDOLPH. (*He comes in from the back, approaches Winterbourne, and stops*.)

"The child, who was diminutive for his years, had an aged expression of countenance, a pale complexion, and sharp little features. He was dressed in knickerbockers, with red stockings, which displayed his poor little spindleshanks; he also wore a brilliant red cravat. He carried in his hand a long alpenstock, the sharp point of which he thrust into everything that he approached, — the flowerbeds, the garden-benches. . . . In front of Winterbourne he paused, looking at him with a pair of bright, penetrating little eyes."¹ Winterbourne, smoking, returns his gaze.) Will you give me a lump of sugar?

WINTERBOURNE. Yes, you may take one; but I don't think sugar is good for little boys.

RANDOLPH. (*He steps forward and carefully possesses himself of the whole contents of the plate. From these he still more carefully selects the largest lump, depositing the others in his pocket. Biting, with a grimace*.) Oh, blazes! it's hard!

WINTERBOURNE. Take care, young man. You'll hurt your teeth.

RANDOLPH. I haven't got any teeth to hurt; they've all come out. I've only got seven teeth. Mother counted them last night, and one came out afterwards. She said she'd slap me if any more came out. I can't help it — it's this old Europe. It's the climate that makes 'em come out. In America they did n't come out; it's these hotels!

WINTERBOURNE. If you eat all that sugar, your mother will certainly slap you.

RANDOLPH. She's got to give me some candy, then. I can't get any candy here — any American candy. American candy's the best.

WINTERBOURNE. And are American boys the best little boys?

RANDOLPH. I don't know. I'm an American boy!

¹ From the story.

WINTERBOURNE. I see you are one of the best.

RANDOLPH. That is n't what my mother says, you can bet your life on that!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, your mother's too modest!

RANDOLPH, *astride his alpenstock, looking at Winterbourne.* She's sick — she's always sick. It's this old Europe! Are you an American man?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, yes, a fellow-citizen. (*Aside.*) I wonder whether I was once like that!

RANDOLPH. American men are the best.

WINTERBOURNE. So they often say.

RANDOLPH, *looking off to the left.* Here comes my sister. She's an American girl.

WINTERBOURNE. American girls are the best girls.

RANDOLPH. Oh, my sister ain't the best. She's always blowing at me!

WINTERBOURNE. I imagine that's your fault, not hers. (*Daisy comes in from the left in the same manner as on her previous entrance, and on reaching the middle of the stage stops and looks at Winterbourne and at Randolph, who has converted his alpenstock into a vaulting-pole, and is springing about violently. Winterbourne continues, getting up.*) By Jove, how pretty!

DAISY. Well, Randolph, what are you doing?

RANDOLPH. I'm going up the Alps. This is the way!

WINTERBOURNE. That's the way they come down.

RANDOLPH. He's all right; he's an American man!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* It seems to me that I have been in a manner presented. (*Approaches Daisy, throwing away his cigarette. Aloud, with great civility.*) This little boy and I have made acquaintance.

DAISY. *She looks at him a moment serenely, and then, as if she had scarcely*

heard him, addresses Randolph again: I should like to know where you got that pole!

RANDOLPH. The same way as you get your things. I made Eugenio buy it.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* With a little commission!

DAISY. You don't mean to say you're going to take that pole to Italy?

WINTERBOURNE, *same manner.* Are you thinking of going to Italy?

DAISY, *looking at him, and then looking away.* Yes, sir.

WINTERBOURNE. Are you going over the Simplon?

DAISY. I don't know — I suppose it's some mountain. Randolph, what mountain are we going over?

RANDOLPH. Going where?

DAISY. To Italy. (*Arranging her ribbons.*) Don't you know about Italy?

RANDOLPH. No, and I don't want to. I want to go to America!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, Italy's a beautiful place.

RANDOLPH. Can you get any candy there?

DAISY. I hope not! I guess you have had candy enough, and mother thinks so too.

RANDOLPH, *still jumping about.* I have n't had any for ever so long — for a hundred weeks!

DAISY. Why, Randolph, I don't see how you can tell — (*She pauses a moment.*) Well I don't care! (*Looks down at her dress, and continues to smooth her ribbons.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *aside.* Does she accept my acquaintance or not? It's rather sudden, and it would n't do at Geneva. But why else did she come and plant herself in front of me? She is the prettiest of the pretty, and, I declare, I'll risk it! (*After a moment, aloud.*) We are very fortunate in our weather, are we not?

DAISY. Well, yes, we've got nice weather.

WINTERBOURNE. And still more for-

fortunate in our scenery. (*Indicating the view.*)

DAISY. Well, yes, the scenery's lovely. It seems very mountainous.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, Switzerland is mountainous, you know.

DAISY. I don't know much about it. We have only been here a week.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling*. In a week one can see a good deal.

DAISY. Well, *we* have n't; we have only walked round a little.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. What a remarkable type! (*Aloud.*) You must be rather tired: there are plenty of chairs. (*Draws forward two of them.*)

DAISY, *looking at them a moment*. You'll be very clever if you can get Randolph to sit.

WINTERBOURNE. I don't care a fig about Randolph. (*Daisy seats herself. Aside.*) Oh, Geneva, Geneva!

DAISY, *smoothing her ribbons*. Well, he's only nine. We've sat round a good deal, too.

WINTERBOURNE, *seated beside her*. It's very pleasant, these summer days.

DAISY. Well, yes, it's very pleasant. But it's nicer in the evening.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, much nicer in the evening. It's remarkably nice in the evening. (*Aside.*) What the deuce is she coming to? (*Aloud.*) When you get to Italy you'll find the evenings there! . . .

DAISY. I've heard a good deal about the evenings there.

WINTERBOURNE. In Venice, you know — on the water — with music!

DAISY. I don't know much about it. (*With a little laugh.*) I don't know much about anything!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Heaven forgive her, she's charming! I must really ascertain . . . (*To Randolph, who has continued to roam about, and who comes back to them with his alpenstock, catching him and drawing him between his knees.*) Tell me your name, my beautiful boy!

RANDOLPH, *struggling*. Well, you drop me first!

DAISY. Why, Randolph, I should think you'd like it!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Jupiter, that is a little strong!

RANDOLPH, *liberating himself*. Try it yourself! My name is Randolph C. Miller.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Alarming child! But she does n't seem to be alarmed.

RANDOLPH, *leveling his alpenstock at Daisy, who averts it with her hand*. And I'll tell you *her* name.

DAISY, *leaning back serenely*. You had better wait till you are asked.

WINTERBOURNE. I should like very much to know your name.

RANDOLPH. Her name is Daisy Miller.

WINTERBOURNE, *expressively*. How very interesting!

DAISY, *looking at him, aside*. Well, he's a queer specimen! I guess he's laughing.

RANDOLPH. That is n't her real name — that is n't her name on her cards.

DAISY. It's a pity that you have n't got one of my cards!

RANDOLPH. Her name is Annie P. Miller.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I see. (*Aside.*) That does n't tell me much.

DAISY, *indicating Winterbourne*. Ask him *his* name.

RANDOLPH. Ask him yourself! My father's name is Ezra B. Miller. My father ain't in Europe. My father's in a better place than Europe.

WINTERBOURNE, *uncertain*. Ah, you have had the misfortune . . .

RANDOLPH. My father's in Schenectady. He does a big business. He's rich, you can bet your head!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Oh, in Schenectady? I thought he meant in Paradise!

DAISY, *to Randolph*. Well, you need n't stick your pole into my eye!

RANDOLPH, *to Winterbourne*. Did n't I tell you she was always blowing? (*Scampers away and disappears.*)

DAISY, *looking after him*. He does n't like Europe; he wants to go back. He has n't got any boys here. There's one boy here, but he's always going round with a teacher.

WINTERBOURNE. And your brother has n't any teacher?

DAISY. Mother thought of getting him one, to travel round with us. But Randolph said he did n't want a teacher when school did n't keep; he said he would n't have lessons when he was in the cars. And we *are* in the cars most of the time. There was an English lady we met in the cars; her name was Miss Featherstone — perhaps you know her. She wanted to know why I did n't give Randolph lessons — give him instruction, she called it. I guess he could give me more instruction than I could give him! He's very smart — he's only nine.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. He might be ninety!

DAISY. Mother's going to get a teacher for him as soon as we get to Italy. Can you get good teachers in Italy?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, it's the land of art — of science.

DAISY. Well, I guess he does n't want to study art; but she's going to find some school, if she can. (*Pensively.*) Randolph ought to learn some more.

WINTERBOURNE. It depends upon what it is!

DAISY, *after a silence, during which her eyes have rested upon him*. I presume you are a German.

WINTERBOURNE, *rising quickly*. Oh dear, no! I should n't have ventured to speak to you, if your brother's mention of my nationality had not seemed a guarantee . . .

DAISY, *getting up*. I did n't suppose my brother knew. And you *do* speak queerly, any way!

WINTERBOURNE. I'm a countryman

of your own. But I should tell you that I have spent many years in this old Europe, as your brother says.

DAISY. Do you live here — in the mountains?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Does she think I'm a goatherd? (*Aloud.*) No, I live just now at Geneva.

DAISY. Well, you *are* peculiar, anyhow!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. So are you, if you come to that. (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid I have got rather out of the way — (*pauses for a moment.*)

DAISY. Out of the way of what?

WINTERBOURNE. Of making myself agreeable to the young ladies.

DAISY. Have n't they got any over here? I must say I have n't seen any! Of course I have n't looked out much for them.

WINTERBOURNE. You've looked out more for the gentlemen!

DAISY. Well, at Schenectady I did n't have to look out.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Queer place, Schenectady.

DAISY. I had so much society. But over here — (*She hesitates.*)

WINTERBOURNE. Over here?

DAISY. Well, you're the first gentleman that has been at all attentive.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, you see, they're afraid!

DAISY, *continuing*. And the first I've cared anything about!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. And to think that, at the beginning, I was afraid! (*Aloud.*) If they knew how kind you are they would be much less timid.

DAISY. I hate gentlemen to be timid. That's only for us.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. "For us" is enchanting!

SCENE V. DAISY, WINTERBOURNE, EUGENIO, *who comes in hastily from the right, wiping his forehead.*

EUGENIO. Mademoiselle, I have been looking for an hour for Meester Ran-

dolph. He must be drowned in the lake!

DAISY. I guess he's talking to that waiter. (*Serenely.*) He likes to talk to that waiter.

EUGENIO. He should n't talk to waiters, Mademoiselle.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Only to courriers — the hierarchy!

DAISY. I want to introduce you to a friend of mine — Mr. — Mr. — (*To Winterbourne.*) I declare, I don't know your name.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. To the courier? Excuse me!

EUGENIO, *very proper*. I have the honor of knowing the name of Monsieur.

DAISY. Gracious, you know everything!

EUGENIO, *aside*. The lover of the Katkoff! (*Aloud.*) I found Meester Randolph, but he escaped again.

DAISY. Well, Eugenio, you're a splendid courier, but you can't make much impression on Randolph.

EUGENIO. I do what I can, Mademoiselle. The lunch is waiting, and Madame is at the table. If you will excuse me, I will give up the chase. (*Glancing at Winterbourne, aside.*) Is he leaving the Katkoff for the child?

DAISY. You need n't be so grand, need he? (*To Winterbourne.*) It's not the first time you've been introduced to a courier!

WINTERBOURNE, *stiffly*. The very first.

EUGENIO, *aside*. He has never kept one. (*Aloud.*) If Mademoiselle will pass into the hotel! (*Aside again.*) The child is not for every one.

DAISY. Tell mother to begin — that I'm talking to a gentleman.

WINTERBOURNE, *protesting*. I shall be very sorry to incommode your mother.

DAISY, *smiling*. I like the way you say such things. (*Familiarly.*) What are you going to do all day?

WINTERBOURNE, *embarrassed*. I hardly know. I've only just arrived.

DAISY. I will come out after lunch.

WINTERBOURNE, *with extreme respect*. I shall be here, to take your commands.

DAISY. Well, you *do* say them! About two o'clock.

WINTERBOURNE. I shall not go far.

DAISY, *going*. And I shall learn your name from Eugenio.

EUGENIO, *aside*. And something else as well! He is not for the child. (*Follows Daisy into the hotel.*)

SCENE VI. WINTERBOURNE *alone*, then MADAME DE KATKOFF.

WINTERBOURNE. She's simply amazing! I have never seen them like that. I have seen them worse — oh, yes! — and I have seen them better; but I've never encountered that particular shade — that familiarity, that facility, that fragility! She's too audacious to be innocent, and too candid to be — the other thing. But her candor itself is a queer affair. Coming up to me and proposing acquaintance, and letting her eyes rest on mine! Planting herself there like a flower to be gathered! Introducing me to her courier, and offering me a rendezvous at the end of twenty minutes! Are they all like that, the little American girls? It's time I should go back and see. (*Seeing Madame de Katkoff.*) But I can hardly go while I have *this* reason for staying!

MME. DE K. (*She comes out of the hotel; she has still her book under her arm.*) They brought me your card, but I thought it better I should come and see you here.

WINTERBOURNE. I know why you do that: you think it's less encouraging than to receive me in-doors.

MME. DE K., *smiling*. Oh, if I could discourage you a little!

WINTERBOURNE. It's not for want of trying. I bore you so much!

MME. DE K. No, you don't bore me, but you distress me. I give you so little.

WINTERBOURNE. That's for me to measure. I'm content for the present.

MME. DE K. If you had been content, you would n't have followed me to this place.

WINTERBOURNE. I did n't follow you, and, to speak perfectly frankly, it's not for you I came.

MME. DE K. Is it for that young lady I just saw from my window?

WINTERBOURNE. I never heard of that young lady before. I came for an aunt of mine, who is staying here.

MME. DE K., *smiling again*. Ah, if your family could only take an interest in you!

WINTERBOURNE. Don't count on them too much. I have n't seen my aunt yet.

MME. DE K. You have asked first for me? You see, then, it *was* for me you came.

WINTERBOURNE. I wish I could believe it pleased you a little to think so.

MME. DE K. It does please me — a little; I like you very much.

WINTERBOURNE. You always say that, when you are about to make some particularly disagreeable request. You like me, but you dislike my society. On that principle, I wish you hated me!

MME. DE K. I may come to it yet.

WINTERBOURNE. Before that, then, won't you sit down? (*Indicating a bench.*)

MME. DE K. Thank you; I'm not tired.

WINTERBOURNE. That would be too encouraging! I went to the villa a week ago. You had already left it.

MME. DE K. I went first to Lausanne. If I had remained there, you would n't have found me.

WINTERBOURNE. I'm delighted you did n't remain. But I'm sorry you are altering your house.

MME. DE K. Only two rooms. That's why I came away: the workmen made too much noise.

WINTERBOURNE. I hope they are

not the rooms I know — in which the happiest hours of my life have been passed!

MME. DE K. I see why you wished me to sit down. You want to begin a siege.

WINTERBOURNE. No, I was only going to say that I shall always see with particular vividness your little blue parlor.

MME. DE K. They are going to change it to red. (*Aside.*) Perhaps that will cure him! (*Aloud.*) Apropos of your family, have they come to Europe to bring you home?

WINTERBOURNE. As I tell you, I have n't yet ascertained their intentions.

MME. DE K. I take a great interest in them. I feel a little responsible for you.

WINTERBOURNE. You don't care a straw for me!

MME. DE K. Let me give you a proof. I think it would conduce to your happiness to return for a while to America.

WINTERBOURNE. To my happiness? You are confounding it with your own.

MME. DE K. It is true that the two things are rather distinct. But you have been in Europe for years — for years and years.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I have been here too long. I know that.

MME. DE K. You ought to go over and make the acquaintance of your compatriots.

WINTERBOURNE. Going over is n't necessary. I can do it here.

MME. DE K. You ought at least to see their institutions — their scenery.

WINTERBOURNE. Don't talk about scenery, on the Lake of Geneva! As for American institutions, I can see them in their fruits.

MME. DE K. In their fruits?

WINTERBOURNE. Little nectarines and plums. A very pretty bloom, but decidedly crude. What book are you reading?

MME. DE K. I don't know what. The last French novel.

WINTERBOURNE. Are you going to remain in the garden?

MME. DE K., *looks at him a moment*. I see what you are coming to: you wish to offer to read to me.

WINTERBOURNE. As I did in the little blue parlor!

MME. DE K. You read very well; but we are not there now.

WINTERBOURNE. A quiet corner, under the trees, will do as well.

MME. DE K. We neither of us have the time. I recommend you to your aunt. She'll be sure to take you in hand.

WINTERBOURNE. I have an idea I shan't fall in love with my aunt.

MME. DE K. I'm sorry for her. I should like you as a nephew.

WINTERBOURNE. I should like you as a serious woman!

MME. DE K. I'm intensely serious. Perhaps you will believe it when I tell you that I leave this place to-day.

WINTERBOURNE. I don't call that serious: I call it cruel.

MME. DE K. At all events, it's deliberate. Vevey is too hot; I shall go higher up into the mountains.

WINTERBOURNE. You knew it was hot when you came.

MME. DE K., *after a pause, with significance*. Yes, but it's hotter than I supposed.

WINTERBOURNE. You don't like meeting old friends.

MME. DE K., *aside*. No, nor old enemies! (*Aloud*.) I like old friends in the autumn — the melancholy season! I shall count on seeing you then.

WINTERBOURNE. And not before, of course. Say at once you wish to cut me.

MME. DE K., *smiling*. Very good: I wish to cut you!

WINTERBOURNE. You give a charm even to that! Where shall you be in the autumn?

MME. DE K. I shall be at the villa — if the little blue parlor is altered! In the winter I shall go to Rome.

WINTERBOURNE. A happy journey, then! I shall go to America.

MME. DE K. That's capital. Let me give you a word of advice.

WINTERBOURNE. Yes, that's the finishing touch!

MME. DE K. The little nectarines and plums: don't mind if they are a trifle crude! Pick out a fair one, a sweet one —

WINTERBOURNE, *stopping her with a gesture*. Don't, don't! I shall see you before you go.

MME. DE K., *aside*. Not if I can help it! (*Aloud*.) I think this must be your family. (*Goes into the hotel*.)

SCENE VII. WINTERBOURNE, MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, REVERDY, *who come out of the hotel as Mme. de Kalkoff enters it*.

REVERDY. We are always meeting the Russian princess!

MISS D. If you call that meeting her, when she never looks at you!

MRS. C. She does n't look at you, but she sees you. Bless my soul, if here is n't Frederick!

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, I was only waiting till you had breakfasted.

MISS D., *aside*. He was talking with the Russian princess!

MRS. C. You might have sat down with us: we waited an hour.

WINTERBOURNE. I breakfasted in my room. I was obliged on my arrival to jump into a bath.

MISS D., *aside*. He's very cold — he's very cold!

WINTERBOURNE. They told me you were at table, and I just sat down here.

MRS. C. You were in no hurry to embrace me — after ten years?

WINTERBOURNE. It was just because of those ten years; they seemed to make you so venerable that I was pausing

— as at the entrance of a shrine! Besides, I knew you had charming company.

MRS. C. You shall discover how charming. This is Alice Durant, who is almost our cousin.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling*. Almost? I wish it were quite.

MRS. COSTELLO. And that is Mr. Charles Reverdy.

REVERDY. Who is almost their courier!

WINTERBOURNE. I must relieve you of your duties.

REVERDY, *aside*. Oh, thank you, thank you! By George, if I'm relieved I'll look out for Miss Miller. (*Looks about him, and finally steals away.*)

MRS. C. My dear Frederick, in all this time you've not changed for the worse.

WINTERBOURNE. How can you tell that — in three minutes?

MISS D., *aside*. Decidedly good-looking, but fearfully distant!

MRS. C. Oh, if you are not agreeable, we shall be particularly disappointed. We count on you immensely.

WINTERBOURNE. I shall do my best, dear aunt.

MRS. C. Especially for our sweet Alice.

MISS D. Oh, Cousin Louisa, how can you?

MRS. C. I thought of you when I invited her to come to Europe.

WINTERBOURNE. It was a very happy thought. I don't mean thinking of me, but inviting Miss Durant.

MISS D., *to Winterbourne*. I can't say it was of you I thought when I accepted.

WINTERBOURNE. I should never flatter myself: there are too many other objects of interest.

MRS. C. That's precisely what we have been talking of. We are surrounded by objects of interest, and we depend upon you to be our guide.

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, I'm afraid I don't know much about them.

MRS. C. You'll have a motive to-day for learning. I have an idea that you have always wanted a motive. In that stupid old Geneva there can't be many.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, if there's one, it's enough!

MISS D., *aside*. If there's *one*? He's in love with some dreadful Genevese!

MRS. C. My young companion has a great desire to ascend a mountain — to examine a glacier.

MISS D. Cousin Louisa, you make me out too bold!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. She's not bold, then, this one, like the other? I think I prefer the other. (*Aloud.*) You should go to Zermatt. You're in the midst of the glaciers there.

MRS. C. We shall be delighted to go — under your escort. Mr. Reverdy will look after me!

MISS D., *glancing about for him*. When he has done with Miss Daisy Miller!

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling*. Even among the glaciers, I flatter myself I can take care of both of you.

MISS D. It will be all the easier, as I never leave your aunt.

MRS. C. She does n't rush about the world alone, like so many American girls. She has been brought up like the young ladies in Geneva. Her education was surrounded with every precaution.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling*. With too many, perhaps! The best education is seeing the world a little.

MRS. C. That's precisely what I wish her to do. When we have finished Zermatt, we wish to come back to Interlaken, and from Interlaken you shall take us to Lucerne.

WINTERBOURNE, *gravely*. Perhaps you'll draw up a little list.

MISS D., *aside*. Perfectly polite, but

no enthusiasm! (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid Mr. Winterbourne is n't at liberty; he has *other* friends.

MRS. C. He has n't another aunt, I imagine!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Fortunately not! (*Aloud to Miss Durant.*) It's very charming of you to think of that.

MISS D. Possibly we are indiscreet, as we just saw you talking to a lady.

WINTERBOURNE. Madame de Katkoff? She leaves this place to-day.

MRS. C. You don't mean to follow her, I hope? (*Aside.*) It's best to be firm with him at the start.

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, I don't follow every woman I speak to.

MISS D., *aside*. Ah, that's meant for us! Mr. Reverdy is never so rude. I'd thank him to come back.

MRS. C. On the 1st of October, you know, you shall take us to Italy.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! every one is going to Italy.

MISS D. Every one? Madame de Katkoff, perhaps.

WINTERBOURNE. Madame de Katkoff, precisely; and Mr. Randolph C. Miller and his sister Daisy.

MRS. C. Bless my soul! What do you know about that?

WINTERBOURNE. I know what they have told me.

MRS. C. Mercy on us! What opportunity? —

WINTERBOURNE. Just now, while I had my coffee.

MISS D. As I say, Mr. Winterbourne has a great many friends.

WINTERBOURNE. He only asks to add you to the number.

MISS D. Side by side with Miss Daisy Miller? Thank you very much.

MRS. C. Come, my dear Frederick, that girl is not your friend.

WINTERBOURNE. Upon my word, I don't know what she is, and I should be very glad if you could tell me.

MRS. C. That's very easily done: she's a little American flirt.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! she's a little American flirt!

MISS D. She's a vulgar little chatterbox!

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! she's a vulgar little chatterbox!

MRS. C. She's in no sort of society.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! she's in no sort of society!

MISS D. You would never know her in America.

WINTERBOURNE. If I should never know her in America, it seems to me a reason for seizing the opportunity here.

MRS. C. The opportunity appears to have come to you very easily.

WINTERBOURNE. I confess it did, rather. We fell into conversation while I sat there on the bench.

MRS. C. Perhaps she sat down beside you?

WINTERBOURNE. I won't deny that she did; she is wonderfully charming.

MISS D. Oh! if that's all that's necessary to be charming —

MRS. C. *You* must give up the attempt — must n't you, my dear? My poor Frederick, this is very dreadful!

WINTERBOURNE. So it seems; but I don't understand.

MRS. C. What should you say at Geneva of a young woman who made such advances?

WINTERBOURNE. Such advances? I don't know that they *were* advances.

MRS. C. Ah! if you wish to wait till she invites you to her room!

WINTERBOURNE, *laughing*. I sha'n't have to wait very long.

MISS D., *shocked*. Had n't I better leave you?

MRS. C. Poor child, I understand that you shrink . . . But we must make it clear.

MISS D. Oh yes, we must make it clear!

WINTERBOURNE. *Do* make it clear; I want it to be clear.

MRS. C. Ask yourself, then, what they would say at Geneva.

WINTERBOURNE. They would say she was rather far gone. But we are not at Geneva.

MRS. C. We are only a few miles off. Miss Daisy Miller is very far gone indeed.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah! what a pity! But I thought, now, in New York —

MRS. C., *sternly*. Frederick, don't lift your hand against your mother country!

WINTERBOURNE. Never in the world. I only repeat what I hear — that over there all this sort of thing — the manners of young persons, the standard of propriety — is quite different.

MISS D. I only know how *I* was brought up!

WINTERBOURNE, *slightly ironical*. Ah, that settles it.

MRS. C. We must take him back with us, to see.

WINTERBOURNE. *Not* to see, you mean — not to see my dear little friend!

MRS. C. In the best society — never.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, hang the best society, then!

MRS. C., *with majesty*. I'm exceedingly obliged to you.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, *you* are the best society! And the little girl with the naughty brother is the worst?

MRS. C. The worst I've ever seen.

WINTERBOURNE, *rather gravely, laying his hand on her arm*. My dear aunt, the best, then, ought to be awfully good!

MISS D., *aside*. He means that for an epigram! I'll make him go and look for Mr. Reverdy. (*Aloud.*) I wonder what has become of Mr. Reverdy.

MRS. C., *sharply*. Never mind Mr. Reverdy; I'll look after him. (*To Winterbourne.*) If you should see a little more of those vulgar people, you would find that they don't stand the test.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I shall see a little more of them — in a quarter of an hour. (*Looking at his watch.*) The

young lady is coming back at two o'clock.

MRS. C. Gracious goodness! Have you made an appointment?

WINTERBOURNE. I don't know whether it's an appointment, but she said she would come back again.

MRS. C., *to Miss Durant*. My precious darling, *we* must go in. We can hardly be expected to assist at such a scene.

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, there is plenty of time yet.

MISS D. Ah, no; she'll be before! Would you kindly look for Mr. Reverdy?

WINTERBOURNE, *extremely polite*. With the greatest of pleasure.

MRS. C. Later in the afternoon, if this extraordinary interview is over, we should like you to go with us into the town.

WINTERBOURNE, *in the same tone*. With the greatest of pleasure. (*Aside.*) They hate her ferociously, and it makes me feel sorry for her.

MRS. C., *to Miss Durant*. Quickly, my dear! We must get out of the way.

WINTERBOURNE. Let me at least see you into the house. (*Accompanies them into the hotel.*)

SCENE VIII. CHARLES REVERDY, RANDOLPH, *then* DAISY.

REVERDY, *coming in from behind with the child on his back*. The horrid little wretch! I'm like Sinbad the Sailor with the Old Man of the Sea! Don't you think you've had about enough?

RANDOLPH, *snapping a little whip*. Oh, no; I have n't had enough. I'll tell you when I've had enough.

REVERDY. Oh, come! I've galloped twenty miles; I've been through all my paces. You must sit still in the saddle a while. (*Pauses in front while Randolph bounces up and down.*) I'm playing horse with the brother to be agreeable to the sister; but he's riding me to death!

RANDOLPH, *still brandishing his whip*. I want you to prance about and to kick. Get up, sir; get up!

REVERDY, *aside*. It's the devil's own game — here at the door of the hotel! (*Aloud.*) I'll prance about so that you'll come off.

RANDOLPH, *firm in his place*. If you throw me off, I'll give you a licking! Get up, sir, get up!

REVERDY, *aside*. Damn the little demon! It was a happy thought of mine.

RANDOLPH, *kicking*. These are my spurs. I'll drive in my spurs! Get up, sir, get up!

REVERDY. Oh misery, here goes! (*He begins to imitate the curvetting of a horse, in the hope of throwing Randolph off, but, seeing Daisy issue from the hotel, suddenly stops.*)

DAISY, *staring*. Well, Randolph, what are you doing up there?

RANDOLPH. I'm riding on a mule!

REVERDY, *with a groan*. A mule? Not even the nobler animal! My dear young lady, could n't you persuade him to dismount?

DAISY, *laughing*. You look so funny when you say that! I'm sure I never persuaded Randolph.

RANDOLPH. He said if I would tell him where you were, he would give me a ride.

REVERDY. And then, when he was up, he refused to tell me!

RANDOLPH. I told you mother would n't like it. She wants Daisy and me to be proper.

REVERDY, *aside*. "Me to be proper!" He's really sublime, the little fiend!

DAISY. Well, she does want you to be proper. She's waiting for you at lunch.

RANDOLPH. I don't want any lunch: there's nothing fit to eat.

DAISY. Well, I guess there is, if you'll go and see.

REVERDY, *aside*. It's uncommonly

nice for me, while they argue the question!

DAISY. There's a man with candy in the hall; that's where mother wants you to be proper!

RANDOLPH, *jumping down*. A man with candy. Oh, blazes!

REVERDY, *aside*. Adorable creature! She has broken the spell.

RANDOLPH, *scampering into the hotel*. I say, old mule, you can go to grass!

REVERDY. Delightful little nature, your brother.

DAISY. Well, he used to have a pony at home. I guess he misses that pony. Is it true that you asked him that?

REVERDY. To tell me where you were? I confess I wanted very much to know.

DAISY. Well, Randolph couldn't tell you. I was having lunch with mother. I thought you were with those ladies.

REVERDY. Whom you saw me with this morning? Oh, no; they've got another cavalier, just arrived, on purpose.

DAISY, *attentive*. Another cavalier — just arrived? Do you mean that gentleman that speaks so beautifully?

REVERDY. A dozen languages? His English is n't bad — compared with my French!

DAISY, *thoughtful*. Well, he looks like a cavalier. Did he come on purpose for them?

REVERDY, *aside*. What does she know about him? Oh, yes; they sent for him to Geneva.

DAISY. To Geneva? That's the one!

REVERDY. You see, they want him to be always with them; he's for their own particular consumption.

DAISY, *disappointed, but very simply*. Ah, then he won't come out at two o'clock!

REVERDY. I'm sure I don't know. (*The bell of the hotel strikes two.*) There it is. You'll have a chance to see. (*Winterbourne, on the stroke of the hour, comes out of the hotel.*)

DAISY, *joyfully*. Here he comes! He's too sweet!

REVERDY, *aside*. Oh, I say, she had made an appointment with him while I was doing the mule!

SCENE IX. REVERDY, *for a moment*; DAISY, WINTERBOURNE.

WINTERBOURNE, *to Reverdy*. I'm glad to find you: Miss Durant has a particular desire to see you.

REVERDY. It's very good of you to be her messenger. (*Aside*.) That's what he calls relieving me!

WINTERBOURNE. You'll find those ladies in their own sitting-room, on the second floor.

REVERDY. Oh, I know where it is. (*To Daisy*.) I shall be back in five minutes.

DAISY. I'm sure you need n't hurry.

WINTERBOURNE. I have an idea they have a good deal to say to you.

REVERDY. I hope it is n't to complain of you! (*Goes into the hotel*.)

DAISY, *looking at Winterbourne a moment*. I was afraid you would n't come.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. She has a way of looking at you! (*Aloud*.) I don't know what can have given you such an impression.

DAISY. Well, you know, half the time they don't — the gentlemen.

WINTERBOURNE. That's in America, perhaps. But over here they always come.

DAISY, *simply*. Well, I have n't had much experience over here.

WINTERBOURNE. I'm glad to hear it. It was very good of your mother to let you leave her again.

DAISY, *surprised*. Oh, mother does n't care; she's got Eugenio.

WINTERBOURNE, *startled*. Surely, not to sit with her?

DAISY. Well, he does n't sit with her always, because he likes to go out.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, he likes to go out!

DAISY. He's got a great many friends, Eugenio; he's awfully popular. And then, you know, poor mother is n't very amusing.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, she is n't very amusing! (*Aside*.) Aunt Louisa was right: it is n't the best society!

DAISY. But Eugenio stays with her all he can: he says he did n't expect that so much when he came.

WINTERBOURNE. I should think not! I hope at least that it is n't a monopoly, and that I may have the pleasure of making your mother's acquaintance.

DAISY. Well, you *do* speak beautifully! I told Mr. Reverdy.

WINTERBOURNE. It was very good of you to mention it. One speaks as one can.

DAISY. Mother's awfully timid, or else I'd introduce you. She always makes a fuss if I introduce a gentleman. But I do introduce them — the ones I like.

WINTERBOURNE. If it's a sign of your liking, I hope you'll introduce me. But you must know my name, which you did n't a while ago.

DAISY. Oh, Eugenio has told me your name, and I think it's very pretty. And he has told me something else.

WINTERBOURNE. I can't imagine what he should tell you about me.

DAISY. About you and some one else — that Russian lady who is leaving the hotel.

WINTERBOURNE, *quickly*. Who is leaving the hotel! How does he know that?

DAISY, *with a little laugh*. You see it is true: you are very fond of that Russian lady!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. She is leaving the hotel — but not till six o'clock. (*Aloud*.) I have n't known you very long, but I should like to give you a piece of advice. Don't gossip with your courier!

DAISY. I see you're offended — and

it proves Eugenio was right. He said it was a secret — and you don't like me to know it.

WINTERBOURNE. You may know everything, my dear young lady, only don't get your information from a servant.

DAISY. Do you call Eugenio a servant? He'll be amused if I tell him that!

WINTERBOURNE. He won't be amused — he'll be furious; but the particular emotion does n't matter. It's very good of you to take such an interest.

DAISY. Oh, I don't know what I should do if I did n't take some interest! You do care for her, then?

WINTERBOURNE, *a little annoyed*. For the Russian lady? Oh, yes, we are old friends. (*Aside*.) My aunt's right: they don't stand the test!

DAISY. I'm very glad she is going, then. But the others mean to stay?

WINTERBOURNE. The others? What others?

DAISY. The two that Mr. Reverdy told me about, and to whom he's so very devoted.

WINTERBOURNE. It's my aunt and a friend of hers; but you need n't mind them.

DAISY. For all they mind me! But they look very stylish.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, yes, they are very stylish; you can bet your life on that, as your brother says!

DAISY, *looking at him a moment*. Did you come for them, or for the Russian lady?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside, more annoyed*. Ah, too many questions! (*Aloud*.) I came for none of them; I came for myself.

DAISY, *serenely*. Yes, that's the impression you give me: you think a great deal of yourself! But I should like to know your aunt, all the same. She has her hair done like an old picture, and she holds herself so very well; she speaks to no one, and she dines in pri-

vate. That's the way I should like to be!

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, you would make a bad exchange. My aunt is liable to fearful headaches.

DAISY. I think she is very elegant — headaches and all! I want very much to know her.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Goodness, what a happy thought! (*Aloud*.) She would be enchanted; only the state of her health . . .

DAISY. Oh, yes, she has an excuse; that's a part of the elegance! I should like to have an excuse. Any one can see your aunt would have one.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, she has five hundred!

DAISY. Well, *we* have n't any, mother and I. I like a lady to be exclusive. I'm dying to be exclusive myself!

WINTERBOURNE. Be just as you are. You would n't be half so charming if you were different. (*Aside*.) It's odd how true that is, with all her faults!

DAISY. You don't think me charming: you only think me queer. I can see that by your manner. I should like to know your aunt, any way.

WINTERBOURNE. It's very good of you, I'm sure; but I'm afraid those headaches will interfere.

DAISY. I suppose she does n't have a headache every day, does she?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. What the deuce is a man to say? (*Aloud*.) She assures me she does.

DAISY, *turns away a moment, walks to the parapet, and stands there thoughtful*. She does n't want to know me! (*Looking at Winterbourne*.) Why don't you say so? You need n't be afraid; I'm not afraid. (*Suddenly, with a little break in her voice*.) Gracious, she is exclusive!

WINTERBOURNE. So much the worse for her!

DAISY. You see, you've got to own to it! Well, I don't care. I mean to be like that — when I'm old.

WINTERBOURNE. I can't think you'll ever be old.

DAISY. Oh, you horrid thing! As if I were going to perish in my flower!

WINTERBOURNE. I should be very sorry if I thought that. But you will never have any quarrel with Time: he'll touch you very gently.

DAISY, *at the parapet, looking over the lake*. I hope I shall never have any quarrel with any one. I'm very good-natured.

WINTERBOURNE, *laughing*. You certainly disarm criticism—oh, completely!

DAISY. Well, I don't care. Have you ever been to that old castle? (*Pointing to Chillon, in the distance.*)

WINTERBOURNE. The Castle of Chillon? Yes, in former days, more than once. I suppose you have been there, too.

DAISY. Oh, no, we have n't been there. I want to go there awfully. Of course, I mean to go there. I would n't go away from here without having seen that old castle!

WINTERBOURNE. It's a very pretty excursion, and very easy to make. You can drive, you know, or you can take the little steamer.

DAISY. Well, we were going last week, but mother gave out. She suffers terribly from dyspepsia. She said she could n't go. Randolph won't go, either: he does n't think much of old castles.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling*. Ah, your brother is n't interested in historical monuments?

DAISY. Well, he's generally disappointed. He wants to stay round here. Mother's afraid to leave him alone, and Eugenio can't be induced to stay with him, so that we have n't been to many places. But it will be too bad if we don't go up to that castle.

WINTERBOURNE. I think it might be arranged. Let me see. Could n't you get some one to remain for the afternoon with Randolph?

DAISY, *suddenly*. Oh, yes; we could get Mr. Reverdy!

WINTERBOURNE. Mr. Reverdy?

DAISY. He's awfully fond of Randolph; they're always fooling round.

WINTERBOURNE, *laughing*. It is n't a bad idea. Reverdy must lay in a stock of sugar.

DAISY. There's one thing: with you, mother will be afraid to go.

WINTERBOURNE. She carries her timidity too far! We must wait till she has got used to me.

DAISY. I don't want to wait. I want to go right off!

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, you can hardly force her to come, you know.

DAISY. I don't want to force her: I want to leave her!

WINTERBOURNE. To leave her behind? What, then, would you do for an escort?

DAISY, *serenely*. I would take you.

WINTERBOURNE, *astounded*. Me? Me alone?

DAISY, *laughing*. You seem about as timid as mother! Never mind, I'll take care of you.

WINTERBOURNE, *still bewildered*. Off to Chillon—with you alone—right off?

DAISY, *eagerly questioning*. Right off? Could we go now?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. She takes away my breath! (*Aloud.*) There's a boat just after three.

DAISY. We'll go straight on board!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. She has known me for a couple of hours! (*Aloud, rather formally.*) The privilege for me is immense; but I feel as if I ought to urge you to reflect a little.

DAISY. So as to show how stiff you can be? Oh, I know all about that.

WINTERBOURNE. No, just to remind you that your mother will certainly discover . . .

DAISY, *staring*. Will certainly discover?

WINTERBOURNE. Your little escape. You can't hide it.

DAISY, *amazed, and a little touched*. I don't know what you mean. I have nothing to hide.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Ah, I give it up! (*Seeing Eugenio, who comes out of the hotel.*) And here comes that odious creature, to spoil it!

SCENE X. WINTERBOURNE, DAISY, EUGENIO.

EUGENIO. Mademoiselle, your mother requests that you will come to her.

DAISY. I don't believe a word of it!

EUGENIO. You should not do me the injustice to doubt of my honor! Madame asked me to look for you ten minutes ago; but I was detained by meeting in the hall a lady (*speaking slowly, and looking at Winterbourne*), a Russian lady, whom I once had the honor to serve, and who was leaving the hotel.

WINTERBOURNE, *startled, aside*. Madame de Katkoff — leaving already?

EUGENIO, *watching Winterbourne*. She had so many little bags that she could hardly settle herself in the carriage, and I thought it my duty — I have had so much practice — to show her how to stow them away.

WINTERBOURNE, *quickly, to Daisy*. Will you kindly excuse me a moment?

EUGENIO, *obsequious, interposing*. If it's to overtake the Russian lady, Madame de Katkoff is already far away. (*Aside.*) She had four horses: I frightened her more than a little!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Far away — without another word? She can be hard — when she tries. Very good. Let me see if I can be the same!

DAISY, *noticing Winterbourne, aside*. Poor man, he's stiffer than ever! But I'm glad she has gone. (*Aloud.*) See here, Eugenio, I'm going to that castle.

EUGENIO, *with a certain impertinence*. Mademoiselle has made arrangements?

DAISY. Well, if Mr. Winterbourne does n't back out.

WINTERBOURNE. Back out? I sha'n't

be happy till we are off! (*Aside.*) I'll go anywhere — with any one — *now*; and if the poor girl is injured by it, it is n't my fault!

EUGENIO. I think Mademoiselle will find that Madame is in no state —

DAISY. My dear Eugenio, Madame will stay at home with you.

WINTERBOURNE, *wincing, aside*. If she would only not call him her "dear"!

EUGENIO. I take the liberty of advising Mademoiselle not to go to the castle.

WINTERBOURNE, *irritated*. You had better remember that your place is not to advise, but to look after the little bags!

DAISY. Oh, I hoped you would make a fuss! But I don't want to go now.

WINTERBOURNE, *decided*. I shall make a fuss if you don't go.

DAISY, *nervously, with a little laugh*. That's all I want — a little fuss!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. She's not so easy as she would like to appear. She knows it's a risk — but she likes the risk.

EUGENIO. If Mademoiselle will come with me, I will undertake to organize a fuss. (*A steamboat whistle is heard in the distance.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *to Daisy*. The boat's coming up. You have only till three o'clock.

DAISY, *suddenly decided*. Oh, I can be quick when I try! (*Hurries into the hotel.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *looking a moment at Eugenio*. You had better not interfere with that young lady!

EUGENIO, *insolent*. I suppose you mean that I had better not interfere with you! You had better not defy me to do so! (*Aside.*) It's a pity I sent away the Katkoff! (*Follows Daisy into the hotel.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *alone*. That's a singularly offensive beast! And what the mischief does he mean by his having been in *her* service? Thank heaven

she has got rid of him! (*Seeing Mrs. Costello, Miss Durant, and Charles Reverdy, who issue from the hotel, the ladies dressed for a walk.*) Oh, confusion, I had forgotten them!

SCENE XI. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, CHARLES REVERDY, WINTERBOURNE, then DAISY.

MRS. C. Well, Frederick, we take for granted that your little interview is over, and that you are ready to accompany us into the town.

WINTERBOURNE. Over, dear aunt? Why, it's only just begun. We are going to the Château de Chillon.

MRS. C. You and that little girl? You'll hardly get us to believe that!

REVERDY, *aside, still with the camp-stool*. Hang me, why did n't I think of that?

WINTERBOURNE. I'm afraid I rather incommode you; but I shall be delighted to go into the town when we come back.

MISS D. You had better never come back. No one will speak to you!

MRS. C. My dear Frederick, if you are joking, your joke's in dreadful taste.

WINTERBOURNE. I'm not joking in the least. The young lady's to be here at three.

MRS. C. She herself is joking, then. She won't be so crazy as to come.

REVERDY, *who has gone to the parapet and looked off to right, coming back, taking out his watch*. It's close upon three, and the boat's at the wharf.

WINTERBOURNE, *watch in hand*. Not quite yet. Give her a moment's grace.

MRS. C. It won't be for us to give her grace: it will be for society.

WINTERBOURNE, *flattering*. Ah, but you are society, you know. She wants immensely to know you.

MRS. C., *ironical*. Is that why she is flinging herself at you?

WINTERBOURNE, *very gravely*. Listen to me seriously, please. The poor

little girl has given me a great mark — a very touching mark — of confidence. I wish to present her to you, because I wish some one to answer for my honor.

MRS. C. And pray, who is to answer for hers?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I say, you're cruel!

MRS. C. I'm an old woman, Frederick; but I thank my stars I'm not too old to be horrified! (*The bell of the steamboat is heard to ring in the distance.*)

REVERDY. There's your boat, sir. I'm afraid you'll miss it!

WINTERBOURNE, *watch still in hand, aside*. Three o'clock. Damn that courier!

MRS. C. If she does n't come, you may present her.

MISS D. She won't come. We must do her justice.

DAISY, *hurrying out of the hotel*. I say, Mr. Winterbourne I'm as punctual as you! (*She wears a charming travelling-dress, and is buttoning her glove. Eugenio appears in the porch of the hotel, and stands there, with his hands in his pockets and with a baffled but vindictive air, watching the rest of the scene.*)

REVERDY. Alas, the presentation's gone!

DAISY, *half aloud*. Gracious, how they glare at me!

WINTERBOURNE, *hurriedly*. Take my arm. The boat's at the wharf. (*She takes his arm, and they hasten away, passing through the little gate of the parapet, where they descend and disappear. The bell of the steamer continues to ring. Mrs. Costello and her companions have watched them; as they vanish, she and Miss Durant each drop into a chair.*)

MRS. C. They'll never come back!

MISS D., *eagerly*. Is n't it your duty to go after them?

REVERDY, *between the two, as if to the public*. They'll be lovely company for the rest of the day!

Henry James, Jr.

PILLOW-SMOOTHING AUTHORS.

WITH A PRELUDE ON NIGHT-CAPS, AND COMMENTS ON AN OLD WRITER.

COTTON MATHER says of our famous and excellent John Cotton, "the Father and Glory of Boston," as he calls him, that, "being asked why in his *Latter Days* he indulged *Nocturnal Studies* more than formerly, he pleasantly replied, *Because I love to sweeten my mouth with a piece of Calvin before I go to sleep.*" Hot in the mouth, rather than sweet, we of to-day might think his piece of Calvin; but as a good many "night-caps" are both hot and sweet as well as strong, we need not quarrel with the worthy minister who has been with the angels for more than two hundred years.

It is a matter of no little importance that the mind should be in a fitting condition for sleep when we take to our pillows. The material "thought-stopper," as Willis called it, in the shape of alcoholic drinks of every grade, from beer to brandy, has penalties and dangers I need not refer to. Still greater is the risk of having recourse to opium and similar drugs. I remember the case of one who, being fond of coffee, and in the habit of taking it at night, made very strong, found himself so wakeful after it that he was tempted to counteract its effects with an opiate. It led to the formation of a habit which he never got rid of. We must not poison ourselves into somnolence.

Still, we must sleep, or die, or go mad. We must get a fair amount of sleep, or suffer much for the want of it. Among the means for insuring peaceful slumber at the right time, and enough of it, the frame of mind we take to bed with us is of the highest importance. Just as the body must have its ligatures all loosened, its close-fitting garments removed, and bathe itself, as it were, in flowing

folds of linen, the mind should undress itself of its daily cares and thoughts as nearly as its natural obstinacy will permit it to do, and wrap itself in the lightest mental night-robes.

Now there are books that make one feel as if he were in his dressing-gown and slippers, if not as if in his night-gown. I have found a few such, and I have often finished my day with one of them, as John Cotton wound up his with Calvin. From a quarter to half an hour's reading in a book of this kind just before leaving my library for the bed-room has quieted my mind, brought in easy-going, placid trains of thought, which were all ready to pass into the state of dreamy forgetfulness, and taken the place which might have been held by the dangerous stimulant or the deadly narcotic. One of these books is that of which I shall say something in the following pages.

In passing a shop where books of every grade of cheapness are exposed I came upon an old edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. I always pity a fine old volume which has fallen into poor company, and sometimes buy it, even if I do not want it, that it may find itself once more among its peers. But in this case I was very glad to obtain a good copy of a good edition of a famous book at a reasonable and not an insulting price; for I remember being ashamed, once, when I picked up some Alduses at the cost of so many obsolete spelling-books. The prize which I carried home with me was a folio in the original binding, with the engraved title and in perfect preservation, the eighth edition, "corrected and augmented by the author," the date 1676. I had never thoroughly read Burton, and

I knew enough of the book to think it was worth reading as well as dipping into, as most readers have done. So I took it for my mental night-cap, and read in it for the last quarter or half hour before going to bed, until I had finished it, which slow process took up a year or more, allowing for all interruptions. I made notes of such things as particularly struck me, — brief references, rather, to them, — in pencil, at the end of the volume. It is with these I propose to entertain the reader, using them somewhat as a clergyman uses his text, which furnishes him a pretext that will stretch like an india-rubber band to hold whatever he chooses to have it.

The first edition of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* was published in 1624, the year after the first folio edition of the *Plays of Shakespeare*, the *Poems* having been long before the public. Burton quotes a passage from *Venus and Adonis*, referring to its author "Shakespeare" in the margin, and calling him in the text "an elegant poet of our time." I note a certain number of coincidences, which look as if Burton was familiarly acquainted with the *Plays*. Falstaff "lards the lean earth as he walks along." The scribblers, whom Burton found so numerous even in his day, "lard their lean books with the fat of others' works." John of Gaunt says of himself, —

"My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;"

and Burton says of life that it "is in the end dried up by old age, and extinguished by death for want of matter, as a Lamp for defect of oyl to maintain it." Burton tells the Christopher Sly story from two old authors, but makes no allusion to Shakespeare's use of it.

"*Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt.*"

"The miller sees not all the water that goes by his mill," says Burton.

"What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of,"

says Demetrius, in *Titus Andronicus*. Burton speaks of "Benedict and Betteris in the Comedy," with the marginal reference "Shakspeare." The name "Betteris" can hardly be a misspelling, but is probably a popular form of the Italian appellative.

Of the more or less curious words used by Burton, the following particularly attracted my attention. I will give them, or some of them, in their connection : —

"Of 15,000 *proletaries* slain in a batel, scarce fifteen are recorded in history, or one alone, the General perhaps."

"A good, honest, painful man many times hath a shrew to his wife, a sickly, dishonest, slothful, foolish, careless woman to his mate, a proud peevish *flurt*," and worse, if possible. The word which a generation or two ago meant a kind of half courtship between young people, is now applied to the more or less questionable relations of married persons tired of their own firesides.

He speaks of some demons, devils, or genii who as far excel men in worth as a man excels the meanest worm, "though some of them are inferior to those of their own rank in worth as the *black guard* in a Prince's Court."

Speaking of the excesses into which one who is fond of praise is liable to be led by his vanity, he says, after telling how one compares himself to Hercules or Samson, another to Tully or Demosthenes, another to Homer or Virgil, —

"He is mad, mad, mad, no *whoe* with him."

Certain "epicureal tenents" are "most accurately *ventilated* by Jo. Sylvaticus, a late Writer and Physitian of Millan."

On the same page is the well-known passage, "The Turks have a drink called *Coffa* (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot, and as bitter (like that black drink which was in use among the Lacedæmonians, and perhaps the same), which they still sip of, and sup as warm as they can suffer."

Burton must have been a bachelor,

for if he had been a married man he would never have dared talk of women as he did.

"Take heed of your wives' flattering speeches over night, and *curtain sermons* in the morning."

His vocabulary of satire abounds with happy expressions. "*Theologasters*" is credited to him, and what can be more descriptive than his expression "*collapsed ladies*"?

"*Bayards*," gapers, "stupid, ignorant, blind" creatures, "*dummerers*," impostors feigning dumbness, "*Abraham men*" pretending blindness, are no longer heard of; but when we hear that Jodocus Damhoderius "hath some notable examples of such counterfeit *Cranks*," we find that a word only recently come into common use is an old one recalled from the rich phraseology of the Elizabethan period. Burton recommends "*cowcubers*" to such as are of too ardent a temperament. Tobacco he spells as we do, but speaks of it in a way that reminds us at once of Charles Lamb's often-quoted Farewell to the great vegetable, which it probably suggested:—

"*Tobacco*, divine, rare, superexcellent *Tobacco*, which goes far beyond all their Panaceas, potable gold and Philosophers stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A vertuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used, but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as Tinkers do Ale, 't is a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, land, health, hellish, devilish and damned *Tobacco*, the ruine and overthrow of body and soul."

Burton makes great fun of the foolish old questions of the schoolmen and pedants, such as "*ovum prius extiterit an gallina*,"—whether the egg or the hen came first into being. He is a good Protestant, and very bitter at times against the "Papists," but I cannot help suspecting his own orthodoxy. One is

reminded of the more recent "Genesis and Geology" battles in reading such sentences as this: "But to avoid these Paradoxes of the earth's motion (which the Church of Rome hath lately condemned as heretical) our latter mathematicians have rolled all the stones that may be stirred: and to solve all appearances and objections, have invented new hypotheses and fabricated new systems of the World, out of their own Dedalean heads;" or, as we should say, projected them out of their own inner consciousness. You may find here the mill of conscience that grinds the souls of sinners, as expressed by "those *Ægyptians* in their *Hieroglyphics*," and the saying "*quod ideo credendum quod incredibile*,"—it is to be believed because it is incredible,—from Tertullian. One is surprised in reading this book, more than any other that I am acquainted with, to find how much of the new corn comes out of the old fields. The quarrel between science and that which calls itself religion was the same, essentially, in the days of Burton and those older authors whom he quotes that it is now.

"Others freely speak, mutter and would persuade the world (as *Marinus Marcenus* complains) that our modern Divines are too severe and rigid against Mathematicians; ignorant and peevish in not admitting their true demonstrations and certain observations, that they tyrannize over art, science, and all philosophy in suppressing their labors (saith *Pomponatius*), forbidding them to write, to speak a truth, all to maintain their superstition, and for their profits sake. As for those places of Scripture which oppugn it, they will have spoken *ad captum vulgi*, and if rightly understood, and favorably interpreted, not at all against it." We find the same old difficulties, and the same subterfuges to escape from them that we have seen and still see in our own day. Doctrines which we have always thought of as belonging to our own theology are traced

to other and remote sources. Plato learned in Egypt that the devils quarrelled with Jupiter, and were driven by him down to hell. Others of our generally accepted beliefs he claims as of heathen parentage. "Twas for a politique end, and to this purpose the old Poets feigned those *Elysian* fields, their *Æacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadamantus*, their infernal judges, and those *Stygian* lakes, fiery *Phlegeton's*, *Pluto's* Kingdom, and variety of torments after death. Those that had done well went to the *Elysian* fields, but evil doers to *Cocytus* and to that burning lake of Hell with fire and brimstone forever to be tormented."

"Old Probabilities" was anticipated by Lucian's Jupiter, who, as Burton says, spent much of the year, among other occupations, in "telling the hours when it should rain, how much snow should fall in such a place, which way the wind should stand in Greece, which way in Africk."

Never was there such a pawn-shop for poets to borrow from as the Anatomy of Melancholy. Byron knew this well, and tells the world as much. His own

"Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one,"

may have been suggested by the *fluvio vel monte distincti sunt dissimiles*, which Burton gives without assigning its authorship. Herrick's beautiful

"Gather ye rose buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,"

finds its original more nearly in the lines Burton quotes from Ausonius than in the verse from the Wisdom of Solomon, from which it has been thought to have been borrowed:—

"*Collige virgo rosas dum flos novus et nova pubes
Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum.*"

"Where God hath a Temple the Devil will have a Chappel," familiarly known in the couplet of Defoe, and referred by Mr. Bartlett to the "*Jacula Prudentum*," is found here also.

"*Qui jacet in terra non habet unde cadat*,"
says Burton.

"He that is down needs fear no fall,"
says Bunyan.

"He that is down can fall no lower,"
says Butler, in *Hudibras*.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." So spoke George Washington.

"The Commonwealth of Venice in their Armory have this inscription, Happy is that City which in time of peace thinks of war. *Felix civitas quæ tempore pacis de bello cogitat*." So says Burton.

"*Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum*" is referred, in *Familiar Quotations*, to Vegetius, a Roman writer on military affairs, of the fourth century.

I read Mr. Emerson's complaint, in his first Phi Beta Kappa oration, that "the state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man." Compare this with Burton's passage from Scaliger: "*Nequaquam nos homines sumus, sed partes hominis, ex omnibus aliquid fieri potest, idque non magnum; ex singulis fere nihil.*"

We have been in the habit of thinking that "liquor or fight" was a form of courtesy peculiar to our Western civilization. But we may learn from Burton that our German ancestors were before us in this social custom: "*How they love a man that will be drunk, crown him and honour him for it*, hate him that will not pledge him, stab him, kill him: A most intolerable offence, and not to be forgiven. *He is a mortal enemy that will not drink with him*, as *Munster* relates of the Saxons." We all remember Byron's writing under the inspiration of gin. His familiarity with Burton may have supplied him with the suggestion, for Burton tells us that "our Poets drink sack to improve their inventions." We are surprised,

in reading the old author, to come upon ideas and practices which we thought belonged especially to our own time :—

“Such occult notes, Stenography, Polygraphy, *Nuncius animatus*, or *magnetical telling of their minds*, which Cabeus the Jesuit, by the way, counts fabulous and false.”

If Burton had not been an irreclaimable bachelor, he would never have dared to make an onslaught like the following upon the female sex :—

“To this intent they *crush in their feet and bodies*, hurt and crucifie themselves, sometimes in lax clothes, one hundred yards I think in a gown, a sleeve, and sometimes again so close, *ut nudos expriment artus*. Now long tails and trains, and then short, up, down, high, low, thick, thin, etc. Now little or no bands, then as big as cart-wheels; now loose bodies, then great fardingals and close girt,” etc.

The trailing dresses which delicate ladies wore but a very few years ago, through our slovenly streets, were always an object of aversion to men, and seriously lowered the sex in their eyes. Nobody, however, seems to have taken the offense so much to heart as Sir David Lyndsay, — the old Scotch minstrel whom Sir Walter Scott speaks of as

“Sir David Lyndsay of the mount,
Lord Lyon king at arms.”

Before the disagreeable fashion threatens us again, let us hope that our ladies will read the old poet’s “Supplication in Contempt of *Side Tails* ;” for this is the name he gave to the bedraggled finery with which showy women swept the sidewalks in his day, as they have done in ours, — *side tails* meaning only *long dresses*,

“Whilk through the dust and dubs trails
Three quarters lang behind their heels —
Wherever they go it may be seen
How kirk and causay they soop clean —
In summer when the streets dries
They raise the dust aboon the skies;
Nane may gae near them at their ease
Without they cover mouth and neese.”

Sir David uses some harder words than these about the garments

“Whilk over the mires and middings trails,” and ends with a couplet doubtless very severe, but which fortunately few of us can interpret :—

“Quoth Lindsay in contempt of the side tails
That duddrons and duntibours through the dubs
trails.”

One can never be sure, in reading Burton, that he will not find his own thoughts, his own sayings in prose or verse, anticipated.

“So that affliction is a School or Academy, wherein the best Scholars are prepared to the commencements of the deity.”

Till dawns the great commencement day on every
land and sea

And *expectantur* all mankind to take their last
degree.

It was a coincidence, and not a borrowing, for I had never read Burton when I wrote those lines. I do not believe there is any living author who will not find that he is represented in his predecessors, if he will hunt for himself in Burton. Even the external conditions of the residence of myself and my immediate neighbors are described as if he had just left us ; for the dwellers in this range of houses on one side “see the ships, boats and passengers go by, out of their windows,” and on the other look out into a “thoroughfare street to behold a continual concourse, a promiscuous rout, coming and going,” — which conditions he considered as “excellent good” for the infirmity of which he was treating, or professing to treat, while he discoursed about everything.

What a passion many now famous in other pursuits have had for poetry, and what longings for the power to express themselves in harmonious numbers ! Blackstone and Murray, John Quincy Adams and Joseph Story, at once occur to our memory. It was said that at one time every member of the existing British cabinet had published his

volume of verse. Every one remembers the story of Wolfe and Gray's Elegy. But I confess I was a little surprised to find a famous old scholar bewitched to such an extent as Burton represents him: "*Julius Scaliger* was so much affected with Poetry that he brake out into a pathetical protestation, he had rather be the author of twelve Verses in *Lucan* or such an Ode in *Horace* (Lib. 3, Ode 9) than Emperour of *Germany*." A charming little quarrel it is between Horace and Lydia, but one would hardly have expected such a juvenile outburst from a gray-beard old scholiast like Julius Cæsar Scaliger.

From page to page we get striking and life-like portraits of notable men of olden time. Here is a charming one of a great Dutch scholar and critic:—

"*Heinsius*, the keeper of the Library at *Leiden* in *Holland*, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that which to thy thinking should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking.

"*I no sooner (saith he) come into the Library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, their mother Ignorance, and Melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones, and rich men that know not this happiness.*"

And take as a background to this delightful picture the dreadful glimpse which this brief passage gives us: "*Servetus* the heretick that suffered in *Geneva*, when he was brought to the stake, and saw the executioner come with fire in his hand, *homo viso igne tam horrendum exclamavit, ut universum populum perterre facerit*, roared so loud that he terrified the people."

We are often surprised at finding there are good reasons for practices which seem to us quite singular, and even absurd. I remember the first time I wandered in the streets of an old European

city, — Rouen, — I felt as if I was at the bottom of a deep crevice, looking up at a narrow ribbon of blue sky. I read in Burton, "In hot Countreys they make the streets of their Cities very narrow. *Monpelier*, the habitation and University of Physitians, is so built, with high houses, narrow streets to divert the suns scalding rayes, which *Tacitus* commends," etc.

There is but one street at the West End of our city, Boston, — the new part of it, — which one can walk through in the middle of a hot summer day without danger of a sun-stroke: that is Boylston Street. The front yards of all the others are so wide that the sidewalks are in full sunshine, while this is a shady refuge for the unfortunate prisoner *intra muros*.

I once amused myself with calculating how many grains of sand there would be in our earth if it was made of them. It was only necessary to see how many grains it took to make a line of an inch in length, and this number, if I recollect, was about a hundred, which gives a million to the cubic inch, and so on; and although one might miss a few grains in calculating the number of cubic feet in the oblate spheroid upon which we dwell, it was easy to come near enough for all practical purposes. But Burton reminds me that I was only doing what Archimedes had done before me.

He is severely satirical in speaking of the corrupt practices and the quarrels of doctors. He accuses them of taking all manner of advantage of their privileged intimacy. "*Paracelsus did that in Physick which Luther did in Divinity.*" "*A drunken rogue he was, a base fellow, a Magician, he had the Devil for his master, Devils his familiar companions, and what he did, was done by the help of the Devil.*" "Thus they contend and rail, and every Mart [*sic*] write Books *pro* and *con* and *adhuc sub judice lis est*; let them agree as they will, I proceed."

Not less sharp is he in commenting

upon the practices of another profession : "Now as for Monks, Confessors and Friars — under colour of visitation, auricular confession, comfort and penance, they have free egress and regress, and corrupt God knows how many."

"Mutual admiration" alliances are not the invention of this century, for Burton speaks of "mutual offices," "praise and dispraise of each other," "*mulus mulum scabit*," one mule scratches another. In that very amusing book, which has much in it that sounds like Dickens, with a great deal that is its own, the Reverend Jonathan Jubb is busy writing the Life and Times of Rummins, while Rummins is equally busy writing the Life and Times of the Reverend Jonathan Jubb.

I have said that Burton must have been a bachelor, and so he must have been; and the gentle sex will exclaim that he was a hard-hearted old wretch, too, for he says, "As much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping as of a Goose going barefoot."

Perhaps some wives with irritable husbands may like to hear the advice contained in his story of the honest woman "who, hearing one of her gossips by chance complain of her husband's impatience, told her an excellent remedy for it, and gave her withal a glass of water, which when he brauled she should hold still in her mouth, and that *toties quoties*, as often as he chid." This had such a good effect that the woman wished to know what she had mingled in her prescription, when her adviser "told her in brief what it was, *Fair Water* and no more: for it was not the water but her silence which performed the cure. Let every froward woman imitate this example, and be quiet within doors," and so on, giving his advice to the poor scolded woman as if she was to blame, and not the *brauling* husband! I am afraid the Cochituate will not be largely drawn upon by our matrons whose lords take their constitu-

tional exercise in finding fault with their ladies.

I cannot be answerable for Burton's advice to women, but he gives some most sensible and kindly counsel to those who are abused by others, the substance of which is, Keep your temper and hold your tongue, but illustrated, amplified, made palpable and interesting by the large drapery of quotations in which it is robed, according to his habitual way of expanding and glorifying a maxim. "*Deesse robur arguit dicacitas*," or, as Dr. Johnson might have translated it, Verbosity indicates imbecility. Burton quotes the Latin phrase, and then pours out a flood of words to illustrate it.

That great modern naturalist, so well remembered, and so dear to many of us, used to remind me of the ancient observer and philosopher whom he admired, and in many points resembled.

"How much did *Aristotle* and *Ptolemy* spend? *Unius regni precium*, they say, more than a king's ransom; how many crowns *per annum*, to perfect arts, the one about his History of Creatures, the other on his *Almagest*." These are the words of Burton.

"How much," I once said to Agassiz, "would you really want for your Museum, if you could get it?"

"Ten millions!" was his immediate, robust, magnificent answer. "Ah!" I thought to myself, "what a pity there is not an Alexander for this Aristotle!" My wish came nearer fulfilment in after years than I could have dreamed at that time of its ever coming.

Even the puns and quibbles we have thought our own we are startled to find in these pages of Burton, which take, not the bread out of our mouths, perhaps, but at least the Attic salt which was the seasoning of our discourse. When we find him asking "What's matrimony but a matter of money?" we cannot help feeling that more jesting glideth through the lips than wots Joe

Miller of, or even my good friend Mr. Punch, whom I have never thanked as I ought to have done for the pretty compliment he paid me some time ago.

And now let any somnolent reader who has tried on my night-cap wake himself up, and take down excellent Mr. Allibone's great Dictionary of Authors and turn to *Burton*. He will find what a high estimate was placed upon the work I have been getting my scant *spicilegium* out of for his entertainment. It was greatly esteemed by Johnson, by Sterne, who showed his regard by helping himself to his pleasantries and pa-

thos, and by various other less generally known writers. Byron says that if the reader has patience to go through the *Anatomy of Melancholy* "he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty other works with which I am acquainted."

I did not read it to equip myself for "literary conversation," but to predispose myself to somnolence; and if, as I hope, this article shall prove as effective in bringing about that result for the reader as the book was for myself, it will have fully answered my tamest expectations.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MODERN FICTION.

ONE of the worst characteristics of modern fiction is its so-called truth to nature. For fiction is an art, as painting is, as sculpture is, as acting is. A photograph of a natural object is not art; nor is the plaster cast of a man's face, nor is the bare setting on the stage of an actual occurrence. Art requires an idealization of nature. The amateur, though she may be a lady, who attempts to represent upon the stage the lady of the drawing-room, usually fails to convey to the spectators the impression of a lady. She lacks the art by which the trained actress, who may not be a lady, succeeds. The actual transfer to the stage of the drawing-room and its occupants, with the behavior common in well-bred society, would no doubt fail of the intended dramatic effect, and the spectators would declare the representation unnatural.

However our jargon of criticism may confound terms, we do not need to be reminded that art and nature are distinct; that art, though dependent on nature, is a separate creation; that art is

selection and idealization, with a view to impressing the mind with human, or even higher than human, sentiments and ideas. We may not agree whether the perfect man and woman ever existed, but we do know that the highest representations of them in form — that in the old Greek sculptures — were the result of artistic selection of parts of many living figures.

When we praise our recent fiction for its photographic fidelity to nature we condemn it, for we deny to it the art which would give it value. We forget that the creation of the novel should be, to a certain extent, a synthetic process, and impart to human actions that ideal quality which we demand in painting. Heine regards Cervantes as the originator of the modern novel. The older novels sprang from the poetry of the Middle Ages: their themes were knightly adventure, their personages were the nobility; the common people did not figure in them. These romances, which had degenerated into absurdities, Cervantes overthrew by Don Quixote. But

in putting an end to the old romances he created a new school of fiction, called the modern novel, by introducing into his romance of pseudo-knighthood a faithful description of the lower classes, and intermingling the phases of popular life. But he had no one-sided tendency to portray the vulgar only; he brought together the higher and the lower in society, to serve as light and shade, and the aristocratic element was as prominent as the popular: This noble and chivalrous element disappears in the novels of the English who imitated Cervantes. "These English novelists since Richardson's reign," says Heine "are prosaic natures; to the prudish spirit of their time even pithy descriptions of the life of the common people are repugnant, and we see on yonder side of the Channel those *bourgeoisie* novels arise, wherein the petty humdrum life of the middle classes is depicted." But Scott appeared, and effected a restoration of the balance in fiction. As Cervantes had introduced the democratic element into romances, so Scott replaced the aristocratic element, when it had disappeared, and only a prosaic, *bourgeoisie* fiction existed. He restored to romances the symmetry which we admire in Don Quixote. The characteristic feature of Scott's historical romances, in the opinion of the great German critic, is the harmony between the aristocratic and democratic elements.

This is true, but is it the last analysis of the subject? Is it a sufficient account of the genius of Cervantes and Scott that they combined in their romances a representation of the higher and lower classes? Is it not of more importance how they represented them? It is only a part of the achievement of Cervantes that he introduced the common people into fiction; it is his higher glory that he idealized this material; and it is Scott's distinction also that he elevated into artistic creations both nobility and commonality. In short, the

essential of fiction is not diversity of social life, but artistic treatment of whatever is depicted. The novel may deal wholly with an aristocracy, or wholly with another class, but it must idealize the nature it touches into art. The fault of the *bourgeoisie* novels, of which Heine complains, is not that they treated of one class only, and excluded a higher social range, but that they treated it without art and without ideality. In nature there is nothing vulgar to the poet, and in human life there is nothing uninteresting to the artist; but nature and human life, for the purposes of fiction, need a creative genius. The importation into the novel of the vulgar, sordid, and ignoble in life is always unbearable, unless genius first fuses the raw material in its alembic.

When, therefore, we say that one of the worst characteristics of modern fiction is its so-called truth to nature, we mean that it disregards the higher laws of art, and attempts to give us unidealized pictures of life. The failure is not that vulgar themes are treated, but that the treatment is vulgar; not that common life is treated, but that the treatment is common; not that care is taken with details, but that no selection is made, and everything is photographed regardless of its artistic value. I am sure that no one ever felt any repugnance on being introduced by Cervantes to the muleteers, contrabandistas, servants and serving-maids, and idle vagabonds of Spain, any more than to an acquaintance with the beggar-boys and street gamins on the canvases of Murillo. And I believe that the philosophic reason of the disgust of Heine and of every critic with the English *bourgeoisie* novels, describing the petty, humdrum life of the middle classes, was simply the want of art in the writers; the failure on their part to see that a literal transcript of nature is poor stuff in literature. We do not need to go back to Richardson's time for illustrations

of that truth. Every week the English press — which is even a greater sinner in this respect than the American — turns out a score of novels which are mediocre, not from their subjects but from their utter lack of the artistic quality. It matters not whether they treat of middle-class life, of low, slum life, or of drawing-room life and lords and ladies; they are equally flat and dreary. Perhaps the most inane thing ever put forth in the name of literature is the so-called domestic novel, an indigestible, culinary sort of product, that might be named the doughnut of fiction. The usual apology for it is that it depicts family life with fidelity. Its characters are supposed to act and talk as people act and talk at home and in society. I trust this is a libel, but, for the sake of the argument, suppose they do. Was ever produced so insipid a result? They are called moral; in the higher sense they are immoral, for they tend to lower the moral tone and stamina of every reader. It needs genius to import into literature ordinary conversation, petty domestic details, and the commonplace and vulgar phases of life. A report of ordinary talk, which appears as dialogue in domestic novels, may be true to nature; if it is, it is not worth writing or worth reading. I cannot see that it serves any good purpose whatever. Fortunately, we have in our day illustrations of a different treatment of the vulgar. I do not know any more truly realistic pictures of certain aspects of New England life than are to be found in Judd's *Margaret*, wherein are depicted exceedingly pinched and ignoble social conditions. Yet the characters and the life are drawn with the artistic purity of Flaxman's illustrations of Homer. Another example is Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Every character in it is of the lower class in England. But what an exquisite creation it is! You have to turn back to Shakespeare for any talk of peasants and

clowns and shepherds to compare with the conversations in this novel, so racy are they of the soil, and yet so touched with the finest art, the enduring art. Here is not the realism of the photograph, but of the artist; that is to say, it is nature idealized.

When we criticise our recent fiction, it is obvious that we ought to remember that it only conforms to the tendencies of our social life, our prevailing ethics, and to the art conditions of our time. Literature is never in any age an isolated product. It is closely related to the development or retrogression of the time in all departments of life. The literary production of our day seems, and no doubt is, more various than that of any other, and it is not easy to fix upon its leading tendency. It is claimed for its fiction, however, that it is analytic and realistic, and that much of it has certain other qualities that make it a new school in art. These aspects of it I wish to consider in this paper.

It is scarcely possible to touch upon our recent fiction, any more than upon our recent poetry, without taking into account what is called the æsthetic movement, — a movement more prominent in England than elsewhere. A slight contemplation of this reveals its resemblance to the Romantic movement in Germany, of which the brothers Schlegel were apostles, in the latter part of the last century. The movements are alike in this: that they both sought inspiration in mediævalism, in feudalism, in the symbols of a Christianity that ran to mysticism, in the quaint, strictly pre-Raphael art, which was supposed to be the result of a simple faith. In the one case, the artless and childlike remains of old German pictures and statuary were exhumed and set up as worthy of imitation; in the other, we have carried out in art, in costume, and in domestic life, so far as possible, what has been wittily and accurately described as "stained-glass attitudes." With all its

peculiar vagaries, the English school is essentially a copy of the German, in its return to mediævalism. The two movements have a further likeness, in that they are found accompanied by a highly symbolized religious revival. English æstheticism would probably disown any religious intention, although it has been accused of a refined interest in Pan and Venus; but in all its feudal sympathies it goes along with the religious art and vestment revival, the return to symbolic ceremonies, monastic vigils, and sisterhoods. Years ago, an acute writer in the *Catholic World* claimed Dante Rossetti as a Catholic writer, from the internal evidence of his poems. The German Romanticism, which was fostered by the Romish priesthood, ended, or its disciples ended, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic church. It will be interesting to note in what ritualistic harbor the æstheticism of our day will finally moor. That two similar revivals should come so near together in time makes us feel that the world moves onward, if it does move onward, in circular figures of very short radii. There seems to be only one thing certain in our Christian era, and that is a periodic return to classic models; the only stable standards of resort seem to be Greek art and literature.

The characteristics which are prominent, when we think of our recent fiction, are a wholly unidealized view of human society, which has got the name of realism; a delight in representing the worst phases of social life; an extreme analysis of persons and motives; the sacrifice of action to psychological study; the substitution of studies of character for anything like a story; a notion that it is not artistic, and that it is untrue to nature to bring any novel to a definite consummation, and especially to end it happily; and a despondent tone about society, politics, and the whole drift of modern life. Judged by our fiction, we are in an irredeemably

bad way. There is little beauty, joy, or light-heartedness in living; the spontaneity and charm of life are analyzed out of existence; sweet girls, made to love and be loved, are extinct; melancholy Jaques never meets a Rosalind in the forest of Arden, and if he sees her in the drawing-room he poisons his pleasure with the thought that she is scheming and artificial; there are no happy marriages, — indeed, marriage itself is almost too inartistic to be permitted by our novelists, unless it can be supplemented by a divorce, and art is supposed to deny any happy consummation of true love. In short, modern society is going to the dogs, notwithstanding money is only three and a half per cent. It is a gloomy business life, at the best. Two learned but despondent university professors met, not long ago, at an afternoon “coffee,” and drew sympathetically together in a corner. “What a world this would be,” said one, “without coffee!” “Yes,” replied the other, stirring the fragrant cup in a dejected aspect, — “yes; but what a H. of a world it is with coffee!”

The analytic method in fiction is interesting, when used by a master of dissection, but it has this fatal defect in a novel, — it destroys illusion. We want to think that the characters in a story are real persons. We cannot do this if we see the author set them up as if they were marionettes, and take them to pieces every few pages, and show their interior structure, and the machinery by which they are moved. Not only is the illusion gone, but the movement of the story, if there is a story, is retarded, till the reader loses all enjoyment in impatience and weariness. You find yourself saying, perhaps, What a very clever fellow the author is! What an ingenious creation this character is! How brightly the author makes his people talk! This is high praise, but by no means the highest, and when we reflect we see how immeasurably inferior, in fiction,

the analytic method is to the dramatic. In the dramatic method the characters appear, and show what they are by what they do and say; the reader studies their motives, and a part of his enjoyment is in analyzing them, and his vanity is flattered by the trust reposed in his perspicacity. We realize how unnecessary minute analysis of character and long descriptions are in reading a drama by Shakespeare, in which the characters are so vividly presented to us in action and speech, without the least interference of the author in description, that we regard them as persons with whom we might have real relations, and not as bundles of traits and qualities. True, the conditions of dramatic art and the art of the novel are different, in that the drama can dispense with delineations, for its characters are intended to be presented to the eye; but all the same, a good drama will explain itself without the aid of actors, and there is no doubt that it is the higher art in the novel, when once the characters are introduced, to treat them dramatically, and let them work out their own destiny according to their characters. It is a truism to say that when the reader perceives that the author can compel his characters to do what he pleases all interest in them as real persons is gone. In a novel of mere action and adventure, a lower order of fiction, where all the interest centres in the unraveling of a plot, of course this does not so much matter.

Not long ago, in Edinburgh, I amused myself in looking up some of the localities made famous in Scott's romances, which are as real in the mind as any historical places. Afterwards I read *The Heart of Midlothian*. I was surprised to find that, as a work of art, it was inferior to my recollection of it. Its style is open to the charge of prolixity, and even of slovenliness in some parts; and it does not move on with increasing momentum and concentration to a climax, as many of Scott's novels

do; the story drags along in the disposition of one character after another. Yet, when I had finished the book and put it away, a singular thing happened. It suddenly came to me that in reading it I had not once thought of Scott as the maker; it had never occurred to me that he had *created* the people in whose fortunes I had been so intensely absorbed; and I never once had felt how clever the novelist was in the naturally dramatic dialogues of the characters. In short, it had not entered my mind to doubt the existence of Jeanie and Effie Deans, and their father, and Reuben Butler, and the others, who seem as real as historical persons in Scotch history. And when I came to think of it afterwards, reflecting upon the assumptions of the modern realistic school, I found that some scenes, notably the night attack on the old Tolbooth, were as real to me as if I had read them in a police report of a newspaper of the day. Was Scott, then, only a reporter? Far from it, as you would speedily see if he had thrown into the novel a police report of the occurrences at the Tolbooth, before art had shorn it of its irrelevances; magnified its effective and salient points; given events their proper perspective, and the whole picture due light and shade.

The sacrifice of action to some extent to psychological evolution in modern fiction may be an advance in the art as an intellectual entertainment, if the writer does not make that evolution his end, and does not forget that the indispensable thing in a novel is the story. The novel of mere adventure or mere plot, it need not be urged, is of a lower order than that in which the evolution of characters and their interaction make the story. The highest fiction is that which embodies both; that is, the story in which action is the result of mental and spiritual forces in play. And we protest against the notion that the novel of the future is to be, or should be, merely

a study of, or an essay or a series of analytic essays on, certain phases of social life.

It is not true that civilization or cultivation has bred out of the world the liking for a story. In this the most highly educated Londoner and the Egyptian fellah meet on common human ground. The passion for a story has no more died out than curiosity, or than the passion of love. The truth is not that stories are not demanded, but that the born *raconteur* and story-teller is a rare person. The faculty of telling a story is a much rarer gift than the ability to analyze character, and even than the ability truly to draw character. It may be a higher or a lower power, but it is rarer. It is a natural gift, and it seems that no amount of culture can attain it, any more than learning can make a poet. Nor is the complaint well-founded that the stories have all been told, the possible plots all been used, and the combinations of circumstances exhausted. It is no doubt our individual experience that we hear almost every day—and we hear nothing so eagerly—some new story, better or worse, but new in its exhibition of human character, and in the combination of events. And the strange, eventful histories of human life will no more be exhausted than the possible arrangements of mathematical numbers. We might as well say that there are no more good pictures to be painted as that there are no more good stories to be told.

Equally baseless is the assumption that it is inartistic and untrue to nature to bring a novel to a definite consummation, and especially to end it happily. Life, we are told, is full of incompleteness, of broken destinies, of failures, of romances that begin but do not end, of ambitions and purposes frustrated, of love crossed, of unhappy issues, or a resultless play of influences. Well, but life is full, also, of endings, of the results in concrete action of character, of completed dramas.

And we expect and give, in the stories we hear and tell in ordinary intercourse, some point, some outcome, an end of some sort. If you interest me in the preparations of two persons who are starting on a journey, and expend all your ingenuity in describing their outfit and their characters, and do not tell me where they went or what befell them afterwards, I do not call that a story. Nor am I any better satisfied when you describe two persons whom you know, whose characters are interesting, and who become involved in all manner of entanglements, and then stop your narration; and when I ask, say you have not the least idea whether they got out of their difficulties, or what became of them. In real life we do not call that a story where everything is left unconcluded and in the air. In point of fact, romances are daily beginning and daily ending, well or otherwise, under our observation.

Should they always end well in the novel? I am very far from saying that. Tragedy and the pathos of failure have their places in literature as well as in life. I only say that, artistically, a good ending is as proper as a bad ending. Yet the main object of the novel is to entertain, and the best entertainment is that which lifts the imagination and quickens the spirit; to lighten the burdens of life by taking us for a time out of our humdrum and perhaps sordid conditions, so that we can see familiar life somewhat idealized, and probably see it all the more truly from an artistic point of view. For the majority of the race, in its hard lines, fiction is an inestimable boon. Incidentally the novel may teach, encourage, refine, elevate. Even for these purposes, that novel is the best which shows us the best possibilities of our lives,—the novel which gives hope and cheer instead of discouragement and gloom. Familiarity with vice and sordidness in fiction is a low entertainment, and of

doubtful moral value, and their introduction is unbearable if it is not done with the idealizing touch of the artist.

Do not misunderstand me to mean that common and low life are not fit subjects of fiction, or that vice is not to be lashed by the satirist, or that the evils of a social state are never to be exposed in the novel. For this, also, is an office of the novel, as it is of the drama, to hold the mirror up to nature, and to human nature as it exhibits itself. But when the mirror shows nothing but vice and social disorder, leaving out the saving qualities that keep society on the whole, and family life as a rule, as sweet and good as they are, the mirror is not held up to nature, but more likely reflects a morbid mind. Still it must be added that the study of unfortunate social conditions is a legitimate one for the author to make; and that we may be in no state to judge justly of his exposure while the punishment is being inflicted, or while the irritation is fresh. For, no doubt, the reader winces often because the novel reveals to himself certain possible baseness, selfishness, and meanness. Of this, however, I (speaking for myself) may be sure: that the artist who so represents vulgar life that I am more in love with my kind, the satirist who so depicts vice and villainy that I am strengthened in my moral fibre, has vindicated his choice of material. On the contrary, those novelists are not justified whose forte it seems to be to set forth goodness as to make it unattractive.

But we come back to the general proposition that the indispensable condition of the novel is that it shall entertain. And for this purpose the world is not ashamed to own that it wants, and always will want, a story,—a story that has an ending; and if not a good ending, then one that in noble tragedy lifts up our nature into a high plane of sacrifice and pathos. In proof of this we have only to refer to the masterpieces of fic-

tion which the world cherishes and loves to recur to.

I confess that I am harassed with the incomplete romances, that leave me, when the book is closed, as one might be on a waste plain, at midnight, abandoned by his conductor, and without a lantern. I am tired of accompanying people for hours through disaster and perplexity and misunderstanding, only to see them lost in a thick mist at last. I am weary of going to funerals, which are not my funerals, however chatty and amusing the undertaker may be. I confess that I should like to see again the lovely heroine, the sweet woman, capable of a great passion and a great sacrifice; and I do not object if the novelist tries her to the verge of endurance, in agonies of mind and in perils, subjecting her to wasting sicknesses even, if he only brings her out at the end in a blissful compensation of her troubles, and endowed with a new and sweeter charm. No doubt it is better for us all, and better art, that in the novel of society the destiny should be decided by character. What an artistic and righteous consummation it is when we meet the shrewd and wicked old Baroness Bernstein at Continental gaming-tables, and feel that there was no other logical end for the worldly and fascinating Beatrix of Henry Esmond! It is one of the great privileges of fiction to right the wrongs of life, to do justice to the deserving and the vicious. It is wholesome for us to contemplate this justice, even if we do not often see it in society. It is true that hypocrisy and vulgar self-seeking often succeed in life, occupy high places, and make their exit in the pageantry of honored obsequies. Yet always the man is conscious of the hollowness of his triumph, and the world takes a pretty accurate measure of it. It is the privilege of the novelist, without introducing into such a career what is called disaster, to satisfy our innate love of justice by letting us see the true nature of

such prosperity. The unscrupulous man amasses wealth, lives in luxury and splendor, and dies in the odor of respectability. His poor and honest neighbor, whom he has wronged and defrauded, lives in misery, and dies in disappointment and penury. The novelist cannot reverse the facts without such a shock to our experience as shall destroy for us the artistic value of his fiction, and bring upon his work the deserved reproach of indiscriminately "rewarding the good and punishing the bad." But we have a right to ask that he shall reveal the real heart and character of this passing show of life; for not to do this, to content himself merely with exterior appearances, is for the majority of his readers to efface the lines between virtue and vice. And we ask this not for the sake of the moral lesson, but because not to do it is, to our deep consciousness, inartistic and untrue to our judgment of life as it goes on. Thackeray used to say that all his talent was in his eyes; meaning that he was only an observer and reporter of what he saw, and not a Providence to rectify human affairs. The great artist undervalued his genius. He reported what he saw as Raphael and Murillo reported what they saw. With his touch of genius he assigned to everything its true value, moving us to tenderness, to pity, to scorn, to righteous indignation, to sympathy with humanity. I find in him the highest art, and not that indifference to the great facts and deep currents and destinies of human life, that want of enthusiasm and sympathy, which has got the name of "art for art's sake." Literary fiction is a barren product, if it wants sympathy and love for men. "Art for art's sake" is a good and defensible phrase, if our definition of art includes the ideal, and not otherwise.

I do not know how it has come about that in so large a proportion of recent fiction it is held to be artistic to look almost altogether upon the shady and the

seamy side of life, giving to this view the name of "realism;" to select the disagreeable, the vicious, the unwholesome; to give us for our companions, in our hours of leisure and relaxation, only the silly and the weak-minded woman, the fast and slangy girl, the *intrigante* and the "shady," — to borrow the language of the society she seeks, — the hero of irresolution, the prig, the vulgar, and the vicious; to serve us only with the foibles of the fashionable, the low tone of the gay, the gilded riff-raff of our social state; to drag us forever along the dizzy, half-fractured precipice of the seventh commandment; to bring us into relations only with the sordid and the common; to force us to sup with unwholesome company on misery and sensuousness, in tales so utterly unpleasant that we are ready to welcome any disaster as a relief; and then — the latest and finest touch of modern art — to leave the whole weltering mass in a chaos, without conclusion and without possible issue.

And this is called a picture of real life! Heavens! Is it true that in England, where a great proportion of the fiction we describe and loathe is produced; is it true that in our New England society there is nothing but frivolity, sordidness, decay of purity and faith, ignoble ambition and ignoble living? Is there no charm in social life, — no self-sacrifice, devotion, courage to stem materialistic conditions, and live above them? Are there no noble women, sensible, beautiful, winning, with the grace that all the world loves, albeit with the feminine weaknesses that make all the world hope? Is there no manliness left? Are there no homes where the tempter does not live with the tempted in a mush of sentimental affinity? Or is it, in fact, more artistic to ignore all these, and paint only the feeble and the repulsive in our social state? The feeble, the sordid, and the repulsive in our social state nobody denies, nor does

anybody deny the exceeding cleverness with which our social disorders are reproduced in fiction by a few masters of their art; but is it not time that it should be considered good art to show something of the clean and bright side?

This is preëminently the age of the novel. The development of variety of fiction since the days of Scott and Cooper is prodigious. The prejudice against novel-reading is quite broken down, since fiction has taken all fields for its province; everybody reads novels. Three quarters of the books taken from the circulating library are stories; they make up half the library of the Sunday-schools. If a writer has anything to say, or thinks he has, he knows that he can most certainly reach the ear of the public by the medium of a story. So we have novels for children; novels religious, scientific, historical, archæological, psychological, pathological, total-abstinence; novels of travel, of adventure and exploration; novels domestic, and the perpetual spawn of books called novels of society. Not only is everything turned into a story, real or so called, but there must be a story in everything. The stump-speaker holds his audience by well-worn stories; the preacher wakes up his congregation by a graphic narrative; and the Sunday-school teacher leads his children into all goodness by the entertaining path of romance; we even had a President who governed the country nearly by anecdotes.

The result of this universal demand for fiction is necessarily an enormous supply, and as everybody writes, without reference to gifts, the product is mainly trash, and trash of a deleterious sort; for bad art in literature is bad morals. I am not sure but the so-called domestic, the diluted, the "goody," namby-pamby, un-robust stories, which are so largely read by school-girls, young ladies, and women, do more harm than the "knowing," audacious, wicked ones,

also, it is reported, read by them, and written largely by their own sex. For minds enfeebled and relaxed by stories lacking even intellectual fibre are in a poor condition to meet the perils of life. This is not the place for discussing the stories written for the young and for the Sunday-school. It seems impossible to check the flow of them, now that so much capital is invested in this industry; but I think that healthy public sentiment is beginning to recognize the truth that the excessive reading of this class of literature by the young is weakening to the mind, besides being a serious hindrance to study and to attention to the literature that has substance.

In his account of the Romantic School in Germany, Heine says, "In the breast of a nation's authors there always lies the image of its future, and the critic who, with a knife of sufficient keenness, dissects a new poet can easily prophesy, as from the entrails of a sacrificial animal, what shape matters will assume in Germany." Now if all the poets and novelists of England and America to-day were cut up into little pieces (and we might sacrifice a few for the sake of the experiment), there is no inspecting augur who could divine therefrom our literary future. The diverse indications would puzzle the most acute dissector. Lost in the variety, the multiplicity of minute details, the refinements of analysis and introspection, he would miss any leading indications. For with all its variety, it seems to me that one characteristic of recent fiction is its narrowness,—narrowness of vision and of treatment. It deals with lives rather than with life. Lacking ideality, it fails of broad perception. We are accustomed to think that with the advent of the genuine novel of society, in the first part of this century, a great step forward was taken in fiction. And so there was. If the artist did not use a big canvas, he adopted a broad treatment. But the tendency now is to push analysis of in-

dividual peculiarities to an extreme, and to substitute a study of traits for a representation of human life.

It scarcely need be said that it is not multitude of figures on a literary canvas that secures breadth of treatment. The novel may be narrow, though it swarms with an hundred personages. It may be as wide as life, as high as imagination can lift itself; it may image to us a whole social state, though it puts in motion no more persons than we made the acquaintance of in one of the romances of Hawthorne. Consider for a moment how Thackeray produced his marvelous results. We follow with him, in one of his novels of society, the fortunes of a very few people. They are so vividly portrayed that we are convinced the author must have known them in that great world with which he was so familiar; we should not be surprised to meet any of them in the streets of London. When we visit the Charter House School, and see the old forms where the boys sat nearly a century ago, we have in our minds Colonel Newcome as really as we have Charles Lamb and Coleridge and De Quincey. We are absorbed, as we read, in the evolution of the characters of perhaps only half a dozen people; and yet all the world, all great, roaring, struggling London, is in the story, and Clive, and Philip, and Ethel, and Becky Sharpe, and Captain Costigan are a part of life. It is the flowery month of May; the scent of the hawthorn is in the air, and the tender flush of the new spring suffuses the Park, where the tide of fashion and pleasure and idleness surges up and down,—the sauntering throng, the splendid equipages, the endless cavalcade in Rotten Row, in which Clive descries afar off the white plume of his lady-love dancing on the waves of an unattainable society; the club windows are all occupied; Parliament is in session, with its nightly echoes of imperial politics; the thronged streets roar with

life from morn till nearly morn again; the drawing-rooms hum and sparkle in the crush of a London season; as you walk the midnight pavement, through the swinging doors of the cider-cellar comes the burst of bacchanalian song. Here is the world of the press and of letters; here are institutions, an army, a navy, commerce, glimpses of great ships going to and fro on distant seas, of India, of Australia. This one book is an epitome of English life, almost of the empire itself. We are conscious of all this, so much breadth and atmosphere has the artist given his little history of half a dozen people in this struggling world.

But this background of a great city, of an empire, is not essential to the breadth of treatment upon which we insist in fiction, to broad characterization, to the play of imagination about common things which transfigures them into the immortal beauty of artistic creations. What a simple idyl in itself is Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*! It is the creation of a few master touches, using only common material. Yet it has in it the breadth of life itself, the depth and passion of all our human struggle in the world,—a little story with a vast horizon.

It is constantly said that the conditions in America are unfavorable to the higher fiction; that our society is unformed, without centre, without the definition of classes, which give the light and shade that Heine speaks of in *Don Quixote*; that it lacks types and customs that can be widely recognized and accepted as national and characteristic; that we have no past; that we want both romantic and historic background; that we are in a shifting, flowing, forming period which fiction cannot seize on; that we are in diversity and confusion that baffle artistic treatment; in short, that American life is too vast, varied, and crude for the purpose of the novelist.

These excuses might be accepted as fully accounting for our failure, — or shall we say our delay? — if it were not for two or three of our literary performances. It is true that no novel has been written, and we dare say no novel will be written that is, or will be, an epitome of the manifold diversities of American life, unless it be in the form of one of Walt Whitman's catalogues. But we are not without peculiar types; not without characters, not without incidents, stories, heroisms, inequalities; not without the charms of nature in infinite variety; and human nature is the same here that it is in Spain, France, and England. Out of these materials Cooper wrote romances, narratives stamped with the distinct characteristics of American life and scenery, that were and are eagerly read by all civilized peoples, and which secured the universal verdict which only breadth of treatment commands. Out of these materials, also, Hawthorne, child endowed with a creative imagination, wove those tragedies of interior life, those novels of our provincial New England, which rank among the great masterpieces of the novelist's art. The master artist can idealize even our crude material, and make it serve.

These exceptions to a rule do not go to prove the general assertion of a poverty of material for fiction here; the simple truth probably is that, for reasons incident to the development of a new region of the earth, creative genius has been turned in other directions than that

of fictitious literature. Nor do I think that we need to take shelter behind the well-worn and convenient observation, the truth of which stands in much doubt, that literature is the final flower of a nation's civilization.

However, this is somewhat a digression. We are speaking of the tendency of recent fiction, very much the same everywhere that novels are written, which we have imperfectly sketched. It is probably of no more use to protest against it than it is to protest against the vulgar realism in pictorial art, which holds ugliness and beauty in equal esteem; or against æstheticism gone to seed in languid affectations; or against the enthusiasm of a social life which wreaks its religion on the color of a vestment, or sighs out its divine soul over an ancient pewter mug. Most of our fiction, in its extreme analysis, introspection and self-consciousness, in its devotion to details, in its disregard of the ideal, in its selection as well as in its treatment of nature, is simply of a piece with a good deal else that passes for genuine art. Much of it is admirable in workmanship, and exhibits a cleverness in details and a subtlety in the observation of traits which many great novels lack. But I should be sorry to think that the historian will judge our social life by it, and I doubt not that most of us are ready for a more ideal, that is to say a more artistic, view of our performances in this bright and pathetic world.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A POET.

THREE things he knew: the shock that sorrow brings,
The woodland's secrets, and one woman's heart.
These made the gamut of his flame-wrought art, —
Grief, truth, and love: from these the poet springs.

L. Frank Tooker.

A NEW PARISHIONER.

It was about half past ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the time of year was late September. Miss Lydia Dunn was busy in her kitchen, where the faded sunlight lay across the floor, and the after-breakfast work was beginning to give way to the preparations for dinner. Miss Dunn had lived alone through a good many years, but, to use her own favorite remark, she always treated herself as if she were a whole family.

"I found myself living at the pantry shelves, quick as mother died," she said. "It did n't seem to be worth while to set a table and get a lot of dishes about just for one. I got so I stopped the baker every time he come by, and the end of it was I did n't eat any oftener than I could help. I took to being low in my mind, and thought I wa' n't ever going to be any more use in the world; and I was always reading some yaller old sermon books, that I never should if I had been well; it seemed as if they had been laying about the house hoping to get a chance to gnaw somebody, for they worked me up dreadfully. Mother and I had lived together so long that I missed her, — seemed as if I could n't never get used to living alone; but at last it come to me what part o' the trouble was, and I set right to, and from that day to this I've given myself three good regular meals every day. I tell you, you must feed folks same as you do creaturs, if you want to get any kind o' work out of 'em."

It was certainly a blessing to other people that Miss Dunn had come to this wise decision, for, after the death of her mother, who had needed all her daughter's care in the later years of her life, she had always been more than ready to use her freedom and strength and good sense in other people's behalf. She had a great deal of sound discretion,

and a quick insight into men and things on which she valued herself not a little, as well she might. If she had been bad-tempered she would have been feared, for she had a quick wit and a bitter impatience with shiftiness and deceit; but her bark was worse than her bite, and one after another of her neighbors and townspeople were helped by her over hard places in their lives, and every year they grew more strongly attached to her. It is true that she was often thought a little hard, and that she gained the ill-will of some of her associates, whose lives were not wholly spent in following the paths of rectitude. She sometimes felt sorry that there was nobody who belonged to her, or who really loved her because they were of the same flesh and blood. It is a rare thing to find a woman of her age in a New England village who has no near relations; for when there was less intercourse with the rest of the world than nowadays, and families were larger, the people were apt to be closely connected by frequent intermarriages, and it made a community of interest and a clannishness which had many advantages in spite of its defects. Now that the young people go from the farming communities to the shops and factories of the larger towns, they are surer to marry strangers and foreigners than their old schoolmates and playmates, and the state of society in these latter days in such a town as Walton is pretty well disintegrated.

Miss Dunn's grandfather had been the minister of Walton for forty years. That of itself gave her a right to assert herself in parish matters, and her inherited love of reading and thinking helped her to look oftener at the principles and causes of things than at their incidents and effects. The elder people of the

town still turned back with reverence to the deeds and opinions of old Parson Dunn, and gave an honored place in their councils to his upright and straightforward granddaughter.

On this Friday morning she felt uncommonly well and active, and had been scurrying about her house ever since she had waked, sweeping and dusting, and putting things to rights generally. She remembered her mother's saying that all out-doors always seemed to try to get under cover before cold weather, and she angrily threw away the collections of dust and lint which she swept up in one room after another. When she had finished her own room she came out, bringing the broom and dustpan and duster all at once, and before she began to get dinner she stood for a minute before the small glass in the case of the kitchen clock. The big gingham handkerchief was still tied over her head, to keep the dust off, and she took a good look at herself.

"You're getting along in years, that's a fact, Lyddy Dunn," said she, good-naturedly; and then she sighed, and put away the handkerchief in its drawer, and went forward with some preparations for dinner.

The house in which she lived was one that her grandfather had bought in his last days, and in which his son had lived after him. There was no village in Walton, at least in that part of it, but farm joined farm, and there was no waste land. The main road of the town traversed a long ridge from end to end; the old church stood at the very top, blown by all the winds of heaven, like a ship on the high seas, and on the southern slope, close at the road-side, was Miss Dunn's house.

The front of it faced the south, and the front door opened into a prim little garden, where some sheltered hollyhocks and china asters still lingered; beyond was an orchard, where many of the old trees had died or been blown down, and

had been replaced by young ones. The leaves were falling fast now, but nothing held on better than the apple and lilac-leaves, and these were growing browner, and rustling louder when the wind blew, day by day. Miss Dunn was very fond of her house. The main part of it had two rooms on each floor; but the lower roof of it, that covered the big kitchen and down-stairs bedroom and the great kitchen-chamber, was older than the other, and was gambrel-shaped, and had for its centre an enormous chimney, that was, as it should be, the warm heart of the house.

The outer kitchen door opened to the road in a most hospitable fashion, and some smooth gray flagstones, like a stray bit of sidewalk, led along under the kitchen windows as far as the front gate. Miss Dunn suddenly bethought herself to sweep these, and fetched her second-best broom. There was a pleasant fragrance of faded leaves in the air; the sunshine was very warm, and the maple leaves seemed to have fallen too soon on the thick green grass, which still looked as fresh as if it were June. In the lowlands far below, there was a most lovely blur and haze with the misty air and the colors of the trees; the sky was cloudless but a little dim, and the snowberry bushes rustled so over the fence, in the breeze that came past the corner of the house, that our friend looked around at them as if somebody had spoken. A little stick, that was shaped like some thin, twisted mockery of a human being, was lying against the kitchen doorstep, as if it had tried to climb in and had failed; and Lydia Dunn stooped to pick it up, and perched it on the outside window-sill, where it stood with one foot crooked into the little staple to which the blind was sometimes hooked, and seemed to look into the kitchen wistfully.

Miss Dunn smiled as she looked at it, and had a feeling flit over her that something was going to happen; there was

an uncanny look about the strange bit of a lilac bush. She caught the sound of an approaching footstep, and as quick as one of the leaves that were fluttering about at her feet she went back into the house again. She knew well enough the familiar figure that was still some distance away down the road, and was sure that she was to have a visit. She was much attached to Jonas Phipps, and quite dependent on his assistance in her housekeeping, but she always felt a little antagonistic and on the off-side of things when he first made his appearance.

"Of course he must put into port here for his dinner, when I've had a busy forenoon!" she said angrily, and began to change the kettles about on the stove; and she whisked the tea-kettle over to the sink as if she were putting it in jail for its sins, but it went on singing cheerfully, as if it had a good conscience.

Presently the latch clicked, and Mr. Jonas Phipps came in at the door, closing it softly after him; and as he felt at once that unmistakable lack of welcome which was not unusual, he dropped his hat on the floor beside the chair he dropped himself into, and took a long breath to show that he was much fatigued. He was a lame man, and there was something appealing about him, as well as something indescribably shrewd and quick, — the helplessness of a wounded and hampered fox or other cunning creature, that has not the physical strength to make the best use of its instincts.

"There, do spudge up a little, Jonas," said Miss Lydia, moving to and fro about the kitchen as fast as she could. "You remind me of an old limp calico bag that's hung up against the wall, — nothing to take out of it, and every chance to put in."

Jonas brightened up at once, and sat erect, as if his hostess had furnished him with a backbone.

"You always have your joke," said he, chuckling. "Ain't nothing I could do for you to-day, I expect?"

"I'm about out of kindling wood," said Miss Dunn doubtfully. "I suppose you know that as well as I do. I thought you were going to get Otis's boy to help you, and cut me up a good lot of small wood some time this week. You'd better stop, now you're here, — though to-morrow will do just as well, and you can come earlier in the forenoon."

"To-morrow and Monday — I've got to be off both them days," said Jonas, not without pride. "You'll have to take me when you can git me, for once;" and putting on his much-battered hat he shuffled toward the door that led out to the woodshed. "Have you heard — I spose you have — that Henry Stroud, old Ben Stroud's oldest son, has come back, and is stopping over to Whitehouse's tavern? He was over here driving about yesterday afternoon, and he stopped to have some talk with me. I had an errand over Donnell's way to help him get in his cabbages, but they'd got them all in before I got there. I thought it was Thursday he wanted me, but when I got there he said it was Wednesday;" and Jonas was silent, as if he wished to respectfully give place to the scolding Miss Dunn commonly furnished him with at such confessions of his laziness.

But she merely laughed, and then asked, "What's he here for? He can't think that anybody is in distress to see him."

"I don't know what he come for, unless he wanted to look round his old haunts. He bespoke me to go up to his father's place with him to set things to rights in the burying lot. I told him I was n't much of a hand for such things now, 'count of my lameness, but I'd do what I could. He was real friendly and free-spoken, and knowed me right away. Him and me's about of an age, — sixty-two in the month of January next;"

and Jonas went slowly out to the woodshed, and began to chop the large sticks of pine into kindlings with leisurely blows, as if there were no hurry about either that or anything else.

"Well, I do declare!" said Miss Lydia Dunn. "I wonder what will happen next!" She longed to question Jonas further, but she did not; and later, when the soup that she had been warming for her own dinner was in readiness to be eaten, she carried out a comfortable bowlful to him, and set it down without a word.

"Now I call that real clever of ye," said Mr. Phipps. "I was just 'lowing I'd better be getting home to my dinner," — which was a great lie, since he had been sniffing the fragrance of the soup and expecting this provision eagerly for at least half an hour.

"I suppose Henry Stroud must have aged a good deal?" she asked, lingering for a minute in the doorway.

"Not so much as you might suppose, seeing he's been gone thirty-five years, — no, forty years it must be, or rising forty. It was the fall after his father died, and Henry was out of his time the spring before. Well, he's got the ginooine Stroud looks; he's featured for all the world like the old man. I know it was forty years sence he died, because that was the year we moved over to the Ashby place, — fork of the roads as you go to Knowles's mills. The house is been gone this gre't while."

"There, your soup 'll all get cold, Jonas," said Miss Dunn impatiently, and at once retreated to the kitchen, fearing that the accounts of the changes of residence of the Phipps family might otherwise be continued all the rest of the afternoon. Jonas liked nothing better than to tell long stories, involving infinite ramblings and details, to any audience he was able to muster.

That evening Miss Dunn stood looking out of the window down the road, noticing the lights in the houses. She

always had a fancy for sitting a while in the twilight, after supper, which came early at this time of year, when the days were growing so short; and before she lit her lamp she liked to take a survey of the neighborhood and of the sky. The stars were bright and the weather was satisfactory, but from one of the three houses which were in sight there was an unusual radiance, and our friend saw at once, to her surprise, that there was a lamp in the best parlor. Nothing could be more amazing than this, and at first Miss Dunn thought that some member of the family had gone into the room on an errand, it being used as to its closet for a treasure chamber.

"I hope that old Mr. Singer has n't been taken with one of his bad ill turns," she said to herself, anxiously. "I know they always keep some spirit in that closet." But the light shone steadily on, like a beacon, until there was no room for doubt that the Singers had company to tea.

At last Miss Dunn composed herself to her evening's work of knitting and reading together, and resolutely drew and bolted the close shutters and lighted the lamp. She was very fond of reading, but there was only a small harvest of books to be reaped in Walton, and she was just then working her way through a dull memoir of an injudicious and unhappy man who had mistaken his calling and tried to preach. The book was written by some one who ought to have profited by this sad example; and Miss Dunn, who knew a good book when she saw it, but would usually rather have a dull one than none at all, soon read the less and knitted the more, until the leaves of the volume fluttered up unheeded, and she lost her place without observing it. She really had too much to think about, herself, to give her mind to other people's thoughts. Her excitements and pleasures were like the pasturage that sheep find near the sea; like those delicious nibbles close to the

rocks, which have a flavor that no inland field can give to its plentiful grass blades. Henry Stroud had come back. He had once shown a great liking for her, when they were boy and girl, which she had disdained and her family disapproved. More than this, which was a half-forgotten memory, at that very moment an unknown company was assembled under her neighbor's roof. What dismal tale of a life that had made its failures through stupidity could wile her mind from such diversions? It was difficult to even guess at the reasons that had led to Mr. Stroud's return. His history was little known to his old acquaintances, except that at one time he had been very rich in South America, and had afterwards failed in his business. And after saying to the subject of the memoir that he was an old dromedary, if ever there was one, Miss Lydia Dunn gave herself up to reflection, until she was so sleepy that she could hardly stumble off to bed. The lights were not out even then at the Singers'.

Early the next morning, Mary Ann Singer came up the road with a little pitcher to borrow some yeast, and Miss Lydia gave her a cordial welcome.

"We're sort of behindhand this forenoon," the visitor said, "for we had company last night."

"I noticed the best room was lighted up," said Miss Dunn, with the full expectation of hearing all about it.

"You see, just before tea we saw a buggy drive up, and a stranger come in and asked to see the folks. I thought he was an agent or something, but it was a Mr. Stroud, who used to live here when he was a boy. He has been most all over the world, and he's come back to see the old place. I just wish you could have heard him talk; it was splendid. He says he don't know but he may settle here,—for summers, at any rate. His health's broke down, being in hot climates, and he said two or three times he did n't mean to do any more

business. I guess he's rich; he looked as if he had means. He inquired for you, and said he was going to call and see you."

"Much obliged to him," said Miss Dunn grudgingly.

"He's stopping over to Whitehouse's tavern," said Mary Ann. "I never saw anything better than the clothes he had on, and everything about him spoke of wealth. He said he had been to see the minister, and he meant to do something for the church, on account of his mother's being a member."

"More'n ever his father was," said Miss Dunn. "I ain't going to say anything 'gainst Henry Stroud without having seen him these forty years; but he wa'n't much thought of as a young fellow, and his father cheated my poor old grandfather out of about all he had, except this place. I don't like the breed; but then, as I say, I ain't going to run a man down I don't know."

"He seemed to be religious," said Mary Ann, who was unwilling to have the glory of her guest tarnished in this way; and Miss Dunn responded that religion ought to make some difference, if it was the real kind; after which young and inexperienced Miss Singer went away with the yeast, somewhat crestfallen.

"Guess they must be going to bake Sunday, if they have n't got their bread a-going yet," thought Miss Dunn. "I'd 'a' put it to rise after he went off, last night, if it had been me; but I suppose they were all so betwattled they did n't know which end they was on. I should think it would be a lesson to 'em to air out that south setting-room once or twice a month. Between being scared of the dust in the summer and not using it after the cold weather come, the air don't get changed three times a year. And come to heat it up with an air-tight stove!"

The next day being Sunday, and the weather being fair, there was an unusu-

ally large congregation in the church ; and the news of the stranger's coming having flown far and wide, all eyes were ready to follow him, as he walked up the aisle behind the minister to the parsonage pew. The minister's wife betrayed a consciousness of being in unaccustomed society ; and when the guest and the parson both waited to usher her into the pew, it was most annoying to stumble and almost fall over the crickets, on the way to her seat. Her face was very red, as she picked herself up, and even the children all looked that way as they heard the loud and sudden noise.

Mr. Stroud listened intently to the sermon. He was a good-looking man, but he had a difficulty in looking you straight in the eyes, and he was dressed in a way that his former townspeople could not fail to admire. And when the service was over, and the Sunday-school was assembled, Mr. Peckham, the minister, called upon Brother Stroud to lead in prayer ; and Brother Stroud prayed long and eloquently, greatly to the approval of his hearers. It was really very pleasant to find that a man so distinguished in his appearance had so good a memory for his old friends. He seemed to remember everybody who remembered him, and was always ready to remind his old acquaintances of things that had happened before he went away, while he spoke of the departed members of the parish to their living connections with much interest and sympathy. On that first Sunday there was a great loitering about and hand-shaking ; in fact, there was not the usual hurry to get the horses unfastened and to start for home. Miss Dunn said to herself often, in those first days, that she could understand the young folks running after him, but she should think the old ones, that had known him root and branch, would rather wait a while. She could not explain even to herself the feeling of antipathy that rushed over her at the first sight of

him. She grudged all the deference and civilities that were shown him, and yet she was obliged to acknowledge that he deserved consideration, and that he was fine-looking and had a good manner, — “a way with him,” most of the people said. He seemed disposed to be very friendly and generous. The young people admired him a good deal, and from the very first he received great attention and hospitality.

Mr. Peckham was more delighted with this new parishioner than any one else, for he saw in him the promise of help for some of his cherished projects. His predecessor had been an old-school parson, preaching sound and harmless sermons twice on every Sunday ; exchanging with his brother ministers with due regularity and suitable infrequency. Old Mr. Duncan had been much loved and respected. The joys and sorrows of his congregation rarely were disconnected from him ; for he was a cheerful soul, most fatherly and kind, and was not instinctively set aside entirely to the performance of ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies. Under his care the church and parish existed in a most comfortable fashion, and the average of things was kept up year after year. It was somewhat of a shock to the parishioners to find that Mr. Peckham considered all these years unfruitful, and the revival which followed his teachings, or led them, in the first winter of his settlement, seemed to cast blame, by contrast, on the orderly progress of the former additions to the church membership. Mr. Peckham was an earnest, excitable, self-denying little man, though his self-denials were often in furtherance of his own selfish ends. He was ambitious and ascetic, and he was apt to be dyspeptic and low in his mind, which he and his parishioners occasionally mistook for anxiety and discouragement over the wickedness and willfulness of this world in general. He liked to have a good deal going on, though

he bewailed the exhaustive nature of a clergyman's work ; and just now he was trying hard to get the people of his parish to build a vestry, or small chapel-like building, for the benefit of the Sunday-school and of evening meetings.

But the slow old farmers were not disposed to move in a hurry. They were too tired and sleepy to go to any meetings after dark, especially when they lived far from the church, as most of them did ; and unless there was something that really promised a sufficient reward of excitement and interest, they held their evening meetings at home. They had an unexpressed conviction that the large attendance at the revival meetings of the winter before could not be expected to last, though Mr. Peckham were never so eloquent. One old man, who was rarely absent from his pew on Sundays, from one end of the year to the other, said impressively to his neighbor, as they unfastened their horses from the long, well-gnawed hitching-rail at the back of the church, "I don't see, Silas, why there's any need we should build a second-sized meetin'-house, for the good o' the six or eight women folks who goes reg'lar to the evening meetin's. There's double the expense for heatin' the two buildin's every Sunday, and long's they always had the Sabbath-school in the meetin'-house, I don't see why they can't continue," — which was very old-fogyish doctrine to the minds of some young people, and particularly to the mind of Mr. Peckham.

Sometimes the minister had felt himself to be unappreciated and mistaken, because his people balked like unruly horses, and would not follow him in the carrying out of his cherished plans, and so he welcomed this sympathetic and apparently rich stranger with open arms. He could not resist saying that it was sometimes hard for a man who had had a wider outlook over the world to suit himself to the limited ideas of a coun-

try parish. If the truth were known, he had been born and brought up in much the same sort of a community ; but he had been a fly on the wheel of a large theological school, and imagined himself to be the possessor of a far greater knowledge of the world and of human nature than is apt to fall to the lot of most men, especially clergymen. It is a strange fact that the training of that profession aims so seldom at a practical acquaintance and understanding with the fellow-creatures whom it is empowered to direct and advise. The theories which are laid down in books are often as dangerous for the clergyman to follow as for the physician.

Mr. Stroud had accepted an invitation to spend a few days at the parsonage, and that evening he opened his heart to the minister in a gratifying way, and spoke freely of his aims and projects.

"I have been a busy man until this last summer," he said ; "but I have had a serious illness, and my physicians ordered me to free myself from all business cares. As I have told you, I am alone in the world ; and having to leave New Orleans for a colder climate, I did not know at first which way to turn. I have always had an inclination to return to my boyhood's home, if merely to pay a visit to the hills and fields, and I must confess that I was quite unprepared for the affection that overcame me at the sight of the old places and faces. I do not think that I have much time to live, and I have made up my mind to stay here and make it my home for the present, at any rate. I have had an eventful life, and the repose of such a place as this is eminently soothing. I am much touched by the interest that my coming seems to have aroused, and I shall take pleasure in trying to prove myself a friend to these good neighbors, and a worthy member of your church and parish."

There was a good deal of dignity

about Mr. Stroud, and a deep tone of humility and pathos when he spoke of his loneliness, and of his almost ended life, and his desire to make the most of his last days, which almost overcame the little minister, and he grasped his new parishioner's hand.

"I foresee a strong helper in you, my dear sir," he said softly, "in the good work I am trying to do. I hope you will command my services as pastor and friend." And a league was formed between them.

As the autumn days went on, Mr. Stroud became a familiar sight, as he drove or walked slowly along the country roads. His expedition with Jonas Phipps to the family burying-ground on the old Stroud farm had resulted in his spending much money in the fencing and grading of it, and the broken and fallen stones were replaced or put to rights carefully. It happened that the present owners of the farm had built a new house, and were living more comfortably than most people in Walton, and the arrangement was made that Mr. Stroud should go there to board. Mrs. West, the farmer's wife, was much courted and questioned by her acquaintances; and being a somewhat sentimental soul, as well as a lover of a good story, she had many an interesting fact to communicate. All the neighbors knew how many newspapers Mr. Stroud took, and how many letters he had to answer; what beautiful shirts he wore, and how he gave next to no trouble, and hardly ever could bear to speak of his wife, and that he liked a dinner of boiled fowls better than most anything, and every day went down to the burying lot, as if it were all he had in the world. In society he was a very agreeable man; he talked well, though he was rather pompous, and it became the fashion to defer to him upon any questions of the outside world's affairs.

Everybody followed this leader but

Miss Lydia Dunn. Strange to say, she liked him less and less; she was prejudiced to an unwarrantable degree. It made no difference to her that he made long and eloquent prayers; that he was going to give a new library to the Sunday-school, and had spoken of her as the proper person to select it in company with the minister. He had called upon her within a week or two of his arrival in town, and from the minute she gave him the first steady look out of her sharp-sighted eyes, and he turned away, a little embarrassed, to admire the view from the windows, she would join in none of the praise of him with which the air was filled, and listened to the petty gossip about his acts and affairs with an ill-concealed impatience. She doubted him, she did not know why. She reproached herself, and fought the feeling she had toward him most bitterly at first; but it was of no use. She feared that the townspeople thought she cherished the old grudge against the name, and hated him for his father's sins; but dislike and distrust him she certainly did, and she could not deceive other people or herself.

It is unnecessary to say that she was in the minority, for all Walton treated him like a king. His money seemed to be at everybody's service, when it suited his pleasure to hear the hints with which his ears were filled. He helped one farmer to lift a mortgage, with which the recklessness of a dissipated son had burdened him; he visited more than one poor old soul, and left a bank-note in her hand when he said good-by. He found a cousin of his mother living alone, very feeble and poor, in a dilapidated house in a distant part of the town; and he had the house repaired, and hired a strong young woman to take care of things, with the assurance that he would be responsible for all bills. He came forward liberally with his subscription to every good work that was undertaken, whether religious or secular, and people

began to wonder how Walton had ever got on without him.

The announcement of his crowning piece of generosity came just before Thanksgiving. Jonas Phipps, whom Miss Lydia Dunn had carefully engaged to come early on the Monday morning to aid her in the severer duties of house-keeping, came loitering down the hill about eleven o'clock, as if nobody in the world were in the least hurry. Miss Lydia had been in a blazing rage with him for at least three hours, and received him in ominous silence; but he sat down, and dropped his hat beside him, and began to rub his lame leg diligently.

"I do' know 's I'm going to be good for anything this winter," he whined dolefully; and Miss Dunn snapped him up with exceeding promptness:—

"Folks would be astonished if you was!"

"I hoped you would n't lay it up against me for my being late this morning," he apologized. "I should ha' got here before eight, but they hailed me from the parsonage. Mr. Stroud, he was there a'ready, and they said they were going to run the lines for the new vestry as soon as the men come from Walpole."

"What new vestry?" asked Miss Lydia, coming out from the pantry with a dish in her hand, ready to forget all private grievances in hearing this interesting news.

"Then you ain't heard that Mr. Stroud is going to build one? Well, I was only acquainted with the facts this morning. I found I could be o' some use, and I s'posed you would n't be very particular about having of me round until you were about through with the washing."

"Don't you know I never wash the Monday of Thanksgiving week?" and Miss Dunn stood ready again to fight her own battles. "You know just as well as I do that I wanted you here early, and now I've been so put back in my work that I'm ready to say I don't

want you to show yourself inside my doors again. I can't be so bothered and fretted. You're worse than ever you were, and there's no disguising it."

Jonas gave a heavy sigh. "It's going to be a real ornamental building, I heard some of 'em say. It'll set in the far corner of the lot, between them two balm-o'-Gilead trees. Mr. Stroud was saying he should have liked to get into it this winter, but winter plastering is always a-cracking. They're going to haul the stone for the foundation from Beckett's quarry, and they'll do that right off. They'll be getting jealous of us over to Raynham. Gives like a prince, don't he? I tell you, we're awful fortunate to have such a man come among us. Mis' Peckham was saying yesterday, when I was over to the parsonage, that he'd give some kind of a hint to the minister about a new communion service."

"The old one's good enough," barked Miss Dunn. "I ain't one that wants to do away with all the old associations. And, for my part, I don't like to see anybody *too* good. My father always used to say, 'When you see anybody too good, look out for 'em.' I don't know anything against Henry Stroud, but he ain't got the mean Stroud look out of his face, if he has got rich and pious."

"I thought 't was right to go accordin' to Scriptur'; 'By their works ye shall know 'em,'" Jonas suggested with considerable spirit; but he was doomed to have his loyalty quenched, for Miss Dunn retorted that he had better be meditating on that verse for his own good.

"But I ought to be ashamed of twitting you or throwing disrepute on anybody," said the good woman. "And I tell you *honest*, Jonas, I wish I had a more Christian feeling about that man. I know folks says it's jealousy, and that I ain't able to forget his father's cheating my grandfather; but if I'd liked him, and believed he was a straightforward man, I never would have thought of

keeping any old grievances. There ain't any of us but has lived down some of our old sins we're ashamed to think of now, and it's fair to look at a man as he is, and not go raking up old matters. It seems to me as if he was kind of buying his way into heaven out of his pocket, and as if he liked to be king of his company, and the big man of the place, now he's come back to it. I don't like the looks of him; but as for the good he does, that'll stay after him."

"You always do have good judgment," said Jonas. "I can't say I got the measure of him the first time I see him. He had a kind of meaching cast o' countenance, though you can't tell by the looks of a toad how far he'll jump. But when you come to see how he spends his money right and left, and the good he does with it, and hear how he leads in prayer, I don't see how anybody can speak agin him. Miss Singer said it fetched the tears right out o' her eyes to hear him lamenting his sins as he does in the evening meeting, as if he was the wickedest man there."

"Perhaps he's only telling the truth," said Miss Dunn, and Jonas rose in indignation.

"I don't see how you can talk so on-Christian!" he said. "But there," he added, in a milder tone, "we all have our feelin's about such things, and I do know but what it's as well to be honest about 'em." Jonas could not help being mindful of Miss Dunn's kindness and generosity and patience, which had lasted year in and year out; for his slender fortunes would be slenderer still without her assistance. He and his mother, a very old and almost helpless woman, lived in a house that was one of the most ancient and shiftlessly kept of any in that region, and Jonas hardly ever descended the hill toward it from Miss Dunn's without some plate or basket of food, or other help to the housekeeping. Beside this lame man and the woman of nearly ninety years,

there was a little orphan niece of Jonas's, who was growing up under that cheerless roof. There were so few really poor people in Walton that great capital was made of these; and the sewing society sewed for them, and the church, of which old Mrs. Phipps had been a somewhat unsatisfactory member, paid their rent, and some bills beside. Miss Dunn did not believe in making dependents and paupers of them. She insisted that people should work when they could, and be paid for it, and unless Jonas rendered her some service she had nothing to give him, though he hung round despairingly, and rubbed his knee with no end of devotion and apparent distraction of pain.

As the cold weather came on, it was told sadly from one parishioner to another that Mr. Stroud's health was failing, and he really did look feeble and old. The people with whom he made his home gave dismal accounts of his sufferings from bad attacks of pain, and every Sunday, when he took his seat in church, pitying eyes followed him. The stories of his generousities still went on. He met the Phipps child going home from school, one November day, and took her into his wagon and drove her to the Walton store, where he bought her a hood and mittens, and some clo'n for a dress, and a big shawl, which never could be folded small enough for her, or so that the corner of it would not trail on the ground and gather little sticks. He gave the minister an encyclopædia and a new winter overcoat, and the Sunday-school library was promised, and was to be Mr. Stroud's Christmas present to the Sunday-school. The old deacons, who had been for many years chief authorities in parish matters, — without whose slow consent nothing had heretofore been done, — found themselves ignored and completely set aside. Everything was to be done as Mr. Stroud and the minister saw fit. The deacons, no

doubt, felt a certain sorrow at their degradation, but they could only swim with the stream, and express their thankfulness for the zeal of the brother who had come among them.

Everybody drifted with this current but Miss Dunn, and at last her antagonistic feeling became a cause of great sorrow to her. She searched her heart for the sin of envy and malice, but with all her prayer and penance she could cultivate no better charity toward her neighbor. It was curious that, in spite of wind and rain, the crooked little twig still clung to her kitchen window-sill, and looked in at her every morning as she opened the shutter. It seemed as if it held a dwarfed and wretched soul within its ragged bark; and our friend connected it in her thoughts, she could not tell why, with the stranger and his coming. She felt that she ought to be charitable, and that it was wicked to hate without cause; but Mr. Stroud was still outside the pale of her affections, and the lilac twig that looked like a man still clung outside the window, in the cold. She could not throw it away, but she wished every morning that it might have blown away in the night, and so have freed her from its haunting unpleasantness. She had not believed before that she was superstitious, and altogether this was a troubled time in her life; but the days grew shorter and shorter, the stones for the foundation of the vestry went crawling up the long hill, load after load, and she filled her cellar fuller of provisions than ever, and set her face resolutely toward getting through with another long, hard Walton winter.

It was curious that Mr. Stroud seemed eager to be friendly with Miss Dunn. He treated her with great respect and deference, and appeared to take no notice of her abrupt and slighting manner toward him, though many of the lookers-on accused her of disgraceful rudeness. She said to herself many times that she

would treat him civilly; but she did not always succeed, and she became conscious that the new parishioner was anxious to gain her good will, in spite of it. His manner toward her was called long-suffering and really Christian by his admirers; and, if the truth must be told, Miss Dunn became unpopular with her neighbors, and felt herself to be alone on the losing side, a most unhappy minority of one. She would not have believed that some of the people who had always been her friends could have thrown off the old ties so easily; and it hurt her pride not a little, for she had always been a person of great consequence and influence, and had been faithful and dutiful to the very utmost. She was often slighted and set aside, in these autumn days, and her opinions were seldom sought or listened to. She would have been more than human if she had not remembered how well she had served her towns-folk in their hours of need, and had carried a kind heart and ready hand to help in their days of pleasuring, year after year. She felt very sorry when the thought came to her that her friends were suspecting her of jealousy.

Mr. Stroud had been very friendly and talkative when he had called upon Miss Dunn, soon after he came to Walton, and she had received him with more show of interest than she was able to muster afterward. He did not repeat the visit until one afternoon in the middle of December, when, with much surprise, she saw him drive up to the fence, and after fastening his horse, cover him up carefully, as if he meant to make a long call. Luckily the sitting-room was well warmed already from the kitchen, and Miss Lydia had time to touch a match to the pine-cone kindlings of the fire that was laid in the Franklin stove; and by the time she had somewhat stiffly ushered in her guest, he could have thought the fire was already half an hour old.

They talked about the weather, and how the snow kept off, and about an old person in the neighborhood who was near death, and with whom Miss Dunn had been watching; and at last there fell an awkward silence, and the longer it continued the harder it became to say anything.

"I have been much pained at discovering that my father was much in fault toward your family," said Mr. Stroud at last, with a good deal of effort. "I wish I had known it sooner; but you will easily understand that, leaving home early in life as I did, and forming new associations, I knew nothing of it. I am anxious now to make restitution. I should have done so years ago if I had known. I cannot say how deeply I regret the disgrace"—and the visitor looked pained and troubled; and as he seemed to feel so keenly the shadow that rested on his name, Miss Dunn's kind heart came to his rescue.

"I should let bygones be bygones, if I was you," she said. "And your mother, you know, was a most excellent woman; as good a neighbor as there was in Walton. Yes, your father got my grandfather to sign for him, and made promises to him that he knew was lies. It was very hard on the poor old gentleman, but I don't put it down against you, and I don't want you to think there's any account between us. I've got enough to carry me through, unless something extra should happen. You've been doing for the good of the parish, and so we'll say no more about it."

But Mr. Stroud met this generous speech—generous in other ways than in its refusal of the payment of a debt—in a cold-hearted way.

"You are very kind," he said, "but I shall insist upon paying you the amount of the principal,—the original sum that your grandfather lost. I should be glad to include the interest also, but I fear I am not able at this time, without impairing some good work that I have hoped

to do"—he was about to add "in other directions," but checked himself in time. "I will make restitution to you so far as I can," and the visitor leaned his head on his hand, and gave a heavy sigh. It was very still in the little sitting-room; the fire had passed the ardor of its youth, and the pine-cones and crow-sticks having snapped and crackled away up the chimney, the sound walnut and maple sticks were now burning lazily but steadily. The picture of old Parson Dunn looked down solemnly from the wall, and for a minute his granddaughter felt inadequate to the occasion.

"If it is to satisfy your own feelings and conscience," she said at last, "I shall put no bar in your way; but I see no use in it and no need of it. I will tell people that you offered to do it, and that I refused to take it, and"—

"I care nothing for the praise of men." The guest flushed, and was somewhat nettled at this, and Miss Lydia felt that she had spoken unkindly in her frankness. She did not know how to soften her speech, and said nothing; wishing more and more that Mr. Stroud would end this quixotic business call, and go away.

She took a good look at him, and was shocked to see how much he was changed and how ill he looked. Her long experience in taking care of sick people had made her eyes quick to see the signs of disease, and she felt a thrill of pity for him and shame for her own uncharitableness, and spoke again, more kindly than before:—

"I want you should let bygones be bygones, Mr. Stroud."

"You are most considerate," he answered; "but I came prepared to give you my note for the six thousand dollars, with six per cent. interest from date. If I am living, I will pay it within a year; if not, you will look to my executors;" and with a most impressive and solemn manner he drew a folded paper

from his pocket. Miss Dunn looked at him and looked at the paper; she did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She urged him to stay to tea, when, after a few minutes, he rose from his chair and made ready to go. He looked about the room, and appeared to be struck by its old-fashioned comfort and warm, plain snugness. "You have a most enviable home," he said, in a way that instantly suggested his being only a boarder in Walton, and a sick man at that. Miss Dunn stood by the kitchen window, and watched him climb, with a good deal of effort, into his carriage, and afterward watched the wagon far down the hill and out of sight. Then she sat down, and looked at the note which she had been holding fast in her hand. "Lord forgive me for my wickedness," she said, "but I can't like that man, and I never want to touch his money." She went into the front room, and laid the bit of paper on the table, and sat down again and looked at it. "He lied when he said he did n't know about it," she told herself indignantly. "He was a boy of sixteen or seventeen when it happened, and nobody talked of anything else." But she thought for the hundredth time that if he were a cheat, somebody ought to have distrusted him beside herself; and after all, what had he done but good since he came to Walton?

For the next day or two it must be confessed that Miss Dunn's heart was greatly softened toward the new parishioner. She thought of him a great deal, as she went about her work, and she kept herself awake nearly the whole of one night,—a thing which seldom happened in connection with her own affairs, though she had lost many a night's rest in the interest of other people. She said to herself over and over again that she had no right to sit in judgment, and that she was simply finding fault with the man for being himself and doing things in his own way. "I might as

well blame the cat because she is n't a dog," she told herself. "I ought to wait, any way, until Henry Stroud does one piece of mischief here in Walton." And little by little, in spite of her instinct, which continued its quiet warning, she persuaded herself first into toleration, and then into pity and interest. For would not she be very well off as to money, since this late repayment of a debt had changed her carefully managed provision into a comfortable property, and was not Henry Stroud the cause of the difference? She had been richer than many of her neighbors, but she had often been anxious lest the end of the year might find her in debt; and the off-years of the apple orchard and the drouth that lessened her hay-crop forced her to self-denials and economies most trying to her generous nature. Then the thought of the man's illness and failing health would haunt her, and she wished she had a chance to suggest some simple remedies that would be likely to make him more comfortable. His loneliness appealed to her sympathy, for she knew the hardships of it only too well, though the fact remained that nothing had ever tempted her to invite another solitary woman to share her home.

On the second day, while the note still lay untouched on the sitting-room table, and when she felt more shaken and tired than was usual with her, even at her busiest seasons, she stood late in the morning at the kitchen door. The day was uncommonly mild for the season, and the house had seemed a little lonely. For a wonder, none of the neighbors had been in; not even Jonas Phipps had strayed along; and she had not spoken to any one all the day before, indeed, since she had parted from Mr. Stroud himself. She leaned against the door, and looked up and down the road. She would really have liked to see somebody coming, with whom she could exchange greetings; but nobody was in

sight, up the hill or down, and she gave a little sigh, and then bestowed her attention upon the bits of leaves and little sticks that the wind of the night before had swept off the grass to the flagstones, and had piled against the doorstep. She thought it looked untidy, and briskly went in again to get her broom with which to set the disorders to rights. It was time to take something out of the oven, and this made a little delay; and when she returned to the outer world she saw a wagon approaching, and saw also that its driver was Mr. Stroud.

Her first impulse was to dart back into the kitchen, but it was quite too late for that, and she returned the salutation with considerable friendliness. Mr. Stroud half checked his horse, and there was a moment of awkwardness, which Miss Dunn ended by speaking in flattering terms of the weather.

"Won't you get out and come in?" she asked, being possessed by a sense of great obligation; and added, "I've just taken a pan of gingerbread out of the oven; perhaps you would relish a piece. It's what my grandmother used to call betwixt hay and grass, as to dinner and breakfast."

Mr. Stroud seemed pleased by this unwonted show of hospitality, and turned his horse toward the hitching-post at once, while his hostess' heart misgave her at the thought of her fireless sitting-room, and the litter of pans and dishes that possessed the kitchen table. But her guest appeared unconscious of any lack of dignity in his reception, and took the rocking-chair by the front window, and proceeded to eat two large pieces of the hot gingerbread, that must have seriously impaired his appetite for dinner. He looked entirely out of place in the kitchen, however, and made Miss Dunn somewhat uncomfortable; it would have suited her much better if she could have asked him into the sitting-room, but, contrary to her usual custom, she had kept the door shut all the morning.

They talked about nothing that was very interesting, with a good deal of earnestness. Miss Dunn had a little feeling of embarrassment, which was doubled when Mr. Stroud, after having declined further supplies of gingerbread, said in a pointed way, "I have enjoyed thinking of my visit here the day before yesterday."

"I'm sure I was pleased to see you," untruthfully responded Miss Lydia.

"I think you have a very pleasant home; it is a thing for which we cannot be too grateful to a kind Providence," and he sighed heavily.

Miss Dunn had been afraid that he would make some allusion to the note for six thousand dollars, and showed her gratitude at being spared that by saying, "How is your health, Mr. Stroud? Seems to me you have picked up a little."

But Mr. Stroud sighed again, and shook his head sadly. "I don't seem to have gained," he said.

"I know of some excellent teas for your complaints," she suggested. "Folks laugh nowadays at some o' the old-fashioned remedies, but I must say I like 'em as well as any. I don't think they've had their day yet."

"I should be very grateful for help," said the guest, "and I wish I could thank you for your sympathy;" and he gave her a look that said so much that it set Miss Lydia's heart into a great flutter; but the next minute she flushed, and was angry with herself for being such a fool, and the old feeling of dislike and distrust crept over her, surely and suddenly.

If Jonas Phipps had been the angel Gabriel, she could not have been more grateful to him for his friendship and assistance in paying her a morning visit at that particular moment, and she offered him the plate of gingerbread with a feeling of real affection.

Jonas selected the largest piece, and disappeared through the woodshed door,

by which he had entered; and Mr. Stroud also took his departure, after making some further expressions of his gratitude. Miss Dunn's brain was in a whirl, but she sought Jonas, and offered him rebuke after rebuke, until he left some long-neglected wood-splitting in self-defense, and went limping away with a piece of board and two stakes and the axe, to mend a broken place in the far corner of the orchard fence; and there he dwelt in unmolested safety until dinner-time.

That afternoon Miss Dunn went out on an errand of mercy to an invalid neighbor, who lived a mile or two away, and did not allow herself to think about her own affairs in peace until she sat down alone, after supper. Then there was nothing else to be done, and she began to feel very much upset. There was an unmistakable meaning and intention quite separate from any words that Mr. Stroud had said to her that morning, and she was both angry and pleased together. She could not fight down the certainty that she was no longer young, and that she was quite alone in the world; that it would be a blessed thing to have some one near her who loved her dearly and would take care of her. It would make life a great deal more interesting if she were doing her round of every-day work for somebody else's sake, as well as her own. It would be a great victory won from certain members of the parish, also single women, if she became the wife of Mr. Stroud; and she was not without ambition. But, on the other hand, though he was the greatest man in Walton, he was still a Stroud; and she smiled grimly as she thought that some of her own ancestors would be disturbed in their graves at the thought of her marrying one of that family. And it was a doubtful question whether she was wise in undertaking the care of a sick man; for, in spite of her skill in nursing, he might not be going to spend much more time

in this world. At last she rose impatiently, and marched off to bed, and said to herself the last thing before she went to sleep, "I guess I'd better wait until I've heard more about it, before I begin to worry myself; but he need n't think I'm going to run after him the way some folks have."

She was almost ashamed when she found herself thinking about the new parishioner the first thing in the morning, and called herself an old fool; but there was, after all, satisfaction in the thought of his admiration of her gingerbread, and she recalled some ignominious failure that Mrs. West, his present hostess, had made in the cake line at a parish supper, not long before, and she wondered if the poor man were often treated to such cooking as that. She went into the front room and took up the bit of paper which he had given her, and smoothed it out, and looked at the clerkish, regular writing with interest. "I dare say he would have to go to New York and round on business," she told herself, and then thought with awe and satisfaction of his wealth. "I always did think I should like traveling," she said; and then was so angry with herself, that if Jonas had appeared at that moment it would have fared cruelly hard with him.

But a little later in the day the tide of her feeling turned, for Jonas came bravely in to offer his congratulations for her good fortune. Miss Dunn had not spoken of Mr. Stroud's repayment of the old debt to any one. She had known that it would be right and just, and had been girding up her strength to the fray. Somebody else had been before her, and it must have been none other than her benefactor himself. It will easily be imagined how the story of this great piece of generosity flew from house to house, and Jonas said that everybody knew of it all over town, in answer to Miss Lydia's startled inquiry. This spoilt everything, and the new

growth of interest was crushed, and the world was seen to be the same world as before, only more in shadow than ever, and our friend hardly knew why she was so provoked and disappointed. She said to herself that it was no use to go against your nature, and she knew what sort of a man he was the first time she set eyes on him; if other folks did n't, the worst was their own. But she went about the house drearily, and Jonas, who was promptly dismissed, though he was sure she wished him to fill a certain water hogshead from the orchard spring, reported at the next neighbor's that Miss Lyddy was taking her prosperity dreadful hard. For his part, he wondered whether she was kind of mortified, or whether she was scared to stay alone with so much money in the house.

It was a great relief on the next day, which was Sunday, that there was so deep a fall of snow that even so constant and devoted a church-goer as our heroine was obliged to stay at home. Though she was glad of this excuse from facing her accusing neighbors, they felt it to be a loss of entertainment; and perhaps it was for the satisfaction of these deferred hopes of seeing her come into church that the Wednesday evening meeting was uncommonly well attended. It was a clear, bright night, and the Sunday's snow was trodden into capital sleighing, and as good walking as can ever be in country roads. It was a long while since the moon had had to light so many Walton people to the Wednesday meeting, and it was for anything but to say their prayers together.

The new parishioner sat in his accustomed seat near the pulpit, and Miss Dunn sat in her old family pew, which was on the side and faced the congregation. She would not have sat anywhere else for untold gold, and she made so much effort to look unconcerned that her cheeks were red with excitement, and her hands shook when she held the hymn-book. Mr. Peckham spoke with

great feeling of his pleasure at meeting so large a congregation, and Mr. Stroud prayed, and two women made an ostentatious use of their pocket-handkerchiefs for several minutes afterward. The old deacons followed in their turn, the hymns were sung, and the meeting was possessed of a good deal more fervor than usual. Mr. Peckham had read a few verses from the book of the Revelation, and was explaining them earnestly. Miss Dunn had felt as if this meeting were to be in some way personal and condemnatory of herself; but as the hour went on she quite recovered her self-possession, and the horrors of her position as regarded Walton society became much less.

At the last of the evening, while Mr. Stroud himself was speaking, she heard the door of the church open, and looking around she saw two men come quickly in and seat themselves in the pew nearest the door. From her own pew at the side of the church she could look up and down the aisle, and she saw these strangers give a little nod at each other, and look amused as they listened to the speaker. She loitered in her pew for a few minutes after the meeting was over, as was her habit, and spoke to one and another of her friends as usual. She had a great anxiety not to do anything uncommon, and when she was half-way down the aisle she felt herself to have regained her equilibrium. Old Mrs. Bangs, who was waiting by the stove for the deacon to get his horse ready, and bring him round from the rail to the church door, caught at her sleeve as she went by, and after speaking about the meeting and some general matters added bluntly, "Well Lyddy, you can't say anything against Mr. Stroud, now. I'm sure he has done handsome by you."

"I've never meant to say anything against him," answered Miss Dunn; "but I think he was foolish to do what he has. I tried to persuade him out of it, I'm sure." And just at this moment Mr.

Stroud and the minister came by, and Miss Dunn, who had for a few moments forgotten the two strangers, noticed just then that they were still in the pew next the door.

One of them stepped forward and spoke to Mr. Stroud, who looked disturbed and shocked. He leaned back against the pew, and acted as if he were much in despair. The two men watched him, and seemed to be waiting, and it was only a minute before he turned to Mr. Peckham, and said, — Miss Dunn being so near that she heard every word, — “I find I must take a long, cold journey to-night. My presence is needed in New York, and I must go at once to catch the train at Walpole.”

Mr. Peckham expressed his sorrow for this, his friend being so feeble and sensitive to cold. He said a good deal in trying to urge him to wait until morning; but after one look at the grim messengers, Mr. Stroud politely waived the arguments, and buttoned up his overcoat and went out into the moonlight night. One of the strangers got into the sleigh with him, and the other followed alone; and that was the last that was seen of the New Parishioner, and the last of his illustrious reign in Walton.

“My conscience!” said Jonas Phipps, one day early in the spring, when he made his first appearance at Miss Dunn’s after a long illness. “How come you to see through that cheat, when all the rest of us was so taken in? I don’t know ’s Mr. Peckham is ever going to git over it. We all took him to be spending money by the fistful, and most of it was nothing but givin’ his note and saying ‘Charge it to me,’ as if he was the great Lord Gull. Nobody had any kind of doubt but what his pockets was lined with money. Not but what it wa’n’t a kind of dreadful thing that he should ha’ died all alone in his bed over there to Walpole. I s’pose ’t was that long ride in the cold and his being upset by

the officers pouncing on to him so, — right in the meeting-house. He did spend some honest money though: I can think o’ four or five hundred dollars he left in one place and another whilst he was here.”

Miss Dunn said nothing, and after reflecting a while Jonas went on: —

“He was gifted in prayer more than most, now, was n’t he? I think, being a sick man, and knowing it, after he defaulted down South there, he thought he would be as religious as he could while he had time. He must have felt as safe here as anywhere. They pronounced his name different down South, you know. Strude they called it; and somebody was telling me folks thought it was likely he’d been going under another name, any way. Land! there’s all that foundation stone for the vestry laying up there on the meetin’ house yard. I wonder when they’re going to raise. And the parish’s got to pay for that new library he gave it for a Christmas present. Run an awful rig, did n’t he? I’ve sometimes thought he was a little sprung. How he did strut about, and all the women made everything of him but you,” said Jonas, trying to turn a pretty compliment to Miss Dunn’s discretion. “I wonder who paid the bills for his funeral? Nobody seemed to know at the time.”

“It was just as well if they did n’t,” said Lydia Dunn, looking a little conscious. “Now, Jonas Phipps, we’ve both got work to do, and lives to live, and that poor creature’s gone to his last account; we have n’t any business with him, as I know of. He could n’t help being a Stroud, and the sins he could help he’s had a chance to be ashamed of before this. For my part, I don’t want to hear another thing about him. But I do thank my stars I never made a fool of myself, and I wish others, for their sakes, could say as much. I guess I had trouble o’ mind enough to last me one while. I don’t know as some folks

knows what honesty is: you might as well blame a black and white cat for not being a good mouser."

"How's that little gray cat turned out, you started to raise along in the winter?" interrupted Jonas earnestly; and Miss Dunn replied, not without a smile, that she seemed to be a likely kitten.

"Any way, folks thinks a sight of your opinion," said Jonas again. "And mother, she sticks to it you did me a sight more good than the doctor. She says I never should ha' pulled through if it had n't been for the time you spent a-watching of me, and them things you recommended. I guess everybody has to allow that in the long run you've done more good than Stroud," and grateful Mr. Phipps rubbed his eyes with his coat sleeve. "I told the minister so last time he come to see me. 'Rising sixty year,' says I, 'she's been doing of good works!'" But at this Miss Lydia looked displeased. "He's dreadful ashamed, now, about having took up with Stroud so. 'Talk's cheap,' says I to Mr. Peckham, 'and Stroud was great on talk.'"

"Now, Jonas Phipps," said Miss Lydia, "there was nobody who kept round Henry Stroud any closer than you did. You always were telling me how rich he was, and how much he gave away, and everything he'd been doing, and what an addition he was to the place."

"It did look like it for a time," said Jonas humbly. "Even you would ha' liked him if you could, but your good judgment would n't allow. Seems dreadful dull since I got about again, not hearing anything about his goin's-on. Asa Singer was telling of me, as I come up the hill,—he called me in to get me to try a bar'l of cider they'd just tapped for spring use, he said there wa'n't an apple in it but what was sound, and it did go to the right spot, I tell ye,—Asa was telling of me that a bill come from somewheres South only yesterday. I

wonder what he'd 'a' done if he had n't died; they all say he had n't much money by him."

Miss Dunn felt a sense of nearness to the edge of a precipice. She often remembered, in these days, that she had taken at least one step in a most dangerous direction. She had called herself names all winter long, and felt like a hypocrite when people complimented her on her superior discretion. It is a most humiliating thing to lose one's self-respect, and she never could forget that for a few hours she had been in peril of defeat, and of being bought over, like the rest. She had allowed herself to glance at the temptation, and she could make no excuse for herself. The Lord had made her a woman, to be sure, but she need not have been a silly one.

Jonas went on with his reflections: "I can't believe but what he'd done better if he'd had a longer chance. He was a great hand for a meeting, and he seemed to want to do well by everybody; but they say he'd had to clear out from three or four places running, and some thinks he may have got the money he spent here by gambling."

"It's no kind of use to make a man out worse than he is," said Miss Dunn angrily, "and for my part I am sick to death of hearing about Henry Stroud. I hoped it had blown over a little, but I suppose it's natural you should want to take your turn at it. First, folks was all pecking at me because I would n't bow down and worship him, and now they want me to throw rocks at his tomb-stone. They go just like a pack of sheep over a stone wall; one gets her nose over, and all the rest think they've got to die if they don't follow. He's gone to his last account, and we'd better let him alone."

It was easy enough to say this, but the subject continued to be an interesting one, and provoked frequent discussions for many months afterward, in that neighborhood. It was some time before

the residents of surrounding towns could resist asking such Walton people as ventured to stray away from home what had become of the great man they used to have over there, or if they had moved into the new vestry yet.

As for the twig at the window, the outer blind got loose one windy winter night, and struck against it and set it free, and it was blown along the frozen snow far down the hill and out of sight; and in the morning Miss Dunn felt lighter-hearted, because she missed it from its place. It seemed to her that she was growing old and notional. She had felt as young as ever until that win-

ter, for her girlhood had been a dutiful and quiet one. It was fortunate that she found so much to do inside her house and out, and everybody said that her front yard was the handsomest in Walton that summer; the flowers bloomed in great splendor, and her two best china vases from the parlor mantel-piece were filled for the adornment of the pulpit Sunday after Sunday. Even Jonas Phipps did not suspect, as he toiled in her company, that sad thoughts often assailed her, and could not be driven away either by a double diligence in her solitary housekeeping, or by her painstaking care that the garden pinks and lilies should be untroubled by weeds.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

EARLY they came, yet they were come too late.
The tomb was empty; in the misty dawn
Angels sat watching, but the Lord was gone.
Beyond earth's clouded daybreak far was he,—
Beyond the need of their sad ministry.
Regretful stood the three, with doubtful breast;
Their gifts unneeded, and in vain their quest.

The spices,—were they wasted? Legend saith
That, flung abroad on April's gentle breath,
They course the earth, and evermore again
In spring's sweet odors they come back to men.
The tender thought? Be sure he held it dear;
He came to them with words of highest cheer,
And mighty joy expelled their heart's brief fear.

Yet happier that morning, happier yet,
I count that other woman in her home,
Whose feet impatient all too soon had come;
Who ventured chill disfavor at the feast,
'Mid critic's murmurs sought that lowliest Guest,
Broke her rare vase, its fragrant wealth outpoured,
And gave her gift aforehand to her Lord.

Sophie Winthrop Weitzel.

AN EARLY HUMANIST.

SOME three hundred and seventy years ago, Sir Thomas More, then a rising barrister, not long married, and already set, by the favor of young King Harry, on the high-road to honor and to martyrdom, translated and adapted out of the Renaissance Latin in which it was first written, published, and dedicated as a New Year's gift to his "right entirely beloved sister in Christ, Joyeuce Leigh," the life of John Pico della Mirandola.

The quaint little black-letter quarto, long since become a prize among book-fanciers, bears at the foot of its last printed page the ever-interesting note, "Emprynted at London in the Flete-street at the Sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde." There is no date, but Stapleton, one of More's early biographers, fixes the year at about 1510. He tells us that when, by the advice of his director, Dean Colet, More finally renounced the purpose, long cherished in secret, of embracing the religious life, he "determined to set before his eyes some renowned layman, to whose example he might conform his own living." And as he reviewed in his mind "all those, whether at home or abroad, who were at that time eminent for learning and piety," the name of the celebrated Pico occurred to him as the most illustrious of all. Stapleton also says that the work was undertaken "more for his own edification than for the sake of communicating it to others, *although for that also*;" whence we may surmise that it was published almost as soon as completed. "I therefore, mine *heartly* beloved sister,"¹ says the translator in his dedicatory preface, "in good luck of this new year, have sent you such a present as may bear witness

to the happy continuance and gracious increase of virtue in your soul; and whereas the gifts of other folk declare that they wisheth their friends to be worldly-fortunate, mine testifieth that I desire to have you godly-prosperous."

The figure thus selected by the future Lord Chancellor for his reverent consideration was indeed one of the most radiant and winning conspicuously presented to the eyes of that eager generation. Pico della Mirandola, the "phœnix of spirits," the knight-errant of the classical revival, had been but sixteen years dead, when he was thus enshrined. He might well, could we imagine his swift career retarded and prolonged for a very few years only beyond the allotted seventy, have witnessed the triumphant death of his English biographer for the faith to which he himself clung with so impassioned a loyalty. And there is something so striking and touching in the close kinship between these two *âmes d'élite* and the contrast in their fates, and the old world English into which More has rendered the life of Pico has so strong an individuality, and is, for the most part, so peculiarly apt and beautiful, that we have chosen to base on extracts from his works our own reminiscences of the great Italian humanist. The purely picturesque aspect of Pico's life was treated by Mr. Pater, not long ago, in a charming essay. More followed a biographer whose personal and party bias led him to dwell too exclusively, it may be, upon the reverse or ascetic side. In the living man, the two were fused into a singularly sweet and symmetrical whole,—a gracious type, or prophecy of a type, which passed too of the second or third wife of Sir John More, the father of Thomas, both of whom were widows when married to him.

¹ The lady thus distinguished was not the own sister of Sir Thomas More, for he had but two, whose names were Elizabeth and Joanna. She was probably the child, by a previous marriage,

quickly, and for whose reappearance the world may, in some sort, be said to have waited ever since in vain.

The biography of which More's is a considerably abridged translation was written by John Francis Pico, the nephew and namesake of its subject, who had enjoyed the confidential friendship of his young uncle, and to whom the latter made over during his life the greater part of his large possessions. The difference in the ages of the two men was small, for the elder Pico was the youngest of a large family.¹ He was born at Mirandola, February 24, 1463, "Pius II. being then the vicar of Christ his church, and Frederic, the third of that name, ruling the Empire." More gives a certain ceremonious prominence to his hero's fabulously high descent at the same time that he affects to overlook it: "John Picus, of his father's side, was descended of the worthy lineage of the Emperor Constantine, by a nephew of the said emperor called Picus, from whom all the ancestors of this Johan Picus undoubtedly bear that name. But we shall let his ancestors pass, to whom, though they were right excellent, he gave again as much honor as he received." This last remark, indeed, is quoted from John Francis, who, however, puts the Emperor Constantine into a parenthesis, and gives particulars about the immediate ancestry of his kinsman which More omits. Even he, however, makes no mention of the wildest and darkest passage in the family annals, an intensely Italian episode, recalling that most heart-rending page of the *Inferno* which immortalizes the torment of Ogolino della Gerhardesca. Francesco Pico della Mirandola, a Ghibelline chief, was made *podestà* of Modena in 1310, and expelled by the Guelphs July 8, 1312. Restored by

the Emperor Henry VII. and raised to royal power, he grossly abused his office, and finally sold the city for fifty thousand florins to Passerino Bonacossi, a lord of Mantua, and retired to Mirandola. Bonacossi, impatient to recover his money, surprised Mirandola in 1321, took Francesco prisoner, and murdered him and two of his sons in their dungeon. A third son, Nicolo Pico, escaped; and when, seven years later, the Bonacossis were driven by the Gonzagas out of Mantua and Modena, this Nicolo joined the victors, but demanded and obtained, as the price of his adhesion, that Francesco Bonacossi, the son of Passerino, should be given up to him, to be starved in the prison where his own father and brothers had suffered death.

There was therefore a strain sufficiently dark and fierce in the blood of the man whose birth, to the dilated eyes of his own star-gazing generation, was ushered in by the fairest of prodigies. "For," says More, — in this case quite literally translating the original, — "a marvellous sight was there seen before his birth. There appeared a fiery garland, standing over the chamber of his mother while she travailed, and suddenly vanished away. Which appearance was, peradventure, a token that he who should that hour, in the company of mortal men be born, in the perfection of understanding should be like the perfect figure of that round circle or garland, and that his excellent name should, round about the circle of the whole world, be magnified; whose mind should alway, as the fire, aspire upward unto heavenly things, and whose fiery eloquence should with an ardent heat in time to come worship and praise Almighty God with all his strength. And, as the same suddenly vanished, so should this fire soon,

Venice in 1498, and one at Reggio in 1506, — before Sir Thomas's translation was made. Another very beautiful edition was published in Venice in 1557, and a fifth, now reckoned the standard, at Basle, in 1572.

¹ The Life in question was prefixed to the earliest edition of Pico's complete works, published at Bologna in 1496, or only two years after his death. Their popularity is shown by the fact that two other editions had been published — one at

from the eyen of mortal people, be hid."

There follows a minute pen-portrait of Pico in his boyish prime, which fully justifies the tradition, inseparable from his name, of extraordinary personal beauty: "He was of feature and shape seemly and beauteous; of stature goodly and high, of flesh tender and soft, his visage lovely and fair, his color white intermingled with comely reds, his eyen gray and quick of look, his teeth white and even, his hair yellow and not too *piked*" (or elaborately dressed).

His prodigious aptitude for learning appeared at a very early age. Taught by private tutors at home, in the little court of Mirandola, under the supervision of his mother, the accomplished Julia dei Boiardi, until he was fourteen years of age, he was then sent to the University of Bologna to study canon law. He was destined for the church, in the mind of his mother, who dreamed of seeing this last and brightest of her offspring who knows how eminent an ecclesiastic? But at the end of two years — that is to say, at sixteen — "he fell from it, yet lost not his time therein, since he compiled a breviary or *summe* upon all the decretals, in which, as briefly as possible, was compressed the effect of all the whole great volume. After this, as a desirous *enserchour* (*cupidus explorator*) of the secrets of nature, he left these common trodden paths, and gave himself wholly to speculation and philosophy, as well human as divine."

It is time to pause for a moment, and consider what sort of world that was which claimed the first glad activities of this precocious mind, and under the compulsion of what manner of *zeitgeist* he forsook the sober path which had been marked out for him, and gave himself to secular study. It was full sunrise, though misty as yet, in the world of modern thought; in Italy, the most dazzling moment of the Renaissance in

letters, unquestionably, if not yet in art. The whole country was enjoying a peace, of halcyon brevity. Lorenzo the Magnificent, at the age of thirty-one, was the assured ruler of Florence; a year having passed since the quelling of the Pazzi conspiracy, in which his own life had been attempted, and his brother Giuliano slain behind the high altar in the Duomo. Marsilio Ficino had just finished his translation of the works of Plato into Latin, having been trained from boyhood for this especial work in the household of the Medici. Angelo Poliziano, the first of Italian poets after Petrarch, and the first of Latin poets since the end of the classic age, had begun the translation of Homer into Latin verse; had dramatized the fable of Orpheus; had sung, in his melodious *stanze*, of the prowess of the fallen Giuliano and the tragic death of his lady, the beautiful Simonetta, for whom all Florence had wept aloud, when she was carried to her vernal grave, two years to a day before her murdered lover. Savonarola had taken his Dominican vows, and was preparing himself, by a life of mortification and prayer, for his coming career as a preacher in Florence. With every one of these ever memorable men the beautiful young Prince of Mirandola was destined, within a few years, to come into the most intimate personal relations: with Lorenzo and Poliziano, in light poetic rivalries, as well as in May masques and midnight dances, and all the extravagant trifling rife in Florence in the hour when the tide of her glory was just upon the turn; with them also, but more particularly with Marsilio Ficino, in his graver pursuits, — in the oriental studies which the two may be said to have inaugurated, and in the preparations of the Platonic academy; with the Prior of San Marco, as the religious counselor of his later and more austere days.

From Bologna, the young student of philosophy went first to Ferrara, — his

elder brother, Galeotto, having married Bianca d'Este, sister of Ercole, the reigning Duke. There he remained for a year or more, under the tuition of the celebrated Giambattista Guarino, and thence he returned for a while to Mirandola in 1481. A letter of Pico's, written from Mirandola in this year to Angelo Poliziano in Florence, proves that he had already made acquaintance with some members of that renowned circle of which he was presently to become the star. From Mirandola he went, with a private tutor, Manuello Adramiteno, to Pavia, to perfect himself in the Greek language; from Pavia, for a time to Padua; and his first recorded visit to Florence took place in 1483, when he had just completed his twentieth year.

He came, thus juvenile in years and fascinating in person, with the fame of a scholar and the prestige of a prince; and his welcome in the first society of the place and time may be imagined. His earliest literary efforts were in the line of that romantic and amorous verse, both Latin and Italian, which was at that time cultivated by Lorenzo and Poliziano. In a note to the latter, written in 1484, Pico says, "I am vacillating between poetry, letters, and philosophy, and I doubt the desire to keep a foot in both stirrups will prevent my becoming either a poet, an orator, or a philosopher." Not long after the date of this letter, Pico submitted to Poliziano five books of verses for correction. "Be to me," he gracefully entreated, "*judice æquo, non iniquo*, — I mean severe, not indulgent." Poliziano recommended a few alterations, — "after the example," as he said, "of him who found fault with the sandals of the goddess of beauty, because he could find none with herself," and because a few verses had seemed to him "only of equestrian rank, while the rest were patrician and senatorial." To this courtly apology, Pico replied with thanks for the corrections, and complained only that the censor

had been too indulgent. "No one," he protested, "could object to die by the sword of such a friend." To the same period of his early success in the Gay Science and social popularity in Florence belong two letters of Pico's, which acquired a certain celebrity. The one was a eulogy of the poems of Lorenzo de' Medici, addressed to that potentate himself, and awarding him the palm over both Dante and Petrarch! The other was to Ermolao Barbaro, a young Venetian ecclesiastic, three years older than Pico, and only less brilliant in his scholastic promise, afterward made Patriarch of Aquileia by Innocent VIII., and who died a year later than Lorenzo, a year earlier than Pico and Poliziano; swept away, he also, before his prime, by that strange blast of mortality which devastated the first blossoming of the Italian revival ere its fruit had had time to form. The letter to Ermolao treated of the scholastic style, which Pico describes as *barbarous but exact*. "The philosophers," said he, "have no need to adorn their writings *con amore*. It is enough for them to speak the truth, and to care for this only." Ermolao notices a certain superciliousness in the tone of this dictum, but says it may well be pardoned on the score of Pico's extreme youth, and also because of the elegance of the style in which he himself pleads for the barbarisms of other philosophers.

There are no letters of Pico's dated from Italy between the middle of the year 1485 (his twenty-second) and the early part of 1486. The interval comprises his first visit to the University of Paris, where he learned what he calls "*il linguaggio parisienne*," and where he received a new and powerful impulse to deeper philosophic, and especially Platonic, studies; where, finally, he first conceived the audacious idea of his own grand philosophic adventure. This was nothing less than an attempt to establish the essential concord between Pagan-

ism, more particularly Platonism, and Christianity, in nine hundred theses, which, after the fashion of the day, the boyish champion proposed to set up in Rome itself; inviting scholars from all parts of the world to come thither and dispute with him *de omni re scibili*, and magnificently offering to pay the expenses of such as were too poor to undertake the journey.

In pursuance of this purpose, Pico returned to Florence from Paris, in April, 1486; and then occurred an episode in his life, solitary of its kind, entirely passed over by his nephew, from motives obvious enough, and not altogether dishonorable, — an episode of which More may possibly have been entirely ignorant, but which seems to us quite essential to a perfect picture and full understanding of the man. Up to that time he had been hardly less conspicuous for the purity of his life than for the charm of his presence and the precocity of his attainments. But in May of this year, amid the preparations for his grand encounter with the wits of all the world, he fell captive to the allurements of Margarita, the wife of Giuliano Marotti de' Medici, a distant and seemingly rather obscure relative of the great family whose home was at Arezzo. We know that this lady was beautiful, or that the young Mirandolano thought her so, and we know very little else to her advantage. She was of inferior birth, even to her husband, and a widow when married to Giuliano; whence it would appear that, like the first love of many less famous men, she must have been older than her princely adorer.

Howbeit, having given out that he was going to Rome to set up his much-talked-of theses, he sent forward his luggage, and started, with about twenty followers, both horse and footmen, arriving on the afternoon of the 9th of May at a small village called Il Bastardo. Thence he pushed forward by night toward Arezzo, and took up his lodging outside

the walls; where, at ten A. M. of the following day, he captured Margarita, on her way, with a child and a servant, to hear mass in the old cathedral outside the walls, lifted her upon his own good steed, and rode away. An alarm was instantly raised, the storm-bell rung to gather the people of Arezzo, chase given, and the fugitives presently overtaken; when, after a sharp skirmish between the two bands, the lady was recovered and carried back "*a grandissimo honore*" by her proper lord, while Pico and his chancellor were made prisoners. All the powerful friends and connections of Pico — Lorenzo in Florence, and the Estes in Ferrara — at once interceded in his behalf, and soon obtained his release; but the adventure was a humiliating and inauspicious one, and may very well have helped to create a prejudice against him in Rome. Several letters to Lorenzo de' Medici on the subject are preserved in the archives of Florence; one from Giuliano Marotti de' Medici himself. He forgave his wife with great facility, albeit one of his own servants, who had been engaged in the fray, insists, in a letter to Lorenzo, that she mounted into the saddle quite of her own free will (*come innamorata e ciecha di si bel corpo*).

The most serious impression produced by this unfortunate and slightly absurd business seems to have been on the mind of the young knight-errant himself, whose expressions, in subsequent letters, of humble and remorseful regret, show a delicacy of conscience and a refinement of spirit sufficiently rare in the Italy of that day. There is a letter of Pico's to Andrea Corneo, of Urbino, written in October of the same year, in reply, seemingly, to one in which his correspondent had urged him to forsake the study of philosophy for a stirring and civic life (*vitam actuosam et civilem*) in the service of some greater prince. Pico repels the suggestion warmly, and professes, in his most eloquent Latin,

an unwavering devotion to higher and more disinterested aims. All this part of the letter is quoted by Sir Thomas More,¹ and is very fine in his translation. But he breaks off abruptly, and interpolates a "Fare ye well" before what is, to us, the most interesting and touching part of the original letter. Pico expresses his sense of Andrea's generosity in being willing to excuse "what took place near Florence," by the example of "kings David and Solomon, not to speak of Aristotle" (!); but he says that he cannot so easily forgive himself. "These palliations, and, as it were, screenings, thy friend embraces not, nor loves; rather he repels, refuses, rejects them. He grieves over his sin. He defends it not." Others may deem it an excuse to say "naught is weaker than man, naught stronger than love;" but for himself, he will only plead that it was his first fall, and that he was ignorant and rash. "He who puts to sea for the first time may well be overcome of Neptune; but if he twice make shipwreck upon the same rock, let none pity or stretch forth a hand to save him. But enough of this, for it is thy friend's desire, 'hujusmodi facti memoriam non solum aliquo modo literis tradi sed quod sequens vita faciat obliterari penitus.'" Notwithstanding the forlorn play of words upon *literæ*, we recognize here the very accent of that true compunction which the author of the Imitation says it is better to feel than to be able to define. Even the use of the third person deepens the effect of ingenuous shame. We would far rather know that a young man so singularly tempted erred once in this way, and never again, than to believe him incapable of erring at all.

¹ He, however, mistakes the date of the letter, which is Perugia (Perusiæ), not Paris, October 16, 1486. Pico did not start on his second journey to Paris until the close of 1487.

² We translate a half dozen out of the nine hundred theses, chosen absolutely at random, as a specimen of their range and quality:—

Form is generated by accident.

Christ, in the last judgment, will judge not

The unpracticed gallant eventually pursued his interrupted journey to Rome, and there his nine hundred Conclusions were at last published in December of the same year, 1486. The discussions were advertised to begin after the Epiphany, permission for the same having, of course, been previously obtained of the reigning pontiff, Innocent VIII. But no discussions ever came off. A great clamor immediately arose, against both the theses and their author, a charge of heresy was preferred, and the public disputations were arrested by papal edict until this charge should have been investigated. John Francis Pico, as quoted by More, says briefly that "it was through the envy of his malicious enemies that Pico could never bring about to have a day for his *dispicions* appointed," and that there was plenty of bitter personal feeling against him among the members of the papal court there is no reason to doubt. His youth, his prestige, his pretensions, were a sufficient guarantee for that. But the theses, as we attempt to peruse them now, really constitute so amazing a *mélange* of mystical fancies, and crude physical speculations of pietism, Platonism, and magic, "and sundry matters sought out as well of the Latin authors as the Greek, and partly set out of the secret mysteries of the Hebrews, Chaldees, and Arabics, and many things drawn out of the old obscure philosophy of Pythagoras, Trismegistus, and others, and many things strange to all folk, except right few special excellent men," that the word *heresy* could have had little meaning in those days, if they had not incurred suspicion of it.²

Before the commission of inquiry, merely in his human nature, but *according to his human nature*.

No definition is adequate to the thing defined.

There is a *natural right hand* (dextrum) in heaven, which never changes, as the parts of the globe do change.

Apollo is the solar intelligence; Æsculapius, the lunar.

Nothing in the universe is susceptible either of

Pico was permitted to appear from time to time, and defend his positions, and so the case dragged on until midsummer. That it was going against the defendant must have been evident long before its close. Pico himself clearly foresaw it, as we know from a subsequent letter of his to Lorenzo de' Medici.¹ But he adds firmly that he considered himself amenable for his opinions to the Holy Father alone, and free to defend and explain them until the pontiff had actually pronounced his interdict. At what time Pico's *Apologia*, or defense of thirteen out of the nine hundred propositions, was actually prepared was a disputed point even in his life-time; and it is still one of interest to determine, since it touches not only his loyalty as a Catholic, but his veracity as a gentleman. The brief of Innocent VIII., which condemned the theses in general and forbade their open discussion, while at the same time it distinctly declared their author to be free from censure, was dated August 5, 1487,² but it was not issued until the 15th of the following December. The *Apologia*, which was dedicated to Lorenzo, was certainly not published until some days, at least, after the issue of the brief, but it was dated some months earlier than the latter, or May 31, 1487. Pico's enemies accused him of having contumaciously prepared his apology after receiving the papal edict, had it printed with great secrecy in a cave near Naples, and disingenuously *antedated* it by seven months. This, in the letter to Lorenzo, already mentioned (August 27,

death or corruption; hence, as a corollary, life is everywhere, Providence everywhere, immortality everywhere.

It is not within the power of man, as a free agent, to believe an article of faith, or disbelieve it, as he will.

¹ Dated August 27, 1489; preserved in the archives of Florence.

² Von Reumont says 1486, but it is evident that in this case the usually exact biographer of Lorenzo the Magnificent has made a mistake of a year. Pico was not in Rome at all, so far as we know, during the summer and autumn of 1486, the months immediately succeeding the Arezzo

1489), Pico most earnestly and explicitly denies; affirming that the interdict, so long threatened and suspended, was not issued until after he had left Rome, on his second journey to France; and that, when it overtook him on the road, upon the 6th of January, 1488, his apology had already been dispatched to Lorenzo. Pico's word was quite enough for that independent potentate, and indeed for all who loved him; and we may add that it is, upon the whole, borne out by the character of the *Apologia*, which is rather a development or commentary than a defense, and which concerns itself with thirteen propositions only, and those not specially selected in the brief for censure. The tone of the dedication to Lorenzo, and of the *envoi* appended to the apology, is that of a man sincerely, and even distressfully, desirous of *guarding against* misunderstanding. He points out that many of the theses refer purely to profane matters, were advanced by him as probabilities only, and were never intended for general reading, but for private debate among the learned; and finally he beseeches that they may be read no more, either by his friends or his enemies, in their original bald form, but only with the explanations herein offered.

But, however honestly intended in the first place, the apology had been prepared on a rumor of papal disapprobation, had been gotten before the world through a species of quibble, and its effect was to add fuel to the fire already raging at Rome against the young phi-

affair. In Pico's published correspondence, beside the letter to Andrea Corneo, already quoted, written at Perugia, in October, 1486, there is another to an unknown friend, dated in November of the same year, in which he says that he cannot answer certain questions pertaining to the study of Hebrew, and especially the works of Josephus, "*because his books have preceded him to Rome.*" The year 1487, which Von Reumont supposes Pico to have passed in France, was really his year of suspense and disappointment at Rome. His second visit to France was a brief one, comprising only the earliest months of the year 1488.

losopher. Lorenzo, and the literary world of Florence both lay and clerical, received it with enthusiasm, and as early as January 19, 1488, we have the first of a long series of very spirited letters on the part of Lorenzo to Lanfredini, the Florentine ambassador at the papal court, urgently requesting, not to say demanding, a reconsideration of his favorite's case, and his full restoration to ecclesiastical favor. But Innocent remained immovable. It was one thing, as he once remarked to Lanfredini, to oblige Lorenzo in *the matter of his boy* (that is to say, by making a cardinal, at fourteen, of Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Leo X.), and another to yield upon a point of doctrine. Tacitly, however, he suffered Pico to return to Italy, and live there unmolested; and accordingly, in the spring of the same year, 1488, we find him back in Florence, which he never quitted again save for one short visit to Ferrara. Sometimes he was a member of Lorenzo's household, at Careggi or in town; sometimes he lived in his own rural villa of Querceto, the music of whose whispering oaks yet lingers in its name; oftenest of all, toward the last, in the Abbey at Fiesole, with that glorious view ever beneath his eyes, which almost pains the stranger out of colder lands when he beholds it first, so far he feels its beauty and significance to transcend his feeble appreciation.

But the glimpses of Pico's daily life during this latter residence in Florence, which we soon begin to discern in the letters and memoirs of the time, reveal a man deeply changed from the fiery and self-confident champion of letters, who had made his splendid *début* there two years before. No outward charm is missing, but a something is added, of remote and unearthly radiance. Just so swiftly and completely as he embraced all other knowledge, he had learned, in that interval, the vanity of ambition and acquirements of love and fame. Despite

the misconceptions under which he suffered so keenly, life still smiled for the Prince of Mirandola as it has rarely smiled for any man. But for him, at twenty-five the spell of life was broken; "and despising the blast of vainglory which he before desired, now with all his mind he began to seek the glory and profit of Christ his church, and so began to order his conscience that from thenceforth he might have been approved, though his enemy were his judge."

It is not possible for us heartily to sympathize with the satisfaction of Pico's austere kinsman, when he goes on to say that "he now burned those books which, in his youth of wanton bliss, he had made in the vulgar tongue." On the contrary, we would give more for a fragment of the love poems, so tenderly corrected by Poliziano, than for the whole of those "noble books of commentary upon the Scriptures, which testify both his angelic wit, his ardent labor, and his profound erudition, — some of which we have, and some, as an inestimable treasure, we have lost." All the literary work that he was yet to do lay more or less in this direction, but his zeal for study was not one jot abated. "Great libraries, — it is marvelous with what celerity he read them o'er;" and "seven thousand ducats he laid out in the gathering together of volumes of all manner of literature."

Another writer of that period, Paolo Cortese, thus describes Pico's manner of life in Florence and Fiesole at this time: "He studied not less than twelve hours a day, with extraordinary intensity of attention. In the morning, as he himself tells us in his letter to Battista Mantonana, he applied himself to his work on the concord between Plato and Aristotle. The afternoon he reserved to his friends and for recreation; and therein, to soothe his soul of its cares, he touched the strings of the lyre, or married to music the verses which

he had himself composed, or read the poets and orators. The evening he consecrated to meditation on the sacred pages, the which brought him great satisfaction, both of the intellect and heart. 'Philosophy,' he once said to this same friend, 'seeks truth; theology finds it; religion hath it.'

Combined with his ever-growing spiritual steadfastness and mental concentration, there is, however, something touching and ominous in the state of personal detachment and bodily unrest revealed by the following anecdote, as we have it embodied in More's quaint phraseology: "Wedding and worldly business, he fled almost alike. Notwithstanding, when he was *axed* once in sport whether of those two burdens seemed lighter, and which he would choose, if he should of necessity be driven to one, and at his election; *which* he sticked thereat awhile, but at last he shook his head, and a little smiling, he answered that he had liever take him to marriage as the thing in which was less servitude and not so much jeopardy. Liberty above all things he loved, to which both his own natural affection and the study of philosophy inclined him, and for it he was always wandering and flitting, and would never take himself to any certain dwelling. . . . Of outward observances he gave no very great force. We speak not of those observances which the church demandeth, for in those he was diligent, but we speak of those ceremonies which folk bring up — setting the very service of God aside — which is, as Christ says, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth."

The study of the Hebrew Scriptures,

¹ Pico's manly simplicity, we may say his truly marvelous *naïveté* and unworldliness, is nowhere more conspicuous than in the letter to Lorenzo of August 29, 1489, in which he appears to be so confident that the Heptaplo, just published, will have set him quite right with the church that he even suggests an outline of the form of exculpation to be used by his Holiness, requesting Lorenzo to see that it is put in the proper official shape. Lanfredini, whose position was certainly

in which he now so ardently engaged, was virtually a study to find Plato and Aristotle in them. His darling aim continued to be that of establishing the original divinity and oneness, at their source, of all religions, — the essential identity, in all times and places, of that "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." His first essay in exegesis — if his strained and visionary interpretations can be held to deserve the name — was the Heptaplo, or Seven Expositions upon the Days of Genesis, published in June, 1489, and dedicated, like the Apologia, to Lorenzo. It was a fixed and characteristic idea of Pico's that God had never suffered the deepest mysteries of any faith to be committed to writing; that the visible text ever conveyed only the lower and more literal meaning, behind which the docile spirit may seek and find the symbolical and the celestial. The Heptaplo professed to indicate the hidden significance of the Mosaic cosmogony. It has little interest for modern readers, save as it "blazes" the solitary path followed by the author's mind, for whom, however, it did not help to smooth matters at Rome.¹ The treatise *De Ente et Uno*, published two years later, and dedicated to Poliziano, gives a stricter and more cogent development to many of the views advanced in the Heptaplo; and though embodying something like the Pythagorean idea of the divinity of number, has always been reckoned by the learned in philosophy as Pico's most substantial work. To nearly the same period belong several meditations on the Psalms; an elaborate commentary upon a sou-

a difficult one, had to write to Lorenzo that this really would not do, and that the Holy Father was becoming daily more incensed against them both. In October of the same year, however, Lanfredini is able to report some signs of relenting, and good Marsilio Ficino told Pico to be patient; for that he knew, *by astrological signs*, that he would ere long be relieved of all censure, — as indeed he was, but only by Innocent's successor, Alexander VI., and after Lorenzo's death.

net by his friend and almoner, the poet Benivieni, translated into English, fifty years later, by the poet Thomas Stanley, under the title of *A Discourse upon Platonick Love*; and the fragment of a tract against the astrologers. The latter reveals instincts in the matter of physical investigation which proved prophetically just, and it was enthusiastically commended by Savonarola, under whose rapidly ascendant spell Pico passed more completely than any other member of the inner Medicean circle. Poliziano, on the contrary, told Pico, in an impatient epigram, that he was wasting his powers upon such work, and that his "style was too good for a generation of jugglers." Pico's last literary work, destined also to remain unfinished, was a treatise on the harmony between Plato and Aristotle. His views on this head had already been foreshadowed in the *Apologia*, and Marsilio Ficino had said of him, when that work appeared, in the high-flown phraseology of their circle, that he ought, by rights, to be styled the Duke rather than the Count of Concord,¹ since "he had reconciled Jews and Christians, Peripatetics and Platonists, Greeks and Latins."

It does not answer to depend entirely upon John Francis Pico and More for the events of Mirandola's latest years, for the reason that the nephew became one of Savonarola's most fanatical adherents, — was indeed the first and chief biographer of the Dominican; opposed in principle, therefore, to the whole Medicean party, and unwilling to dwell upon his uncle's close affiliation with them. But we may safely follow for a little our most sympathetic guide, while we "pass over those powers" of his hero's soul "which appertain to understanding and knowledge, and speak of them which belong to the achieving of noble acts. The year before his death, to the end that, all charge and business of lordship

¹ Pico's full title was Prince of Mirandola and Count of Concordia.

set aside, he might lead his life in rest and peace . . . all his patrimony and dominion, that is to say, the third part of the Earldom of Mirandola and of Concordia, unto John Francis his nephew he sold; and that so good cheap that it seemed rather a gift than a sale. All that ever he received of this bargain, partly he gave out to poor folk, partly he bestowed on the buying of a little land" (the villa of Querceto) "to the finding of him and his household. And over that much silver vessel and plate, with other precious and costly household utensils, he divided among poor people. He was content with mean fare at his table, howbeit somewhat yet retaining of the old plenty in dainty viand and silver vessel. Every day, at certain hours he gave himself to prayer. To poor men alway, if any came, he plenteously gave out his money; and not content to give them only that he had himself, he wrote to a certain Florentine, a well lettered man" (the sacred poet Girolamo Benivieni) "whom he singularly loved, that he should with his own money ever help poor folk, and give maidens money to their marriage, and always send him word what he had laid out, that he might pay him again. . . . He was of cheer always merry, and of so benignant nature that he was never troubled with anger. He said once to his nephew that, whatsoever should happen, he could never, as him thought, be moved to wrath but if his *chystes* perished, in which his books lay that he had, with great travail and watch, compiled. But forasmuch as he considered that he labored only for the love of God and profit of his church, and that he had dedicate unto Him all his works, his studies and his doings, and sith he saw that sith God is almighty they could not miscarry but if it were either by his commandment or by his sufference, he verily trusted, sith God is all-good, that He would not suffer him to have that occasion of heaviness.

O very happy mind, which none adversity might oppress and which no prosperity might enhance! . . . In renaying the shadow of glory he labored for very glory, and was come to that *prick of perfect humility* that he little forced whether his works went out under his own name or not, so that they might as much profit as if they were given out under his name. . . . The little affection of an old man or an old woman to Godward he set more by than by all his own knowledge, as well of natural things as godly. And oftentimes, in communication, he would admonish his familiar friends how greatly these mortal things bow and draw to an end, how slipper and how falling it is that we live in now; how firm and how stable it shall be that we shall hereafter live in. The same thing in his book which he entitled *De Ente et Uno* lightsomely he treateth; where he interrupteth the course of his *dispicion*, and turning his words to Angelo Poliziano to whom he dedicateth that book he writeth in this wise: 'But now behold, my well-beloved Angel, what madness holdeth us? Love God while we be in this body. We rather may than either know Him, or by speech utter Him.' . . . Liberality in him passed measure, for so far was he from the beginning of any diligence to earthly things, that he seemed somewhat *besprent with the freckle of negligence*. His friends often admonished him that he should not all utterly despise riches; showing him that it was his dishonesty and rebuke when it was reported that his negligence and setting naught by money gave his servants occasion of deceit and robbery. Nevertheless that mind of his, which evermore only cleaved fast in contemplation, and the *euchering* of nature's counsel, could never let down itself to the consideration and overseeing of these base, abject, and vile earthly trifles. His high-steward came on a time to him, and desired him to receive his account of such money as he had, in

many years, received of his, and brought forth his book of reckoning. Pico answered him in this wise: 'My friend, I know well ye *have mought* oftentimes, and may yet deceive me, and ye list; wherefore the examination of these expenses shall not need. There is no more to do. If I be aught in your debt, I shall pay you by and by, and if you be in mine pay me; — either now, if ye have it, or hereafter, if ye be now not able.'"

The contemporary memoirs of the tragical last decade of the fifteenth century in Florence abound in references to Pico: now as active at the sessions of the nascent Platonic Academy, in the halls or open *loggie* of Careggi; now as deep in theological discourse with Savonarola in the library of San Marco. The places which knew these vivid spirits are strangely unaltered in three hundred and ninety years. One has to shake himself free of their mysterious contact, rather than spur his imagination to recall them there. It was probably under Savonarola's influence that Pico began divesting himself of his wealth in 1493. We know, from the funeral sermon preached in the Duomo by the Prior of St. Mark's, that he had used his utmost influence to induce Pico to assume the Dominican vow; and, very possibly, had both lived long into the dark days to come, he might have succeeded. Already, a year previously, the first lightning-stroke had fallen. Lorenzo fell gravely ill; and — it is useless to shudder at the accounts we have of the medical practice which he underwent — for the magnificent tyrant of his fair native land, the poet, the gallant, the philosopher, the ardent friend, the most sumptuous and the most unscrupulous of citizens, the end was come at forty-two. Poliziano was always at his bedside, the black-oak, red-canopied bed in the homely palace chamber, by which to-day the stranger may linger till he loses himself. We must make room for

the poet's own tearful account of Pico's last appearance there, contained in a letter of Poliziano's to Jacopo Antiquario: —

"And when he was near to death at Careggi, looking gently at me as was his wont, he said, 'O Angelo, art thou here?' and lifting his languid arms, he earnestly pressed both my hands. I could not restrain my sobs, which nevertheless I endeavored to conceal by turning away my face. But he, not in the least overcome, continued to clasp my hands in his. When, however, he perceived that my distress prevented me from speaking, little by little, he let me go. And I ran quickly into the neighboring cabinet and gave vent to my sorrow and weeping. Afterwards I dried my eyes and returned, and the instant he perceived me, he asked for Pico della Mirandola. I told him that Pico had remained in the city for fear of burdening him by his presence. 'And I,' said Lorenzo, 'if I had not feared that the journey would incommode him, would entreat to see him and speak with him for the last time before I leave you all.' 'Shall I then send for him?' said I. 'Do so,' he said, and as soon as might be, it was done. Pico came and took his place at the bedside. And I too dropped at his knees, that I might the better hear, for the last time, the now feeble voice of my master. Good God, with what courtesy, I may say caresses, Lorenzo welcomed him! He began by asking pardon for having put him to so great trouble. He besought him to consider it as a sign of the love and friendship which he had for him. He said that he should die the more willingly for having seen once more so beloved a friend. After that he passed, as was his wont, to pleasant and familiar talk. Nay, he even jested with us, and 'I could wish,' said he, 'that death had at least delayed until your library had been filled.'"

Immediately after Pico's withdrawal

Savonarola was admitted, for that terrible last interview of which such contradictory accounts have been given to the world. John Francis Pico, whose life of Savonarola was probably compiled from materials furnished him by the brethren of San Marco, is responsible for the statement, so generally received, that the prior refused absolution to Lorenzo because he would not promise to restore the liberties of Florence. Setting aside the vanity of such a demand at such a moment, and the impossibility of complying with it, the story is quite inconsistent with the narrative of Poliziano, — a devoted, though perhaps partial, eye-witness; and we may observe, as tending to sustain the truth of the latter, that Savonarola could not have refused Lorenzo absolution, since he had already received extreme unction at other hands before even Pico arrived.

This was in July, 1492. In May, 1493, the new Pope, Alexander VI., issued a brief, relieving the Prince of Mirandola of all censure in the matter of the theses, and removing the ban from his works. In September of the same year, Pico, "feeling that his life was accomplished," made his will; devising all the real estate with which he had not yet parted to the Hospital of Santa Maria Novella, and the residue of his personal property to his brother Antonio. Poliziano and Savonarola both witnessed the will. One more short year, full of civic trouble and agitation as of spiritual peace, and, in the late autumn of 1494, under the dim skies and amid the dropping rose-leaves of the Florentine November, with the "drums and trappings" of a French army already beginning to echo along the Val d'Arno, Pico fell ill of a mortal fever. Once again let us yield the pen to More. No words can describe the final scene so fittingly as his: —

"After that he had received the holy body of our Saviour, when they offered unto him the crucifix, . . . that

he might, ere he gave up the ghost, receive his full draught of love and compassion, and the priest demanded him whether he firmly believed the crucifix to be the image of him that was very God and very man . . . and such other things as they be wont to inquire of folk in that case, Pico answered him that he not only believed but most certainly knew it. His nephew Albert spake of release from suffering, but Pico answered that he welcomed death rather as the release from sin. He asked also all his servants' forgiveness, — if he had ever, before that day, offended any of them. . . . He lay always with a pleasant and merry countenance, and in the very twitches and pangs of death, he spake as though he beheld the heavens open. And all that came to him and saluted him, offering their service, with very loving words he received, thanked and kissed. . . . And in this wise into the hands of our Saviour he gave up his spirit."

It was the 17th of November, 1494. The gates of Florence had been opened to the army of Charles VIII. of France that very day. The narrow streets were full of sullen din; the bravest hearts in the city were heaviest. But the struggle was just over in the chamber of the agonizing, when there entered two of the French king's own physicians, sent by their master to bear letters of compliment to the sufferer, and "do him all the good they might."

There is a little story, well enough authenticated, which reflects, as from a score of facets, the spirit and the foibles of the time. Prophecy, as we know, was coming much into fashion, and a certain sickly Camilla Rucellai was become a noted seer. She had stated some years before that "Pico would die in the time of the lilies," and they taxed her with it now. "Oh," replied the adroit visionary, "I meant the lilies of France."

Savonarola had also his vision, which he described somewhat minutely in the sermon already mentioned, preached in the Duomo after Pico's death. He beheld his friend in the penal fire, but was able to assure the Florentines that his detention would be but brief, and was due entirely to his reluctance to enter the Dominican order. This may be classed with Savonarola's other visions.

The prince was buried in the cloister of San Marco, in a white robe and scarlet cap. Long years afterward, we are told by an Italian writer on the *Incorruzione Naturale dei Cadaveri*, the tomb was opened by two of the brethren of St. Mark, and the remains were seen therein still fresh and undecayed. The epitaph upon the cloister wall is daily scanned by vagrants out of "antipodal" regions, of which the poet could have dreamed but vaguely in 1494, despite his confident prediction of a world-wide fame:—

"Johannes jacet hic Mirandola; cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges, *forsan et Antipode.*"

The world of to-day "knows the rest" quite as well as the inquisitive fifteenth century knew it. Pico della Mirandola died at thirty-two, disappointed of his chief ambition, and leaving behind him no work commensurate with his renown for learning and ability. Of the vast and miscellaneous mass of his acquirements, the greater part was singularly useless; nor have his speculations, whether in physics or philosophy, proved particularly fruitful as seeds of later discovery. Yet he has always been counted, and justly, among the pioneers of modern progress. His was the merit of a mind wide open to inspiration from every quarter of God's universe, and chivalric in the disinterestedness of its devotion to truth, and he has enriched the world by the jewel of an exquisite human memory.

Harriet Waters Preston.

HEREDITY.

A SOLDIER of the Cromwell stamp,
 With sword and prayer-book at his side,
 At home alike in church and camp :
 Austere he lived, and smileless died.

But she, a creature soft and fine, —
 From Spain, some say, some say from France :
 Within her veins leapt blood like wine, —
 She led her Roundhead lord a dance !

In Grantham church they lie asleep ;
 Just where, the verger may not know.
 Strange that two hundred years should keep
 The old ancestral fires aglow !

In me these two have met again ;
 To each my nature owes a part :
 To one, the cool and reasoning brain ;
 To one, the quick, unreasoning heart !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CRAZE.

WOULD to heaven there were unquestionable evidence that Bacon did write the plays contained in the famous folio volume published at London in 1623 ! Would that, as there is now what some folk think it fine to call "a consensus" of critical opinion that the lady of the last century who decided that it was Ben Jonson who "wrote Shikspur" was wrong (although even that, it would seem, is not sure beyond a doubt), it might be made as clear as the sun in the heavens that her rival female critics of our own day are right in proclaiming Francis Bacon the man ! True, this decision, like the other, affects in no way the value or the interest of the plays. It neither lessens nor enlarges their significance as regards the material, the mental, or the moral condition of the

English people at the time when they were produced ; for the statesman-philosopher and the player-poet were strictly contemporaries, and lived at the same time in the same city. The question (if it were a question) is not at all akin to that, for example, which has been so long discussed, and which is not yet decided, as to the authorship of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. For that is not a mere effort of curiosity to find out whether those poems were produced by a blind ballad-singer who spelled his name *Homer*, or by an open-eyed epic poet of some other name, but a question as to the period of the production of the poems, as to their purpose, as to the condition of the society in which they were produced, as to the intellectual record embodied in their language, and as to the

historical value of the incidents which they profess to record. It is a question which touches the origin, the character, and the development of the most remarkable people and the brightest, richest, and most influential civilization of antiquity. But whether Hamlet, King Lear, and Othello were written by Francis Bacon, or by William Shakespeare, or by John Smith, so they were written by an Englishman, in London, between the years 1590 and 1610, affects in no way their literary importance or interest, their ethnological or their social significance, their value as objects of literary art, or their power as a civilizing, elevating influence upon the world. The question (if it were a question) is merely a large variety of that small sort of literary puzzles which interest pene-literary people, of the sort who are disturbed to the profoundest shallows of their minds by uncertainty as to who is the author of that foolish saying, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," and who search volumes of Familiar Quotations and vex other folk with letters there-anent, in hopes to allay the agitation of their souls.¹ For one, I avow myself wholly indifferent upon the subject. What is Shakespeare to me, or what am I to Bacon? They are no more. Even what they were when they lived concerned only themselves and their personal friends. What they did is of the greatest moment to the world for all time; but it would be of the same value, the same interest, the same potential influence, whether the *Novum Organum* and the *Comedy of Errors* were written by either of them, or by both, or by neither, or whether Shakespeare wrote the *Novum Organum* and Bacon the *Comedy of Errors*. I am no partisan of William Shakespeare's. I take no more interest in him, *qua* William Shakespeare, than the United

States troops appeared to take in the battle sometimes called the Bladensburg races. I should not feel aggrieved or injured to the value of the pen with which I am writing if it were proved that the Stratford yeoman's son, who went to London and became rich in the theatrical business, was as incapable of writing his very name as his father and his mother were; but every man of common sense, and even a little knowledge of the literary and dramatic history of the times of Elizabeth and James I., has the right to feel aggrieved and injured when the productions of the two greatest minds of modern times are made the occasion of a gabble of controversy, the sole foundation of which is a petty parade of piddling, perverted verbal coincidences, which have no more real significance than the likeness of the notes of two cuckoos, or of two cuckoo clocks. And therefore *placeat Diis* that there might be discovered, under the hand and seal of William Shakespeare, a confession that he was an impostor, and that the Earl of Southampton and Ben Jonson and John Heminge and Henry Condell, and the people of London generally, were dupes, and that Francis Bacon did write *Titus Andronicus* and the *Comedy of Errors*, and so forth through the list. There would be so much more passed to the credit of him who perhaps was "the greatest, wisest," but was surely not "the meanest, of mankind."² That is all. This fuss would be over, "and soe well ended."

The subject is one upon which some very worthy and very "literary" people are in a sad state of mind, and about which they have been going on in a more or less spasmodical way for some years; and now there comes about it a stout handsome volume of six hundred and twenty-five pages, which represents with a copy of Shakespeare than a boy of nine years old with a revolving razor.

² See *Evenings with a Reviewer*, by James Spedding, 2 vols. 8vo, 1883: see also *The Personal History of Lord Bacon*, by Hepworth Dixon.

¹ Or who spring to life in the discovery that Hamlet should say that he is "to the manor born." I have certainly received fifty letters, indeed many more than fifty, suggesting this new reading. A man who could make it should no more be trusted

so much genuine enthusiasm and such an amount of honest, thorough, systematic work on the part of an intelligent, accomplished gentlewoman, that to treat it as it must be treated, only upon its merits, is an ungrateful and almost a forbidding task.¹ The occasion of this volume and the substance of it are furnished by some memorandums of words, phrases, proverbs, adages, and so forth in Bacon's handwriting, which seem to have been made by him perhaps for reference, and possibly for the improvement of his style. They fill fifty sheets or folios, as we are told, and they are preserved in the well-known Harleian Collection of manuscripts in the British Museum. Known long ago, they were described by Spedding, Bacon's able and accomplished editor, who, however, did not deem them of sufficient importance to be included in his great edition of Bacon's writings. It would have been well if they had been left to moulder in their fitting obscurity; for they tell the world nothing that it did not know before; and so far as Bacon himself is concerned, they add nothing to his reputation either for wisdom or for knowledge, certainly nothing for scholarship or for critical acumen. In fact, they are at best only the dust and sweepings of his study; such stuff as everybody, except those whose literary appetite is a small sort of curiosity about distinguished people, would gladly see put to real service to mankind in the kindling of fires or other like domestic function. Their editress, however (Spenser says "poetress," and Ben Jonson "conqueress;" why may we not say editress?), brings them now to light with a higher purpose than the mere gratification of petty literary curiosity. She fancies (fancies! believes, with a faith which would remove mountains, if faith indeed were such an uncommon carrier) that they establish beyond all reasonable

doubt the claim which she and a few fond fellow-worshippers have set up for Bacon to the authorship of the plays which William Shakespeare, in his lifetime, claimed as his; which all his personal friends, and more, his personal enemies, believed to be his; and which have been accepted as his for nearly three hundred years, not only by the world in general, but by all the scholars and critics who were thoroughly informed upon the subject: — a not illaudable purpose, and one which she has pursued with such a touching union of fervor and singleness of heart, and such perfection of that candor which disdains to take advantage by any concealment or dexterous perversion, — common accompaniments of enthusiasm, — that the result of her labors cannot be contemplated without sadness, and, moreover, without sorrow that it cannot be treated with patience, hardly with decorum.

The theory which this great mass of unconnected memorandums is published to sustain is simply this: Bacon must have written out these words and phrases and proverbs for his own use. Some few of them are found in his acknowledged writings, but the most of them he did not use in those writings; and between these, and indeed between a great number of them, and certain passages of the Shakespeare plays there is (so says enthusiasm) such likeness, either in word or in thought, that the unavoidable conclusion is that he wrote the plays. The logic is of the lamest; for it ignores practically, if not avowedly, the fact that these words and phrases and adages are in their very essence the common property of the world, — were the common property of the world at the time that Bacon made these memorandums; and that Bacon made them for his own convenience chiefly because they were such common property.

¹ *The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* (being private notes, circa 1594, hitherto unpublished) of Francis Bacon, illustrated and elucidated

by passages from Shakespeare. By MRS. HENRY POTT. With Preface by E. A. ABBOTT, D. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Moreover, the painful and elaborate deploying of the passages in the plays which are supposed to sustain this theory, or, to speak rightly, this fancy, exhibits no identity of phrase or of thought which will sustain this conclusion, or indeed a conclusion of any kind, about them. There is only one way of showing what and how great the failure is; and that is the examination of some of the most striking of the sixteen hundred and fifty-five memorandums which, with their accompanying illustrative passages, make up the bulk of this big book. The process may be wearisome; but if our task is to be performed at all, it is unavoidable.

The very first memorandum which is illustrated is most characteristic of the whole of this inept and absurdly inconclusive performance. It is,—

“Corni contra croci. Good means against badd, hornes to crosses.” (Promus, 2.)

This is illustrated by five passages from the plays, of which here follow four:—

“And bear with mildness my misfortune’s cross.” (3 Henry VI., IV. iv.)

“I have given way unto this cross of fortune.”
(Much Ado About Nothing, IV. i.)

“And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humor.”

(1 Henry IV., III. ii.)

“I love not to be crossed.

“He speaks the mere contrary. Crosses love not him.” (Love’s Labour’s Lost, I. ii.)

This is a hapless beginning; for except in the last line of the last quotation, “cross,” although it has the same sound and is spelled with the same letters, is really not the same word that appears in Bacon’s memorandum. Although etymologically the same, as an expression of thought it is not the same; for it means a wholly different thing. The cross in the Promus adage is the material cross (+), produced by the setting together of two straight rods or sticks at right angles. It is the cross of the crucifix, used figuratively to rep-

resent the influence of divine goodness and self-sacrificing love. On the other hand, the horns of the adage are the horns of Satan, which are used to typify the spirit of evil. Thus the opposition of good and evil was expressed. Moreover, the crucifix, or any cross, as that of a sword-hilt, was supposed, even in Bacon’s time, to have the power of exorcising evil spirits. Satan himself could not face it. An impressive scene it is in Faust where the throng of armed men draw their swords, and present to Mephistopheles, not their points or their edges, but their cross-hilts, from the sight of which he hides his eyes and shrinks away. This is the cross, and this the meaning of the Promus adage. But in all the instances cited above from Shakespeare the word “cross” means merely opposition, movement against, and (except in the third and fourth cases) consequent disaster. “This cross of fortune” is, This disastrous opposition of fortune; “When you do cross his humour” is, When you do vexatiously run counter to his humor. So in the other cases. In these passages there is not the remotest suggestion of the cross of the crucifix which is to be opposed, as a token of divine love and power, to the horns of Satan, as the embodiment of evil. The notion of any connection between them and the adage is preposterous. We are told at the end of the illustrative passages that the word occurs “thirty times” in Shakespeare’s plays, which any one might see by consulting Mrs. Clarke’s Concordance. So it might have occurred three thousand times, and with just as little significance or pertinence to the matter in hand. As well cite in illustration of the Promus adage,

“Cross-patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;”

and very much better,

“Ride a cock horse
To Danbury-cross;”

for at Danbury there was such a cross as Bacon had in mind.

Because this is the first example, and because it is so very characteristic and typical an example, of these marvelous illustrations of the coincidences between the Shakespeare plays and Bacon's *Promus*, more time and attention have been given to it than can be spared to those which follow; through the fretful array of which we must push rapidly.

We turn a leaf, and at the top of the page we find, "*Nolite dare sanctum canibus*, — Give not that which is holy unto dogs" (*Promus*, 11); which is illustrated by the following passage from *As You Like It*: —

"*Celia*. Why cousin! . . . not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs."

Again a typical example of a sort of "illustration" which swarms through these pages. It is absolutely without importance, and without significance of any kind. For, as the reader will doubtless have already seen, the words in the *Promus* are from the New Testament (*Matt. vii. 6*); they were known all over Europe, and had surely been in constant colloquial use for centuries before Bacon was born. And there are hundreds of just such meaningless illustrations in this volume.

It is difficult to keep one's countenance, even if the effort should be made, when we find Bacon's memorandum (*Promus*, 24) of Virgil's "*Procul, o procul este profani*" (*Away, away, ye profane*), illustrated by Falstaff's outbreak upon Nym and Pistol: —

"Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones! go!"

In the newest fangle of Shakespearean or anti-Shakespearean criticism are we required to assume as a postulate that a dramatist of the Elizabethan period was unable to use his mother tongue in a plain, direct, and somewhat effective manner, without reference to a commonplace book of the Latin classics?

Our next example is one of a sort not uncommon, in which the same word occurs in both *Promus* and play, but with a meaning wholly and absolutely opposite. It is the following: "*Semper virgines furia*" (*Promus*, 43); in which Erasmus notes the remarkable fact that the Furies are always represented as maidens, as angels are always masculine. The illustration here is from *Much Ado About Nothing*: —

"Her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December."

In this speech, Benedick, on the contrary, expresses his surprise; he regards it as an extraordinary combination that virginal beauty should be accompanied by sharp temper and a shrewish tongue, — a union that would not have astonished Erasmus, nor, indeed, Bacon.

These illustrations of Bacon's commonplacing by the Shakespeare plays frequently present us, on the one hand, an adage or a phrase so long known the civilized world over that no repetition nor use of it by any writer in any language, within the last five hundred years, would be stronger proof of acquaintance with any other writer who also used it than the assertion that there was a sun in the heavens would; and, on the other, a string of passages which have not only no relation to the phrase to be illustrated, but none to each other; and which are like a class in a district school, — Yankees, Irish, Germans, French, and Italians; all bawling out together at the word of command; some right and some wrong, none with any real understanding of what they are saying, and having in blood, in speech, or in purpose no semblance of kindred, coherence, or unity. Of this sort is the following: —

"*Et justificata est sapientia a filiis suis*, — Wisdom is justified of her children." (*Promus*, 249.)

This, again, is from the New Testament (*Matt. xi. 19*), and was the com-

mon property of Europe for centuries before Bacon's time; its English form having been nearly as well known as the Ten Commandments or the Lord's Prayer three hundred years before Bacon was born. It means, we need hardly say, that the children of wisdom justify (that is, prove) their parentage by their conduct; they "behave as sich," — an adage equally true with "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," or with "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." This has the following illustrations: —

"And make us *heirs* of all eternity." (Love's Labour's Lost, I. i.)

"Earthly godfathers of heaven's lights." (*Ib.*)

"This *child* of fancy." (*Ib.*)

"The first *heir* of my invention." (Dedication to Venus and Adonis.)

"The *children* of an idle brain." (Romeo and Juliet, I. iv.)

What possible connection or relation is discoverable between these passages and the declaration in regard to the children of wisdom? There is none, except that in the one, as in the others, the idea of childhood or of heirship is presented. Had Elizabeth given her young Lord Keeper a monopoly of these?

Passing rapidly on, among these memorandums we find the very familiar phrase "*Prima facie*" (Promus, 299); the illustration of which (Love at first sight. As You Like It, III. v. 81; Troilus and Cressida, V. ii.; Tempest, I. ii.) I pass by in mute admiration, as I do that of our next example, "A catt may look on a kynge" (Promus, 489); which is supposed to be the origin of the following question and answer: —

"*Ben.* What is Tybalt?

"*Mer.* More than prince of cats." (Romeo and Juliet, II. iv.)

That is, I would pass it by, leaving it to stand in staring ineptness and puerility, but for its flagrant exhibition of a kind and degree of ignorance of Shakespeare's writings which is characteristic

of the Bacon-saving Shakespearean. For the reason of Juliet's cousin being called prince of cats by the witty Mercutio is that "Tybert, Tybalt, Thibault" (all really one name), means a cat, just as "Graymalkin" and "Tabby" do in English. Tybert is the name of the cat in the Middle Age apologue, Reynard the Fox. And in the old Italian story of Romeo and Julietta, which furnishes the whole substance of the Shakespeare tragedy, Juliet's cousin is named Tibaldo. This story was translated by Arthur Brooke into an English poem, Romeus and Julietta, and published at London in 1562; and this poem it is that was dramatized into the great English tragedy. In it, Juliet's cousin's name is Tybalt. So far, then, is it from being true that he was called prince of cats because Francis Bacon wrote among his commonplaces, "A catt may look on a kynge" (shade of Aristotle, what an inference!), that it is absolutely impossible that the Promus memorandum had any connection with Mercutio's speech; for Juliet's quarrelsome kinsman was made known to all English readers by his typical name in a rhymed story, which was well known (and which soon became popular) at a time when the future philosopher and Lord Chancellor was in long clothes, — he having been born in the year before that in which Brooke's Romeus and Julietta was published. His Promus memorandum could have had no more to do with the calling Tybalt prince of cats than it had with the origin of Puss in Boots.

"Neither too heavy nor too hot" (Promus, 651), a saying which was applied to a bold thief, who would steal anything not too heavy or too hot for him to carry, is illustrated by sixteen passages from the plays, not one of which has the slightest connection with it or similarity to it, except the presence of one of the two common English words, "heavy" and "hot;" as may be

gathered from the fact that the first is, "Are you so hot, sir?" (1 Henry V., III. ii.), and the last, "Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light." (Hamlet, IV. ii.)

Perhaps one of the most startling of these illustrations is that of "a ring of gold on a swynes snout" (687); which degrading satirical comparison is presented as the origin of Romeo's beautiful extravagance "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." The absurdity of this is not all apparent without a consideration of the whole of the lover's simile:—

"It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;"

which is but a variation of the passage in the XXVIIth Sonnet:—

"Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
new."

It would seem, then, that the solemn figure of Night with her dark, begemmed robe was suggested to the author of Romeo and Juliet by a pig's snout, with a ring in it to keep him from rooting.

That memorandum 706, "Laconismus," from Erasmus's Adagia, should be illustrated by "Like the Romans in brevity" is Hibernian in its blundering, as the Laconians were not Romans, but Greeks, which Francis Bacon surely knew. But as the illustration is from King Henry IV., perhaps it was the embryo Pistol who put in his oar here. He was in the habit of talking of Trojan Greeks and Phrygian Turks, and the like two-headed monsters.

Many others of Bacon's Promus memorandums are from Erasmus; and at meeting among them the one here following, every true American heart must flutter with joy and pride:—

"Riper than a mulberry. (*Maturior moro*,—Of a mild, soft-mannered man," etc.) Promus, 869.

Did Bacon,—tell us, did he,—looking forward nearly three centuries, project his all-creative mind into the dra-

matic future of this country, and in this memorandum give the New World the germ of the great mulberry, Colonel Mulberry Sellers? It must be so. The colonel, beyond a doubt, was a mild, soft-mannered man. How is it possible that anybody could have dreamed of a mulberry, unless the word had been previously commonplacéd by Bacon! Perish the thought! The discovery of the Promus establishes, beyond a question, that Mulberry Sellers is Bacon's boon to America.

In like manner we learn that Charles Reade has hitherto been most unjustly credited with the conception of one of his own novels; for as number 959 of the Promus memorandums we find "Love me little, love me long;" and what more is needed to show where Mr. Reade found the title and the motive of his charming book?

In memorandum 1544, "Soleil qui luise au matin, femme qui parle latin, enfant nourrit de vin, ne vient point à bonne fin," who can hesitate for a moment at discovering that we have the origin of that admirable poetical embodiment of common sense and common experience,

"Whistlin' gals an' crowin' hens
Never comes to no good ends?"

But this part of our subject is becoming too grave and serious, and I must bring it to a close with an illustration of a lighter and more amusing nature; to wit, the following:—

"Nourriture passe nature." (Promus, 1595.)

This adage, it need hardly be said, means that breeding is a second nature, stronger than that with which a man is born. Would it be believed, without the evidence of black and white before us, that, in proof that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, the first and principal illustration of this adage is the following passage from Pericles?—

"Those mothers, who, to nouse up their babes
Thought not too curious, are ready now

*To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life."*
(Act I. Scene iv.)

The italic emphasis of the third line is mine; and I have thus distinguished it, because as an illustration of "Nourriture passe nature," it surpasses all the Shakespearean jokes that I have had the good fortune to encounter. There are five hundred mortal octavo pages of proofs and illustrations, of which the foregoing are fair examples, that Francis Bacon wrote William Shakespeare's thirty-seven comedies, histories, and tragedies! One more of them shall delay us a moment. Promus memorandum 1404 is "O the;" and this wholly senseless union of words is seriously illustrated by the following passages, of which it is assumed to be the origin: "O the heavens!" "O the devil!" "O the time!" "O the gods!" "O the good gods!" "O the vengeance!" "O all the devils!" "O the Lord!" "O the blest gods!" It is needless to give the titles of the plays from which they are taken. When Benedick said that he should die a bachelor he did not think that he would live to be married. When I wrote the foregoing assertion about Shakespearean jokes I had not read this number of the Promus and its illustrations. They bear the palm. The fair editress might have deprived us of our laugh if she had perceived that the meaningless "O the," which could be the origin of nothing, is a mere irregular phonetic spelling of *oath*, — *othe*, in which the first letter was accidentally separated from the second, which is shown by the immediately following memorandums: (1405) "O my L[ord] S^r," (1406) "Beleeve it," (1409) "Mought it please God that," or, "I would to God." Why Bacon wrote down phrases like this, here and elsewhere, seems inexplicable; but that is not to the purpose.

What is evidently regarded as the

strong point of this array of evidence in favor of the Baconian origin of the Shakespeare plays is Folio 111 of the Promus. It is indorsed by Bacon, "Formularies and Elegancies;" and it contains forty-five memorandums (1189–1233) of phrases either of salutation or of complimentary remark in connection with the time of day, or what has been known time out of mind in the English language, and among people of English blood and speech, as giving the time of day. First among these memorandums is "Good morrow" (1189); we find also among them "Good matens" (1192), "Good betimes" (1193), "Bon iouyr, Bon iour bridegroom" (1194), "Good day to me, and good morrow to you" (1195), and the pretty conceit, "I have not said all my prayers till I have bid you good morrow" (1196). Here Bacon's enthusiastic champion throws down the gauge and takes a stand so boldly, and maintains it so earnestly, that it would be both unfair and unwise not to set forth fully the point upon which she joins issue. It is asserted that this folio generally, and particularly in these phrases of morning salutation, supports "a reasonable belief that these Promus notes are by the same hand that penned Romeo and Juliet." The ground of this reasonable belief is that these forms of salutation, although they "are introduced into almost every play of Shakespeare, . . . certainly were not in common use until many years after the publication of these plays," and that "it appears to be the case" (*risum teneatis?*) that "they were of Bacon's introduction." This is insisted upon again and again: as, for example, "It certainly does not appear that, as a rule, any forms of morning and evening salutation were used in the early part of the sixteenth century, nor, indeed, until after the writing of this folio (111), which is placed between the folios dated December, 1594, and others bearing the date January 27, 1595;" and again, "It

seems to have been the practice for friends to meet in the morning, and to part at night, without any special form of greeting or valediction ;” and again, “In Ben Jonson’s plays . . . there is hardly one, except in *Every Man in his Humour*, where you twice meet with ‘good morrow.’ But this play was written in 1598, a year after *Romeo and Juliet* was published, and four years after the date usually assigned to that tragedy. ‘Good morrow’ might have become familiar merely by means of *Romeo and Juliet* ; but it does not appear that it had become a necessary or common salutation,” etc. ; and yet again, “It is *certain* that the habit of using forms of morning and evening salutation was not introduced into England prior to the date of Bacon’s notes, 1594.”

This is the most amazing assertion, and this the most amazing inference, that exists, to my knowledge, in all English critical literature. If the assertion had been made in connection with another subject, and the inference had been drawn in regard to a point of less general interest than the influence of Bacon or of Shakespeare upon the manners and speech of their time, or even if they had not been here trumpeted so triumphantly as a note of victory, they might well have been passed by in smiling silence. But the circumstances give them an importance not their own ; and the confident manner in which they are set forth, with an array of citation that may be mistaken for proof, might mislead many readers whose knowledge of the subject is even less than that which is shown by the compiler of this volume.

First, the fact asserted is in its very nature so incredible that it could not be received as established upon any merely negative evidence. That any civilized, or half-civilized, people of the Indo-European race should have existed in the sixteenth century without customary

salutation and valediction at morning and evening could not be believed, upon the mere absence of such phrases in their literature. Such absence, if it existed, would have to be accounted for upon some other supposition. This is one of those cases in which reasoning *a priori* is of more weight than negative evidence. A society so beyond civility as to be without forms of salutation would be one in which neither a Bacon nor a Shakespeare would be possible. But leaving this point without further remark, it is to be said simply that the assertion is absolutely untrue ; and with the assertion goes, of course, the inference drawn from it. Mrs. Pott herself furnishes evidence against it. For she is very candid ; and indeed, were her knowledge and her critical ability only equal to her candor and her industry, she would have produced a very valuable and interesting work, or — none at all. She has painfully searched an almost incredible number of books of the Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan period, for the purpose of illustrating and maintaining her thesis, and has even catalogued the results of her examination. Hence alone her careful readers are able to see, even if they did not know it before, that such forms as “good morrow,” “good night,” “good bye,” and the like, are used by these writers of that time : Gascoigne, Stubbs, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, and Heywood, all of them men who wrote between 1580 and 1620 ; and to these there might be numerous additions. Is it to be believed that these writers put into the mouths of their personages phrases of this nature which were not in common colloquial use ? But we are told that people began suddenly, and all at once, to say “good morrow,” and the like, to each other, because Francis Bacon had elaborated those phrases in his *Promus*, and introduced them in his *Romeo and Juliet* to the English people. Bacon is made equivalent to the

hunger which "*expedit* [Persius's] *psittaco suum χαιρε*." Will any one not bitten and mad with the Bacon-Shakespeare œstrum believe this, or pause for one moment in doubt over its preposterous incredibility? But even our Bacon enthusiast is, in candor, obliged to confess one fact which is mortal to the theory which she has undertaken to maintain. We are told in a footnote, and in one of the appendices, that since the volume was compiled its editress, or some one for her, has discovered that the salutation "good morrow" occurs in the dialogue of John Bon and Master Person [parson], which was printed in 1548, nearly half a century before Bacon jotted down his Promus, and, what is something to the purpose, thirteen years before he was born.

"*The Parson*. What, John Bon! Good morrowe to thee!

John Bon. Nowe good morrowe, Mast. Parson, so mut I thee."¹

The fact that Gascoigne published in 1587, before Bacon was born, two poems, Good Morrow and Good Night, had been set aside, or "got over," by the astonishing plea that these were only titles, and not colloquial uses of these phrases! (But if they were not known as salutations, with what propriety were they used as titles?) And as to John Bon and Master Person, there is a despairing attempt to show that "good morrow" was not a morning salutation, and that "the first use for that purpose seems to be in *Romeo and Juliet*." Great Phœbus, god of the morning, for what, then, was good morrow used? Surely, the force of self-delusion could no further go.

To have given so much time to the examination of this frantic fancy would have been more than wasteful, were it not that within its petty convolutions is involved another, which is of as much importance as anything can be

¹ So mut [or mote] I thee = so might I thrive; so may I prosper.

that is connected with this subject. It is fortunate, *ad hoc*, that the point was made; for it is fatal to the whole bearing of this Promus upon the Bacon theory of the Shakespeare plays. It is so because we have, according to the Bacon-saving-Shakespeare folk themselves, Bacon's own testimony that English people, of all sorts and conditions, were in the constant habit of using salutations, particularly in the morning.

In the Second Part of King Henry VI., Act III. Sc. i., is the following passage:—

"*Queen*. We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission.
But meet him now, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by," etc.

The bearing of this passage is such, it is so broad, so clear, so direct, and its testimony comes from such a quarter, that it might be well to leave the point upon which it touches without another word of remark; but it may also be well to set forth its full importance and significance. It will be seen that here, according to those who proclaim that Bacon is Shakespeare, and that they are his prophets, Bacon himself declares that at the time when *he* wrote this passage "every one" in England said good morning; that it was recognized as so general and absolute a requirement of good manners that the omission of it gave occasion for censure. Now this passage, although it is found in the Second Part of King Henry VI., appears originally, word for word, in a play of which Bacon (or, as some un-illuminated people believe, Shakespeare) was one of the writers, called *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Noble Houses of York and Lancaster*, which was worked over into the Henry VI. play, and which must have been in existence in the year 1591, as it is referred to in a book published in 1592. Whence we see that this dec-

laration of Bacon the playwright as to giving the time of day "in the morn" by "every one" antedates the memorandum of Bacon the Promus writer at least three years. According, therefore, to people with whose fancies we are now dealing seriously, Bacon himself tells us that he did *not* teach the people of England to bid each other good morrow by writing *Romeo and Juliet*; and perhaps even they — the Bacon-Shakespeare folk — are now beginning to suspect that the writer of *John Bon* and *Master Person* and the poet *Gascoigne*, when they used "good morrow" and "good night," were merely repeating phrases which were even commoner than mere household words, and had been so in England for centuries.

And yet again, this passage, which appears in *The First Part of the Contention* and in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.*, is one of those as to the authorship of which there is no doubt. Whatever his name was, the writer of it was the writer of the Shakespeare plays. Whoever wrote that passage wrote also *As You Like It*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*, and the rest. And this man, as we have seen, was not the one who felt it necessary to potter over a Promus of elegancies in salutation to justify him in the use of "good morrow." For, moreover, this man had used this phrase in at least five plays which preceded the Promus and *Romeo and Juliet*. It occurs (as any one may see by referring to Mrs. Clarke's Concordance) in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of*

Verona, *Titus Andronicus*, *King Richard III.*, and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, all of which are earlier than *Romeo and Juliet*, as it should seem that any person who ventured to write upon this subject would know.¹ That *Romeo and Juliet* brought "good morrow" into use in England as a morning salutation is impossible; the notion that any writer brought it into use in the reign of Elizabeth, or within centuries of that reign, is, to any person competent to have an opinion upon the subject, ridiculously absurd.

We have, however, not yet seen the extreme of the ignorance which is displayed in this attempt to show that the writer of the Promus was also the writer of *Romeo and Juliet*. In this folio (111) of the Promus, memorandum 1200 is "romē;" upon which we find the following comment in the *Introductory Essay* to this volume:—

"One can scarcely avoid imagining that the solitary word 'romē,' which is entered six notes (44) farther on in the Promus with a mark of abbreviation over the *e*, may have been a hint for the name of the bridegroom himself. It has been suggested that 'romē' may be intended for the Greek word $\rho\acute{o}\mu\eta$ = *strength*, and that the mark may denote that the vowel (*e*) is long in quantity. The objection to this suggestion is that Bacon frequently uses a mark of abbreviation, whilst in no other Greek word does he take any heed of quantity; but were it so, it would not extinguish the possibility that the word may have been intended as a hint for the name of

¹ What ignorance may, and generally does, accompany the effort to transmute Shakespeare into Bacon is shown here in regard to this very question of the date of the production of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is remarked in the *Introductory Essay* (page 68), "The publication of *Romeo and Juliet* is fixed at 1597, and its composition has been usually ascribed to 1594-5. . . . Recently, however, Dr. Delius has proposed the date 1592 for the composition of *Romeo and Juliet*, on the ground that a certain earthquake which took place in 1580 is alluded to by the Nurse (I. iii.) as having happened

eleven years ago." Wonderful discovery on the part of the German doctor! Wonderful discovery of the German doctor by our editress! This point as to the bearing of the Nurse's earthquake on the date of the play was made by Tyrwhitt *more than a hundred years ago*, and has been discussed by every considerable editor since. The notes upon it in Furness's variorum edition of *Romeo and Juliet* fill two pages. Proposed by Dr. Delius! But if ignorant English-speaking folk will run after strange gods, they cannot complain if they are led into trouble.

Romeo, alluding perhaps to the strength of the love which is alluded to in the following passages," etc.

If what we have seen before is amazing, the gravity of this is astounding. A hint for the name of the bridegroom! An allusion in Greek to the strength of his passion! Why, who that has the slightest and most superficial acquaintance with the origin of Shakespeare's plays does not know that the name of the bridegroom in this tragedy was furnished by the old poem, of which it is a mere dramatization, — a poem familiar to the people of London for years before the tragedy was produced, or the Promus memorandums written, — and that it came into that poem from a story which had been told and retold by various writers for generations? The "name of the bridegroom" was settled in Italy, centuries before Bacon or Shakespeare could write it. The writer of the tragedy took all its principal personages, and their names with them, from the old poem, and he would not have thought of such a thing as changing the name of its hero. He chose his plot *because* it was that of the old popular story of the sad fate of the two lovers, — Romeo of the Montagues and Juliet of the Capulets, — with which he wished to please his audience, by putting it before them in a dramatic form. There was no occasion for a hint as to the name of the bridegroom; he had been baptized long before.

It seems very strange to be obliged to treat such fancies even with a semblance of respect; but these are characteristic of the methods by which this foolish fuss is kept up, and is pressed upon the attention of the uninformed, or the more easily deceived half-informed, as if it were a serious literary question.

As to this Promus memorandum "romē," if it has any connection with Romeo and Juliet, which is not at all probable, it may possibly be of this na-

ture: The Italian pronunciation of Romeo is *Romēo*; but Brooke, in his poem *Romeus and Juliet*, published in 1562 (and consequently Shakespeare in his tragedy), accented it upon the first syllable, whether in the Latin or the Italian form, as will appear by the following passage: —

"Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with plesaunt
cheere,
And glad she was her Romeus approched was so
neere.
At thone side of her chayre her lover Romeo
And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercu-
tio."

The distortions of proper names, in this manner, by English writers of the Elizabethan period are monstrous and ridiculous. For example, Robert Greene, a university scholar, not only deprives poor Iphigenia entirely of the *ei* in her name, *Ιφιγηνεία*, but actually pronounces it *If-fij-in-ay*: —

"You'll curse the hour wherein you did deny
To join Alphonsus with Iphigena.

And so by marriage of Iphigena
You soon shall drive the danger clear away."
(Alphonsus, Act III.)

Now it is just not impossible that Bacon, having read Brooke's poem, or seen Shakespeare's play, made a memorandum, imperfect and obscure, as to either the proper pronunciation, or the customary English mispronunciation, of the *e* in *Romeo*; but, nevertheless, we may be pretty sure that his "romē" had no more to do with *Romeo* than his "good morrow" with the appearance of that phrase in Shakespeare's plays, or its use by English people.

To one stumbling-block in the path of the Bacon-Shakespeare theorists they seem to be quite blind, — the Sonnets. They busy themselves with Bacon's writings, the plays, and the concordance; and with their eyes fixed upon the one point which they hope to attain, these headlong literary steeple-chasers, with their noses in the air, look right over this obstacle, which is one of many, each one of which would bring them to

the ground. They have little to say about it ; and what they do say is not at all to the purpose. If there is one fact in literary history which, upon moral grounds, upon internal and external evidence, is as certain as any recorded fact in general history, or as any demonstrated mathematical proposition, it is that the writer of the plays was also the writer of the sonnets, both of which bear the name of Shakespeare. In spirit, in manner, and in the use of language, their likeness is so absolute that if either one of the two groups had been published anonymously, there would have been no room for doubt that it was by the writer of the other. Now the sonnets, or a considerable number of them, had been written before the year 1597 ; for, as all students of the literature of the period know, they are mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which was published in 1598. They were not then published ; they were not written for the public, as Meres tells us ; they were not printed until eleven years afterwards, when they were procured for publication in some surreptitious or *quasi*-surreptitious way. Meres mentions them as Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends." Now, if Bacon wrote the plays, he also wrote the sonnets : and consequently we must believe that the lawyer, philosopher, and statesman, who at twenty-six years of age had planned his great system of inductive investigation, who never took his eye from that grand purpose ; who was struggling with unpropitious fortune, who had difficulty in procuring the means of living in modest conformity to his position as a gentleman of good birth and high connection, who was a hard-working barrister conducting great public as well as private causes, an active member of Parliament, and a scheming, if not an intriguing, courtier, occupied himself, not only in writing plays, for which he might have got a little (for one like him

a very little) money, but in writing fanciful sonnets, — not an occasional sonnet or two, but one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, more than Wordsworth inflicted upon the world, — which were not to be published or put to any profitable use, but which he gave to an actor, to be handed about as his own among his private friends, for their delectation and his own glory. This Bacon did, or he did not write the plays. That he did so is morally impossible ; and indeed the supposition that he could have done so is too monstrously absurd to merit this serious examination of its possibility. Besides all which, there are many of these sonnets, and they by no means the least meritorious or the least characteristic of them, that are of such a nature in their subjects and their language and their allusions that any one at all acquainted with Bacon's tastes, or his moral nature, would hesitate at accepting them, would revolt from accepting them, as his, even upon positive and direct testimony. Bacon certainly did not write the sonnets ; and therefore, as certainly, he did not write the plays. (It shames me to seem to rest such a decision upon a formula of grave and sober reasoning.) There is no visible avoidance of this conclusion.

And now we are face to face with what is, after all, the great inherent absurdity (as distinguished from evidence and external conditions) of this fantastical notion, — the unlikeness of Bacon's mind and of his style to those of the writer of the plays. Among all the men of that brilliant period who stand forth in the blaze of its light with sufficient distinction for us, at this time, to know anything of them, no two were so elementally unlike in their mental and moral traits and in their literary habits as Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare ; and each of them stamped his individuality unmistakably upon his work. Both were thinkers of the highest order ; both, what we somewhat

loosely call philosophers : but how different their philosophy, how divergent their ways of thought, and how notably unlike their modes of expression ! Bacon, a cautious observer and investigator, ever looking at men and things through the dry light of cool reason ; Shakespeare, glowing with instant inspiration, seeing by intuition the thing before him, outside and inside, body and spirit, as it was, yet moulding it as it was to his immediate need, — finding in it merely an occasion of present thought, and regardless of it, except as a stimulus to his fancy and his imagination : Bacon, a logician ; Shakespeare, one who set logic at naught, and soared upon wings, compared with which syllogisms are crutches : Bacon, who sought, in the phrase of Saul of Tarsus, — that Shakespeare of Christianity, — to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good ; Shakespeare, one who, like Saul, loosed upon the world winged phrases, but who recked not his own rede, proved nothing, and held fast both to good and evil, delighting in his Falstaff as much as he delighted in his Imogen : Bacon, in his writing, the most self-asserting of men ; Shakespeare, one who, when he wrote, did not seem to have a self : Bacon, the most cautious and painstaking, the most consistent and exact, of writers ; Shakespeare, the most heedless, the most inconsistent, the most inexact, of all writers who have risen to fame : Bacon, sweet sometimes, sound always, but dry, stiff, and formal ; Shakespeare, unsavory sometimes, but oftenest breathing perfume from Paradise, grand, large, free, flowing, flexible, unconscious, and incapable of formality : Bacon, precise and reserved in expression ; Shakespeare, a player and quibbler with words, and swept away by his own verbal conceits into intellectual paradox, and almost into moral obliquity : Bacon, without humor ; Shakespeare's smiling lips the mouthpiece of humor for all human kind : Bacon, look-

ing at the world before him and at the teaching of past ages with a single eye to his theories and his individual purposes ; Shakespeare, finding in the wisdom and the folly, the woes and the pleasures, of the past and the present only the means of giving pleasure to others and getting money for himself, and rising to his height as a poet and a moral teacher only by his sensitive intellectual sympathy with all the needs and joys and sorrows of humanity : Bacon, shrinking from a generalization even in morals ; Shakespeare, ever moralizing, and dealing even with individual men and particular things in their general relations : both worldly-wise, both men of the world, and both these master intellects of the Christian era were worldly-minded men in the thorough Bunyan sense of the term : but the one using his knowledge of men and things critically in philosophy and in affairs ; the other, his synthetically, as a creative artist : Bacon, a highly trained mind, and showing his training at every step of his cautious, steady march ; Shakespeare, wholly untrained, and showing his want of training even in the highest reach of his soaring flight : Bacon, utterly without the poetic faculty even in a secondary degree, as is most apparent when he desires to show the contrary ; Shakespeare, rising with unconscious effort to the highest heaven of poetry ever reached by the human mind. To suppose that one of these men did his own work and also the work of the other is to assume two miracles for the sake of proving one absurdity, and to shrink from accepting in the untaught son of the Stratford yeoman a miraculous miracle, that does not defy or suspend the laws of nature.

Many readers of *The Atlantic* probably know that this notion that our Shakespeare, the Shakespeare of *As You Like It* and *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, was Francis Bacon masking in the guise of a player at the Globe Theatre

is not of very recent origin. It was first brought before the public by Miss Delia Bacon (who afterwards deployed her theory in a ponderous volume, with an introduction by Nathaniel Hawthorne, — who did not advocate it) in an article in Putnam's Magazine for January, 1856. Some time before that article was published, and shortly after the publication of Shakespeare's Scholar, it was sent to me in proof by the late Mr. George P. Putnam, with a letter calling my attention to its importance, and a request that I would write an introduction to it. After reading it carefully and without prejudice (for I knew nothing of the theory or of its author, and, as I have already said, I am perfectly indifferent as to the name and the personality of the writer of the plays, and had as lief it should have been Francis Bacon as William Shakespeare) I returned the article to Mr. Putnam, declining the proposed honor of introducing it to the public, and adding that, as the writer was plainly neither a fool nor an ignoramus, she must be insane; not a maniac, but what boys call "loony." So it proved: she died a lunatic, and I believe in a lunatic asylum. I record this incident for the first time on this occasion, not at all in the spirit of I-told-you-so, but merely as a fitting preliminary to the declaration that this Bacon-Shakespeare notion is an infatuation; a literary bee in the bonnets of certain ladies of both sexes, which should make them the objects of tender care and sympathy. It will not be extinguished at once; on the contrary, it may become a mental epidemic. For there is no notion, no fancy or folly, which may not be developed into a "movement," or even into a "school," by iteration and agitation. I do not despair of seeing a Bacon-Shakespeare Society, with an array of vice-presidents of both sexes, that may make the New Shakspeare Society look to its laurels. None the less,

however, is it a lunacy, which should be treated with all the skill and the tenderness which modern medical science and humanity has developed. Proper retreats should be provided, and ambulances kept ready, with horses harnessed; and when symptoms of the Bacon-Shakespeare craze manifest themselves, the patient should be immediately carried off to the asylum, furnished with pens, ink, and paper, a copy of Bacon's works, one of the Shakespeare plays, and one of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's Concordance (and that good lady is largely responsible for the development of this harmless mental disease, and other "fads" called Shakespearean); and the literary results, which would be copious, should be received for publication with deferential respect, and then — committed to the flames. In this way the innocent victims of the malady might be soothed and tranquillized, and the world protected against the debilitating influence of tomes of tedious twaddle.

As to treating the question seriously, that is not to be done by men of common sense and moderate knowledge of the subject. Even the present not very serious, or, I fear, sufficiently considerate, examination of it (to which I was not very ready, as the editor of the Atlantic will bear witness) provokes me to say almost with Henry Percy's words, that I could divide myself and go to buffets for being moved by such a dish of skimmed milk to so honorable an action. It is as certain that William Shakespeare wrote (after the theatrical fashion and under the theatrical conditions of his day) the plays which bear his name as it is that Francis Bacon wrote the *Novum Organum*, the *Advancement of Learning*, and the *Essays*. The notion that Bacon also wrote *Titus Andronicus*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello* is not worth five minutes' serious consideration by any reasonable creature.

Richard Grant White.

BIRD-SONGS.

WHY do birds sing? Has their music a meaning, or is it all a thing of blind impulse? Some bright morning in March, as you go out-of-doors, you are greeted by the notes of the first robin. Perched in a leafless tree, there he sits, facing the sun like a genuine fire-worshiper, and singing as though he would pour out his very soul. What is he thinking about? What spirit possesses him?

It is easy to ask questions until the simplest matter comes to seem, what at bottom it really is, a thing altogether mysterious; but if our robin could understand us, he would, likely enough, reply: —

“Why do you talk in this way, as if it were something requiring explanation that a bird should sing? You seem to have forgotten that everybody sings, or almost everybody. Think of the insects, the bees and the crickets and the locusts, to say nothing of your intimate friends, the mosquitoes! Think, too, of the frogs, and the hylas, and the salamanders! If these cold-blooded, low-lived creatures, after sleeping all winter in the mud,¹ are free to make so much use of their voices, surely a bird of the air may sing his unobtrusive song without being cross-examined concerning the purpose of it. Why do the mice sing, and the monkeys, and the bats? Why do you sing, yourself?”

This matter-of-fact Darwinism need not frighten us. It will do us no harm to remember, now and then, “the hole of the pit whence we were digged;” and besides, as far as any relationship between us and the birds is concerned, it is doubtful whether we are the ones to complain.

¹ There is no Historic-Genealogical Society among the birds, and the robin is not aware that his own remote ancestors were reptiles. If he

But avoiding “genealogies and contentions,” and taking up the question with which we began, we may safely say that birds sing, sometimes to gratify an innate love for sweet sounds; sometimes to win a mate, or to tell their love to a mate already won; sometimes as practice, with a view to self-improvement; and sometimes for no better reason than the poet’s, — “I do but sing because I must.” In general, they sing for joy; and their joy, of course, has various causes.

For one thing, they are very sensitive to the weather. With them, as with us, sunlight and a genial warmth go to produce serenity. A bright summer-like day, late in October, or even in November, will set the smaller birds to singing, and the grouse to drumming. I heard a robin venturing a little song on the 25th of last December; but that, for aught I know, was a Christmas carol. No matter what the season, you will not hear a great deal of bird music during a high wind; and if you are caught in the woods by a sudden shower in May or June, and are not too much taken up with thoughts of your own condition, you will hardly fail to notice the instant silence which falls upon the woods with the rain. Birds, however, are more or less inconsistent (that is a part of their likeness to us), and sometimes they will sing most freely when the sky is overcast.

But their highest joys are by no means dependent upon the moods of the weather. A comfortable state of mind is not to be contemned, but beings who are capable of deep and passionate affection recognize a difference between comfort and ecstasy. And the peculiar

were, he would hardly speak so disrespectfully of these batrachians.

glory of birds is just here, in the all-consuming fervor of their love. It would be commonplace to call them models of conjugal and parental faithfulness. With a few exceptions (and these, it is a pleasure to add, not singers), the very least of them is literally faithful unto death. Here and there, in the notes of some collector, we read of the difficulty he has had in securing a coveted specimen: the tiny creature, whose mate had been already "collected," would persist in hovering so closely about the invader's head that it was hard to shoot him without spoiling him for the cabinet by blowing him to pieces!

Need there be any mystery about the singing of such a lover? Is it strange that sometimes he is so enraptured that he can no longer sit tamely on the branch, but must dart into the air, and go circling round and round, singing as he flies?

So far as song is the voice of emotion, it must vary with the emotion; and every one who has ears must have heard once in a while a song of quite unusual fervor. I have seen a least fly-catcher who was almost beside himself; flying in a circle, and repeating breathlessly his emphatic *chebec*. And once I found a wood pewee in a somewhat similar mood. He was more quiet than the least fly-catcher, although he too sang on the wing, but I have never heard notes which seemed more expressive of happiness. Many of them were quite new and strange, although the familiar *pewee* was introduced among the rest. As I listened, I felt it to be an occasion for thankfulness that the delighted creature had never studied anatomy, and did not know that the structure of his throat made it improper for him to sing. In this connection, also, I recall a cardinal grosbeak, whom I heard several years ago, on the bank of the Potomac River. An old soldier and I were visiting the Great Falls, and as we were clambering

over the rocks this grosbeak began to sing; and soon, without any hint from me, and without knowing who the invisible musician was, my companion remarked upon the uncommon beauty of the song. The cardinal is always a great singer, having a voice which, as European writers say, is almost equal to the nightingale's; but in this case the more stirring, martial quality of the strain had given place to an exquisite mellowness, as if it were, what I have no doubt it was, a song of love.

Every kind of bird has notes of its own, so that a thoroughly practiced ear would be able to discriminate the different species with nearly as much certainty as Professor Baird would feel after an examination of the anatomy and plumage. Still this strong specific resemblance is far from being a dead uniformity. Aside from the fact, already mentioned, that the characteristic strain is sometimes given with extraordinary sweetness and emphasis, there are often to be detected variations of a more formal character. This is noticeably true of robins. It may almost be said that no two of them sing alike; while now and then their vagaries are conspicuous enough to attract general attention. One who was my neighbor last year interjected into his song a series of four or five most exact imitations of the peep of a chicken. When I first heard this performance, I was in company with two friends, both of whom noticed and laughed at it; and some days afterwards I visited the spot again, and found the bird still rehearsing the ridiculous medley. I conjectured that he had been brought up near a hen-coop, and, moreover, had been so unfortunate as to lose his father before his notes had become thoroughly fixed; and then, being compelled to finish his musical education by himself, had taken a fancy to practice these chicken calls. This guess may not have been correct. All I can affirm is that he sang exactly as he might have

been expected to do, on that supposition ; but certainly the resemblance seemed too close to be accidental.

The variations of the wood thrush are fully as striking as those of the robin, and sometimes it is impossible not to feel that the artist is making a deliberate effort to do something out of the ordinary course, something better than he has ever done before. Now and then he prefaces his proper song with many disconnected, extremely *staccato* notes, following each other at very distant and unexpected intervals of pitch. It is this, I conclude, which is meant by some writer (who it is I cannot now remember) who criticises the wood thrush for spending too much time in tuning his instrument. But the fault is the critic's, I think ; to my ear these preliminaries sound rather like the recitative which goes before the grand *aria*.

Still another singer who delights to take liberties with his score is the towhee bunting, or chewink. Indeed, he carries the matter so far that sometimes it seems almost as if he suspected the proximity of some self-conceited ornithologist, and were determined, if possible, to make a fool of him. And for my part, being neither self-conceited nor an ornithologist, I am willing to confess that I have once or twice been so badly deceived that now the mere sight of this *Pipilo* is, so to speak, a means of grace to me.

One more of these innovators (these heretics, as they are most likely called by their more conservative brethren) is the field sparrow, better known as *Spi-zella pusilla*. His usual song consists of a simple line of notes, beginning leisurely, but growing shorter and more rapid to the close. The voice is so smooth and sweet, and the acceleration so well managed, that, although the whole is commonly a strict monotone, the effect is not in the least monotonous. This song I once heard rendered in reverse order, and the result was so strange

that I did not suspect the identity of the singer till I had crept up within sight of him. Another individual of the species, who has passed the last two seasons in my neighborhood, sings the song double ; going through it in the usual way, and then, just as you expect him to conclude, catching it up again, *Da capo*.

But birds like these are quite outdone by such species as the song sparrow, the white-eyed vireo, and the Western meadow lark, — species of which we may say that each individual bird has a whole repertory of songs at his command. The song sparrow, who is the best known of the three, will sing one melody perhaps a dozen times, then change it for a second, and in turn leave that for a third ; as if he were singing hymns of twelve or fifteen stanzas each, and sang each hymn to its appropriate tune. It is something well worth listening to, common though it is, and may easily suggest a number of questions about the origin and the meaning of bird music.

The white-eyed vireo is a singer of astonishing spirit, and his sudden changes from one theme to another are sometimes almost startling. He is a skillful ventriloquist, also, and I remember one in particular who outwitted me completely. He was singing a well-known strain, but at the end there came up from the bushes underneath a querulous call. At first I took it for granted that some other bird was in the underbrush ; but the note was repeated too many times, and came in too exactly on the beat.

I have no personal acquaintance with the Western meadow-lark, but no less than twenty-six of his songs have been printed in musical notation, and these are said to be by no means all.¹

Others of our birds have similar gifts, though no others, so far as I know, are

¹ Mr. C. N. Allen, in Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, July, 1881.

quite so versatile as these three. Several of the warblers, for example, have attained to more than one set song, notwithstanding the deservedly small reputation of this misnamed family. I have myself heard the golden-crowned thrush, the black-throated green warbler, the black-throated blue, the yellow-rumped, and the chestnut-sided, sing two melodies each, while the blue golden-winged has at least three; and this, of course, without making anything of slight variations such as all birds are more or less accustomed to indulge in. The best of the three songs of the blue golden-wing I have never heard except on one occasion, but then it was repeated for half an hour under my very eyes. It bore no resemblance to the common *dsee, dsee, dsee*, of the species, and would appear to be seldom used; for not only have I never heard it since, but none of the writers seem ever to have heard it at all. However, I still keep a careful description of it, which I took down on the spot, and which I expect some future golden-wing to verify.

But the most celebrated of the warblers in this regard is the golden-crowned thrush, otherwise called the oven-bird and the wood-wagtail. His ordinary effort is one of the noisiest, least melodious, and most incessant sounds to be heard in our woods. His *song* is another matter. For that he takes to the air (usually starting from a tree-top, although I have seen him rise from the ground), whence, after a preliminary *chip, chip*, he lets fall a sudden flood of notes, in the midst of which can usually be distinguished his familiar *weechee, weechee, weechee*. It is nothing wonderful that he should sing on the wing, — many other birds do the same, and very much better than he; but he is singular in that he strictly reserves his aerial music for late in the afternoon. I have heard it as early as three o'clock, but never before that, and it is most common about sunset. Writers speak

of it as limited to the season of courtship, but I have heard it almost daily till near the end of July. But who taught the little creature to do this, — to sing one song in the forenoon perched upon a twig, and to keep another for afternoon, singing that invariably on the wing? and what difference is there between the two in the mind of the singer?

It is an indiscretion ever to say of a bird that he has only such and such notes. You may have been his friend for years, but the next time you go into the woods he will likely enough put you to shame by singing something not even hinted at in your description. I thought I knew the song of the yellow-rumped warbler, having listened to it many times, — a slight, characterless thing, sharp and unmusical. But coming down Mount Willard one day in June, I heard a warbler's song which brought me to a sudden halt. It was new and beautiful, — more beautiful, it seemed at the moment, than any warbler's song I had ever heard. What could it be? A little patient waiting (while the black-flies and mosquitoes "came upon me to eat up my flesh"), and the singer appeared in full view, — my old acquaintance, the yellow-rumped warbler.

With all this strong tendency on the part of birds to vary their music, how is it that there is still such a degree of uniformity, so that, as we have said, every species may be recognized by its notes? Why does every red-eyed vireo sing in one way, and every white-eyed vireo in another? Who teaches the young chipper to trill, and the young linnet to warble? In short, how do birds come by their music? Is it all a matter of instinct, inherited habit, or do they learn it? The answer seems to be that birds sing as children talk, by simple imitation. Nobody imagines that the infant is born with a language printed upon his brain. The father and mother may never have known a word of any

tongue except the English, but if the child is brought up to hear only Chinese, he will infallibly speak that, and nothing else. And careful experiments have shown that the same is true of birds.¹ Taken from the nest just after they leave the shell, they invariably sing, not their own so-called natural song, but the song of their foster-parents; provided, of course, that this is not anything beyond their physical capacity. The notorious house sparrow (our "English" sparrow), in his wild or semi-domesticated state, never makes a musical sound; but if he is taken in hand early enough, he may be taught to sing, so it is said, nearly as well as the canary. Bechstein relates that a Paris clergyman had two of these sparrows whom he had trained to speak, and, among other things, to recite several of the shorter commandments; and the narrative goes on to say that it was sometimes very comical, when the pair were disputing over their food, to hear one gravely admonish the other, "Thou shalt not steal!" It would be interesting to know why creatures thus gifted do not sing of their own motion. With their amiability and sweet peaceableness they ought to be caroling the whole year round.

This question of the transmission of songs from one generation to another is, of course, a part of the general subject of animal intelligence, a subject much discussed in these days on account of its bearing upon the modern doctrine concerning the relation of man to the inferior orders.

We have nothing to do with such a theme, but it may not be out of place to suggest to preachers and moralists that here is a striking and unhackneyed illustration of the force of early training. Birds sing by imitation, it is true, but as a rule they imitate only the notes which they hear during the first few

weeks after they are hatched. One of Mr. Barrington's linnets, for example, after being educated under a titlark, was put into a room with two birds of his own species, where he heard them sing freely every day for three months. He made no attempt to learn anything from them, however, but kept on singing what the titlark had taught him, quite unconscious of anything singular or unpatriotic in such a course. This law, that impressions received during the immaturity of the powers become the unalterable habit of the after life, is perhaps the most momentous of all the laws in whose power we find ourselves. Sometimes we are tempted to call it cruel. But, if it were annulled, this would be a strange world. What a hurly-burly we should have among the birds! There would be no more telling them by their notes. Thrushes and jays, wrens and chickadees, finches and warblers, all would be singing one grand medley.

Between these two opposing tendencies, one urging to variation, the other to permanence (for Nature herself is half radical, half conservative), the language of birds has grown from rude beginnings to its present beautiful diversity; and whoever lives a century of millenniums hence will listen to music such as we in this day can only dream of. Inappreciably but ceaselessly the work goes on. Here and there is born a master-singer, a feathered genius, and every generation makes its own addition to the glorious inheritance.

It may be doubted whether there is any real connection between moral character and the possession of wings. Nevertheless there has long been a popular feeling that some such congruity does exist; and certainly it seems reasonable to expect that creatures who are able to soar at will into the heavens should also have other angelic attributes. But, be that as it may, our friends, the birds, are undeniably a good example for us in several respects. To mention only

¹ See the paper of Daines Barrington in *Philosophical Transactions* for 1773; also, Darwin's *Descent of Man*, and Wallace's *Natural Selection*.

one, how delightful is their observance of morning and evening song! In spite of their industrious spirit (and few of us work more hours daily), neither their first nor their last thoughts are given to the question, What shall we eat, and what shall we drink? Possibly their habit of saluting the rising and setting sun may be thought to favor the theory that the worship of the god of day was the original religion. I know nothing about that. But it would be a sad change if the birds, declining from their present beautiful custom, were to sleep and work, work and sleep, with no holy hour between, as is too much the case with the being who, according to his own pharisaic notion, is the only religious animal.

In the season, however, the woods are by no means silent, even at noon-day. Many species (such as the vireos and warblers, who get their living amid the foliage of trees) sing as they work; while the thrushes and others, who keep business and pleasure more distinct, are often too happy to go many hours together without a hymn. I have even seen robins singing without quitting the turf; but that is unusual, for somehow birds have come to feel that they must get away from the ground when the lyrical mood is upon them. This may be a thing of sentiment (for is not language full of uncomplimentary allusions to earth and earthliness?), but more likely it is prudential. The gift of song is no doubt a dangerous blessing to creatures who have so many enemies, and we can readily believe that they have found themselves safer to be up where they can look about them while they are thus publishing their whereabouts.

A very interesting exception to this rule is the Savannah sparrow, who sings habitually from the ground. But even he shares the common feeling, and stretches himself to his full height with an earnestness which is almost laughable, in view of the result; for his notes are

hardly louder than a cricket's chirp. Probably he has fallen into this lowly habit from living in meadows and salt marshes, where bushes and trees are not readily to be come at; and it is worth noticing that, in the case of the skylark and the white-winged blackbird, the same conditions have led to a result precisely opposite. The sparrow, we may presume, was originally of a humble disposition, and when nothing better offered itself for a singing-perch easily grew accustomed to standing upon a stone or a little lump of earth; and this practice, long persisted in, naturally had the effect to lessen the loudness of his voice. The skylark, on the other hand, when he did not readily find a tree-top, said to himself, "Never mind! I have a pair of wings." And so the lark is famous, while the sparrow remains unheard-of, and is even mistaken for a grasshopper.

How true it is that the very things which dishearten one nature and break it down, only help another to find out what it was made for! If you would foretell the development, either of a bird or of a man, it is not enough to know his environment, you must also know what there is in him.

We have possibly made too much of the Savannah sparrow's innocent eccentricity. He fills his place, and fills it well; and who knows but that he may yet outshine the skylark? There is a promise, I believe, for those who humble themselves. But what shall we say of birds that do not even try to sing, and that, although they have all the structural peculiarities of singing birds, and must, almost certainly, have come from ancestors who were singers? We have already mentioned the house sparrow, whose defect is the more mysterious on account of his belonging to so highly musical a family. But *he* was never accused of not being noisy enough, while we have one bird who, though he is ranked with the oscines, passes his

life in almost unbroken silence. Of course I refer to the waxwing, or cedar-bird, whose faint, sibilant whisper can hardly be thought to contradict the foregoing description. By what strange freak he has lapsed into this ghostly habit, nobody knows. I make no account of the insinuation that he gave up music because it hindered his success in cherry-stealing. He likes cherries, it is true; and who can blame him? But he would need to work hard to steal more than does that indefatigable singer, the robin. I feel sure he has some better reason than this for his Quakerish conduct. But, however he came by his stillness, it is likely that by this time he plumes himself upon it. Silence is golden, he thinks the supreme result of the highest æsthetic culture. Those loud creatures, the thrushes and finches! What a vulgar set they are, to be sure, the more's the pity! Certainly if he does not reason in some such way, bird nature is not so human as we have given it credit for being. Besides, the waxwing has an uncommon appreciation of the decorous; at least, we must think so if we are able to credit a story of Nuttall's. He declares that a Boston gentleman, whose name he gives, saw one of a company of these birds capture an insect, and offer it to his neighbor; he, however, delicately de-

clined the dainty bit, and it was offered to the next, who, in turn, was equally polite; and the morsel actually passed back and forth along the line, till, finally, one of the company was persuaded to eat it. I have never seen anything equal to this; but one day, happening to stop under a low cedar, I discovered right over my head a waxwing's nest with the mother-bird sitting upon it, while her mate was perched beside her on the branch. He was hardly out of my reach, but he did not move a muscle; and although he uttered no sound, his behavior said as plainly as possible, "What do you expect to do *here*? Don't you see *I* am standing guard over this nest?" I should be ashamed not to be able to add that I respected his dignity and courage, and left him and his castle unmolested.

Observations so discursive as these can hardly be finished; they must break off abruptly, or else go on forever. Let us conclude, then, with expressing our hope that the cedar-bird, already so handsome and chivalrous, will yet take to himself a song; one sweet and original, worthy to go with his soft satin coat, his ornaments of sealing-wax, and his magnificent top-knot. Let him do that, and he shall always be made welcome; yes, even though he come in force and in cherry-time.

Bradford Torrey.

UNLOVED.

PALER than the water's white
 Stood the maiden in the shade,
 And more silent than the night
 Were her lips together laid;

Eyes she hid so long and still
 By lids wet with unshed tears,
 Hands she loosely clasped at will,
 Though her heart was full of fears. . . .

Never, never, never more
 May her soul with joy be moved;
 Silent, silent, silent — for
 He was silent whom she loved!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

STAGE BUFFOONS.

SCHLEGEL has remarked that every stage has had its merryman or jester. Man, being the animal who laughs and weeps, has required, in every country in which the drama has been developed, that this form of entertainment should offset the tears. Perhaps it was because there was so much weeping that the clown became indispensable to the *dramatis personæ*. In general characteristics he has been the same everywhere, but in smaller topical details he has changed according to his country. The inquiry as to the nature of histrionic buffoons is more interesting than the world, to judge by its literature on the subject, has ever imagined. To know a man by his companions is a very feeble indication of character. "Tell me what thou laughest at," is far more searching. The inexplicable laughter of Ashmodai, or Asmodeus, before the Rabbis is the most dramatically unearthly touch in all the Talmud. The laughter of women at witless remarks, like that of a negro beholding Niagara, or of a Spaniard at seeing a horse disemboweled, suggests that the ideal jesters of each of these types of mankind would be strangely different.

The contrast between Indian and Greek thought is nowhere more forcibly marked than in the conceptions of the dramatic merryman evolved by these two great branches of the Aryan race. In the Hindu theatre, in some particulars singularly like the English, the rôle of jester is given to a Brahman. He who by right of caste is entitled to

religious respect is on the stage made ridiculous. The Vidushaka, as he is called, is the companion and friend of the hero of the play, whom he loves with the devotion of a Sancho Panza. He is not quite like the clown of any other theatre, but combines the peculiarities of the Greek parasite and the Italian Pantaleone with a clerical piety all his own, and an incomparable greediness. If Queen Mary thought the word *Calais* would be engraved on her heart, because of the foremost place it occupied in her thoughts, by the same rule the word *Food* would be stamped in large letters on that of the Vidushaka; that is, if his stomach leaves him room for one. His insatiable appetite unfits him for any higher or even lower emotions. Much of the humor peculiar to jesters in all ages and countries has depended upon their grotesque appearance.

If the Greek gods, as represented by Homer, could laugh at Vulcan because he was lame, it is not surprising that mortals have felt justified in making merry over the physical deformities of their fellow-men, until noses large out of all proportion and crooked backs have become badges of buffoonery. But the grotesqueness of the Vidushaka's exterior is usually caused by his costume, and not by any natural unsightliness; perhaps because to the Hindus bodily malformation is so associated with the idea of divinity that it seems beautiful. Another source of amusement to the majority of men is the

sight of physical suffering. The pleasure Romans found in the combats of gladiators, that Spaniards derive from their bull-fights and English and Americans from prize-fights, is given in a lesser degree by the rude practical jokes and the tumblings and writhings of buffoons. As a rule, it makes very little difference who gets the beating. But it is natural that the Hindu jester should be always the victim of the joke, since for a Brahman to chastise another man would never have been remarkable. This has happened only too often in real life. Yet to see a Brahman fooled and ill treated must always have been honey and nectar to proud Vaisyas and poor crushed Sudras; their delight, no doubt, being enhanced when, as in the play of Ratnavali, or *The Necklace*, the attack was made by women.

There was no special jester in the old Greek comedy, where all were comic, and where the principal jesting consisted in personal satire. But the law finally forbade the dramatist to satirize any one by name, and after the time of Aristophanes comedy acquired a form more familiar to moderns. The new dramatists, instead of confining themselves to the mythological world, borrowed characters from human life, and presented them in every-day situations. In the end, they contented themselves with a certain number of dramatis personæ, whose individual line of action never varied, the only change being the manner in which they were grouped together. The slave of the new comedy was the real buffoon, though the part played by the parasite was farcical enough. The facetiousness of the slave was not particularly brilliant. Attic wit in his case, seems to have consisted in a comic mask and garments of corresponding exaggeration. In addition to looking ridiculous, his duty was to tease, torment, and deal out blows. If, as Athenæus tells us, the Tyrrhenians flogged people to the sound of the lute,

the Greek jester acted to the accompaniment of flogging. Sometimes he was a simpleton and coward; at others, a rogue and a braggart. Occasionally the Pantaloon or scapegoat of the farce was represented by a Scythian, who to the Greeks and Romans was a delightful subject for laughing-stock. He was their Irishman or Dutchman, and they enjoyed his broken Greek or Scyth-pidgin. It is a curious fact that Lodge, the old English dramatist, makes the clown in one of his plays talk broken French, to add to the comic effect.

The Greeks, who loved life, aimed at making it as beautiful and harmonious as possible. Therefore, when popular taste called for a buffoon, the part was assigned to a slave, who, as the meanest member of society, properly ministered to the lower emotions. All the harmony of social life would have been destroyed had those whom the people respected become typical of licentiousness or stupidity. But in India the Brahmans, who teach life to be a delusion and activity a snare, are, through their superiority of caste, heirs to by far the greatest share of those earthly pleasures which they pronounce unreal. The falseness of their position has apparently never struck them, and their simplicity, born of too great sensuality, has fitted them to the rôle of Vidushaka, or priestly jester. In a life where nothing is real, he who is most deceived by the illusion is the greatest fool. This is the lesson taught by the pious clown of the Hindu theatre. In one country Lilliputians laughed at a captured Gulliver; in the other it was the giant who was amused by the pigmies. Both these countries have had additional buffoons or mountebanks, not unlike the jugglers and tumblers still to be seen at our country fairs. In Greece the Magodos was a great favorite with the people. He did not belong to the regular theatre, though his performances, as Aristoxenus said, were like comedy. He traveled alone up and

down the land, capering like a Satyr and joking like a Momus, and was most glorious during the Lenæan festival, when, seated on a wagon, "he sang low songs to drums and cymbals loud, and jested with the idle passers-by." In India the Bhanrs, who correspond to the Magodi, are even to-day popular jesters. Then there is another buffoon, who appears only in the pantomimes, or Gattras, the Hindu "Mysteries" which illustrate the adventures of Krishna. Among the Bengalese, during these representations, two characters, called respectively Narada and Vasyadeva, go through a series of tricks interspersed with songs and dances, very much in the manner of some of our Western burlesque actors. In fact, Krishna himself is a very jovial jester, as befits the god of genial pleasure.

Latin comedy was derived from the Greek, and Plautus and Terence were direct imitators of Hellenic comedians. But Italy had her own jesters. The Romans borrowed the famous Atellanæ Fabulæ from the Oscans, the aboriginal inhabitants of Italy. They were rude, improvised dialogues, with no object but burlesquing and lively satire of popular vices and follies. Born before Roman civilization, they have survived to our times. Even their gestures, which form a very copious sign language, appearing on thousands of Etrusco-Greek vases, are all preserved at the present day in Naples, as is shown by the canon Andrea de Joris.¹ One might almost rewrite their farces from these hand hieroglyphs. Maccus, Bucco, and Pappus were the most famous, and their antics and jests were always welcomed as a cheerful relief, after the gloom attendant upon the performance of a tragedy. Their costumes answered the purpose of the Prologue in Bottom's play of Pyramus and Thisbe, since they announced

¹ In *La Mimica degli Antichi investigata nel Gestire Napoletano*, Naples, 1832. For a reproduction in English of all that is important in this work, with much additional matter of inter-

the part each was to enact. These jesters were at once recognized by the audience, just as Punch and Harlequin are to-day: the one by his large nose and hump; the other, by his party-colored dress, his wand, and his mask. Maccus was always the hero, though all were equally buffoons. He was insolent, vulgar, and witty, with a little of the comic ferocity of his successor, Pulcinello. He was represented with bald head, enormous ears, and nose of the Jewish type, and was doubly hump-backed. His ugliness was keenly enjoyed by a race of warriors like the Romans, who necessarily prided themselves upon straight limbs and fine physiques. He wore a tunic and slippers, and at each corner of his mouth were small silver coins. His malicious nature, gross as his face, led him into adventures in which he was not always successful. Bucco was a glutton, boaster, and bare-faced liar, who would have cheerfully committed any felony or folly for the sake of a good supper. Pappus was a jealous, avaricious old man, defiant and credulous. He was the original, probably, of Tartaglia and Pantaleone. Besides these, there were Dossemus, a pompous pedant, like the later Italian Dottoce; Manducus, a frightful ogre, who opened his mouth and showed all his teeth, as if he would like nothing better than to swallow the whole world; and Lamia, an ogress, whose pleasant duty was to devour little children. Some archæologists have disputed as to the origin of Maccus. They argue, from the Jewish cast of features in those representations of him which have been preserved, that the Hebrews had carried into their Egyptian captivity little puppets or dolls, which were their children's playthings, and which their captors appropriated. From Egypt these could easily have passed into Greece or Italy, and this possibly was the case. There were

est, vide *Sign Language among North American Indians*, by Lieutenant-Colonel Garriek Mallery, U. S. A., Washington, 1881.

one or two points of resemblance between the Egyptian and the Greek and Roman buffoons. The fox's tail was one of their most characteristic emblems, as indeed it was of jesters throughout the East. Reynard had early become a type of cunning, and he entered largely into ancient symbolization. His tail was the insignia of jesting; and to this day the licentious buffoons who accompany the Ghawazi into Egypt either carry in their hands or fasten to their nether garments this badge of the profession. The Mimes and Sannios of Rome, who could be hired to contribute entertainment at public festivals or at private banquets, must be mentioned in any account of histrionic clowns. From the former descended the jesters, who, during the early ages of Christianity, penetrated into almost every European country, and kept alive the old buffooneries, until these were again given a place in the drama; while the latter is the original of Harlequin, who in some parts of Italy, as in England, is still known as Zani. The Sannio wore a particularly grotesque mask, the mouth of which was not unlike that of the gargoyles on mediæval cathedrals. He carried the wand, without which the ancient jester would have been as incomplete as a bishop without his crosier.

"The people will amuse themselves," D'Israeli says, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, "though their masters may be conquered; and tradition has never proved more faithful than in preserving popular sports." Even after the new civilization had destroyed the pagan theatre, and while the new drama was not yet formed, the Atellani continued their performances and retained their popularity, and the merryman was everywhere a welcome guest. For though people lived in daily expectation of the end of the world, and religion taught that all earthly pleasures were evils, men could not subdue their desire for laughter. In addition to the fool, who,

during the Dark Ages and early mediæval period, occupied such an important post in royal courts, in papal and episcopal palaces, and in squires' halls, there were the wandering jongleurs and minstrels, who united to their song-singing and harp-playing the duties of jugglers and buffoons. At court festivities and at the country fairs, then the great occasions for merry-making, they performed in pantomimes, and often improvised comic dialogues. The church and her clergy inveighed against them, but monks and nuns, even the professors of asceticism, received them with open arms. So great was the monastic attachment to these emissaries of Satan that the brethren of an English convent once thrust from their gates two poor mendicant friars, who at first sight had been mistaken for minstrel mountebanks. Indeed, it was to wean the affection of the people from such worldly entertainments that the Mysteries were made ludicrously lively. This end was so successfully attained that markets and mysteries became terms for pleasure, and the same amount of amusement was derived from *Playes of Miracles and Marriages*.

In the Mysteries we have the beginning of the modern drama, and in them Satan, a queer combination of Ahriman, Loki, and Pan, as jester outrivaled the buffoons of market fairs. The jolly horned and cloven-footed satyr-demon, who grinned from gray cathedral walls and jested in legend and romance, became the Merry-Andrew of the stage. The German proverb, *Der Teufel ist Gott's Affe* (the devil is God's ape), was thus verified. Just as the Hindu loves to ridicule the Brahman, who is his master, so the European, in the ages of faith, amused himself at the expense of Satan, his greatest enemy. Jean Paul has said that it is only when men firmly believe in their religion that they can ridicule it. It was when Satan was most feared that he was most travestied

and caricatured. A queer proof of this lies in the fact that to-day, while the comic demon is omitted from the Passion Play at Oberammergau, he is still retained in the same representation in Spain, which is the most truly devout of all Catholic countries. The devil, as jester, was so popular that sometimes, as in a German Mystery of the fifteenth century, eight were introduced into one performance. Hans Sachs, in his sacred plays, still retained him as chief jester. There is a bill of a painter, who was employed at the playhouse in the Dutch town of Alkmaar, which testifies to the importance of this character:—

Imprimis, made for the clerks a hell.

Item, the pavilion of Satan.

Item, two pairs of devil's breeches.

Item, a shield for the Christian knight.

Item, have painted the devils whenever they played.

Item, some arrows and other small matters.

Even after the clown took his place on the English stage, there seem to have been regrets for the old favorite. Ben Jonson, who gives such life-like pictures of the people and customs of his times, makes one of his characters exclaim, "My husband, Timothy Tattle, — God rest his poor soul! — was wont to say, there was no play without a fool and a devil in 't; he was for the devil still, God bless him! The devil for his money, would he say. I would fain see the devil." The thrashing of one demon by another was considered irresistibly laughable. Gross ribaldry was often introduced into the rôle, and scurrilous indecencies were indulged in, even in connection with the Crucifixion. The mere mention of sin or the flames of hell made the demon-jesters "readie to burste with laughter." In an English Mystery, a devil tells us the *ne plus ultra* of a joke, that

"Soules cam so thyk now late unto helle,
As ever

Our porter at Helle gate

So halden [held] so strate [strict],
Up erly and downe late,
He rystys [rests] never."

Occasionally, some other character was introduced as buffoon, as, for example, the jester of King Herod's court, in the Massacre of the Innocents; but the devil was always the favorite.

In the Moralities his part fell to Vice, who carried a wooden sword instead of a wand, and who, says Ben Jonson,

"in the fit

Of mimicry gets th' opinion of a wit."

In the oldest Moralities Satan still appeared, and was teased and badgered by evil, as it was only just he should be, after his long reign as chief tormentor and distributor of blows. This was probably the origin of Punch, in the puppet show, making off with the devil. The custom of associating jollity and laughter with Satan led to extraordinary results. Misery and sin were joined in a grotesque, but to us repulsive, fellowship with mirth, and finally even death was allied with folly. It was as if rank poisons and healthy fruits, growing side by side, had become so intertwined as to be inseparable. In dances, satires, and pictures, Death, as the symbol of drollery, was a favorite jest or jester. Men and women in skeleton masks danced in the very graveyards, while their painted and embroidered representations adorned the walls of churches and castles. This famous *Danse Macabre* culminated in Holbein's Dance of Death, which is an expressive witness of the unnatural extremes to which morbid fancies, under the cloak of religion, can be carried.

Mysteries and Moralities gradually degenerated into coarse burlesques of Scripture. Under the influence of the Reformation and the Renaissance, the people pronounced them stupid and in bad taste, and the clergy condemned them as immoral and irreverent. Thus attacked on all sides, they and their devil and death buffoons perished before the advance of the new culture. With

the modern revival of the drama usage at first required a merryman of the stage. The mediæval spirit of grotesque and child-like mirth grew doubly strong immediately before its disappearance. In proportion as the public became more refined the folly of professional jesters seemed to grow coarser, and the pleasure of the people in it greater. In England the clown continued to be so popular that he was the principal personage in every sport and amusement. It was the fashion, among all who could pay for it, to keep a private jester, who, says Lodge, in his *Wit's Miserie*, "laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, outskips men's heads, trips up his companion's heeles, burns sack with a candle and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the countree." So it followed that liveliness, superior or at least equal to that he had at home, should be required at seasons and places of public merry-making. No court pageant was complete without a clown. He danced in the morris, capered around the Maypole, played in the pantomime of country fairs, and every great holiday was the signal for him to don the motley coat. "There's nothing in a play like to a clown," was the then prevailing opinion. In France, the *Enfants Sans Soucis*, with their *sottises*, drove the *Confrérie de la Passion* and the *Clercs de Bezoche* from the dramatic boards. Tabarin, with wit of coarseness far beyond that of Rabelais, collected crowds around the stand of the charlatan Monor, the seller of a wonderful balm, while the theatres were deserted. "All amusement has disappeared since Tabarin departed from us," the Parisians declared, when this *farceur*, to whom Molière is said to have owed many of his best points, left the city.¹ Cardinal Richelieu laughed immoderate-

ly over a farce played by Gros-Guillaume, Gautier-Garguille, and Turlupin, in which the first named, a very Daniel Lambert in size, was dressed up like an old woman. His eminence was so pleased with the talents of these three friends that he enrolled them with the regular comedians of the theatre. Actors and audiences have never given themselves up to such intemperate railery and such foul jokes as they did at the Hôtel Bourgogne, in Paris, at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It was not only natural, but imperative, that a character so keenly appreciated by all classes as the buffoon should be assigned a place in the new drama. In Spain, the rôle fell upon the *Gracioso*, a facetious and familiar servant. It was his special function to swear in a manner that would have satisfied Panurge, in his wrath against Tronillogan; and the drollery of his oaths was increased for the devout Spaniard by the fact that every saint in the calendar, as well as many out of it, was called upon. In England, the jester appeared in tragedy as well as in comedy, and the part was given to a professional fool or to a clownish servant. But already in Shakespeare's time we find the privileges of this character, which at first had "as large a charter as the wind," more and more restricted. "Let those that play your clowns," Hamlet says to the play-actors, "speak no more than is set down for them," — which shows that the license originally allowed them was fast losing favor. The giving and taking of blows, and the ridiculous situations, which had constituted much of the fun of the clowns and droll servants in his early plays, were later exchanged for more refined and purer wit. There is a great contrast between the humor of the two Dromios, or of Launce and Speed, and that of Touchstone, or the fool in *King Lear*. In Germany, the buffoon, though retained in the scriptural dramas which

¹ Vide *Les Œuvres de Tabarin et Autres Pièces Tabarinique*. Préface et Notes par Georges de Hermonville. Paris. 1858.

succeeded the Mysteries, was not always countenanced. As early as 1585, Duke Albert, of Prussia, forbade by decree the appearance of "stage devils, fools, and other abominable masks," in these performances. In France, tragedy and comedy were separated by a line as distinct as that which divided the aristocracy from the *bourgeois*, and the presence of a jester was permissible only in the latter. Molière, in the Italian style which had become fashionable, relied for success upon the conventional situations in which ridiculous valets, pedants, and braggarts were placed. But even he and his admirers recognized that witty dialogue and keen, satirical humor are truer elements of genuine comedy than burlesque parody. People have not yet ceased to laugh at absurd costumes, monstrous masks, and grotesque posturings, but the laws of modern taste require that these should not be presented on the legitimate stage. The sphere of the real merryman or clown has long been limited to farces, in which all his surroundings are as ridiculous as himself, to pantomimes, and to puppet shows.

Italy was the cradle land of the modern species of jester, quite as truly as she was the home of the papacy. In that country, the old Sannio, or Zany, and the Mimes, who had survived as favorite carnival characters, were, in the fourteenth century, introduced on the comic stage. Like the legendary dragon, which, when one of its heads is cut off, can produce seven to replace it, each buffoon, when restored to something like his old dignity, reappeared with fresh energy in several new varieties. It was a sign of awakening interest in this world and in human life that men who had been wont to laugh their heartiest at the expense of the other world and the things of religion began to hold up for derision the faults and shortcomings of their fellow-beings. The name of the Italian jesters is legion. Their

masks and costumes, immortalized by the etchings of Callot, were in themselves ridiculous, and the fun peculiar to each was so well known to the spectator that

"The very peeping out of one of them would
have
Made a young man laugh though his father lay
a-dying."

The dialogue was so subordinate to appearance and droll situations that it was often left to the improvisation of the actors. The Italians, with their strong dramatic instinct and powers of improvising, usually made it sprightly enough; but witty conversation never was the important factor it is in real comedy. It would be impossible to enumerate all these buffoons, since each Italian city has had its special types, differing from the others in titles and attributes. But there are a few who have been made specially prominent because the follies they typified were world-wide, and not peculiar to certain cities or provinces. Thus, there was the Dottore, first created to ridicule the doctors of Bologna, but who in main characteristics is brother to all quacks. He always carried a volume of Aristotle in his hand, and from it read passages, which, serious in their actual signification, became farcical through his interpretation. He interspersed his conversation with quotations, delivered in a manner worthy of a Mrs. Malaprop, and was profuse in Latin and Greek phrases of startling construction. Every theatre has had its Capitano Spavento, or Bobadil. On the Italian comic stage it was the Capitano, who, in anticipation of danger, could not be stopped by "a river of blood," but who, when the reality came, turned and fled at the first attack with a garden-squirt. "We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have," says the wise Rochefoucauld, "as by those we affect to have." The absurdity of the Capitano's cowardice was forgotten in the exquisite drollery of his vaunted bravery.

In words he was a Hotspur; in action, a Bob Acres. All the names given to him were indicative of his poltroonery. He was known as Spavento, "horridly frightful;" Spezza-fer, "shiver-spear;" and Spavento de Val Inferno, "terror from the infernal regions." Later, when the Spaniards were in Italy, his titles were Sangre e fuego, "blood and fire," and Matamoro, "Moor-killer." Though the French had their own Capitano in Molière's Sganarelle, who armed himself with a coat of mail, and then explained it to be a protection against possible rain, and who never attacked his enemy until the latter's back was turned, still the Italian jester was borrowed by them. He retained his old name, and was usually known as Le Capitaine Matamore, though this was sometimes changed to Le Capitaine Fracasse. Like the Spanish hero, he wore a large nose, which has been very generally made indicative of cowardice. Underneath his pictures these two lines are always found:—

"Tout m'aime ou tout me craint, soit en paix,
soit en guerre,
Je croquerais un prince aussi bien qu'un oignon."

(All love or fear me, in war and in peace, for I would crunch a prince as readily as an onion.)

Tartaglia and Pantaleone were two foolish old dotards, who had not learnt the art of growing old gracefully. The former, who was always represented as very large and fat, was a Neapolitan creation. His peculiarity was an inability to express his ideas in words, which far exceeded that of the household dog or the young Briton, though the powerlessness of expression in these two has been declared to be the most pathetic on record. When speech was granted to Tartaglia, it came in a torrent of inane witticisms and vile jests, which he delivered with an air of great propriety and seriousness. The combination of senility, sensuality, stupidity, cowardice, and obscenity in one

rôle seems to have had a demoralizing effect on the actor. As a rule, Tartaglias off the stage have spent much of their time in prison, but no one has thought the worse of them on that account; the reality, bad as it may have been, being infinitely better than the acted part. There are growlings and grumbings to-day about unruly servants; if the Scapin and Scaramouch of the stage are faithful types, our maids and footmen are angels compared to those of earlier ages. To judge by the swarms of comic valets in the old theatres, the only attendants to be had in the good old days of chivalry and romance were, if clever, wicked, and if good so stupid that their goodness availed nothing. When a master was honest, his servants conspired against him; when the former was a rogue, the latter joined in league with him. Scapino, converted by the French into Scapin, was the most celebrated of the roguish crew, and usually waited upon the Dottore, who gave him plentiful opportunities for sly joking. He originally used the dialect of Bergamo, which at one time was proverbial for the number of cheats and knaves among its population. He was witty and cunning, and, if not absolutely a coward, thought discretion the better part of valor, and when in danger relied upon his legs for safety. Liar, pander, and thief, he was as fond of changing his master as his Irish successor is to-day, and his best beloved pastime was laying waste the hearts of susceptible *soubrettes*. Then there was Scaramouch, who, according to his own account, had been a nobleman, but was now reduced by cruel reverses of fortune to menial servitude. More unconscientious than Scapin, he also excelled him in cowardice. Fear paralyzed him, but, while trembling from head to foot, he would maintain a show of valor. "Who's afraid?" he would cry, when, crouching under chair or table, he tried to evade the blows of Pul-

cinello. "Away with the weak courage of the lamb, I say! Mine is the daring of the wolf!" It was in this character that Tiberio Fiorelli succeeded in making Louis XIII., gravest of all men, laugh. Poor, stupid Pierrot, with his occasional outbreaks of keen, wicked humor, and Brighella, stupidest of all stupid valets, intriguer, and pander, but as brave as the Capitano was cowardly, often disputed the honors with Scapin and Scaramouch. As if these characters were not droll enough, a regular clown was usually added to the *dramatis personæ*; and it was in filling this part that Salvator Rosa achieved a success of which he was almost as proud as of his fame as painter.

But among all the Italian jesters there are two who have always occupied the foremost rank in the affections of the people, and who have been so thoroughly domesticated all over Europe and America that they seem like natives in lands which have adopted them. Pulcinello and Harlequin are to their fellow-actors what Achilles and Ulysses were to the heroes of the Homeric epics. In Italy, the adventures of Pulcinello are not confined to the performances of puppets; the part is played by men quite as often as by marionettes. On the Neapolitan stage alone there are two: one, stupid and awkward, the victim of every one's mischief; the other, a cheat and a cunning fool, who indulges in practical jokes at the expense of his nearest and dearest associates. In proof of his popularity, D'Israeli tells the story of an Italian gentleman, a scholar and a man of refinement, who, when living in London, so missed the jokes of Pulcinello that at great trouble he had a company of puppets brought from Italy, for his own private delectation. And, adds D'Israeli, the sentiment awakened in him by the tin whistle, though of a different nature, was equal in intensity to the tenderness aroused in the Swiss patriot by the Ranz des

Vaches. To account for the English name Punch given to Pulcinello, some scholars contend that it is derived from the Indian-Romany word *panj*, — that is, five, — and that this buffoon was first brought to England by gypsies. Further confirmation of their theory might be found in the fact that this hero's costume is always red and yellow; and, as all versed in gypsy lore know,

"Blue and pink for the Gorgiee
But red and yellow for Romany."

Though Punch is never seen off the puppet stage except in Italy, he must be included in the list of modern jesters. In the old times puppets were as popular as living actors, and their *répertoire* was not as restricted as it is now. Legend hath it that it was from a puppet performance of Faust that Goethe first derived the idea of writing his play. Dr. Johnson saw no reason why marionettes should not perform Macbeth; and indeed Henry Rowe, better known as the "York Trumpeter," had his own version of that tragedy arranged for his troop of puppets. Punch at first appeared indiscriminately in any play, even in those of a scriptural character. One of his most famous jokes, at one time, was his remark to Noah, in the puppet version of the Flood, when the patriarch was safely housed in the ark: "Hazy weather, Master Noah!" The truth is, the plot has ever been of little account,

"Provided Punch — for there's the jest —
Be soundly mau'd and plague the rest."

Every one is familiar with the modern hero of the puppet stage, who beats his dog, kills Scaramouch, murders his child because it cries, slays poor faithful Judy, who commits the crime of asking for her offspring, hangs Jack Ketch, and, as a last stroke of diplomacy, puts an end to the devil himself, after which he sagely remarks he has nothing more to fear. He is gayly mischievous or stolidly brutal, according to the nationality and temperament of his showman.

A French paper, some years since, feelingly commented upon the great brutality of the English Punch, when compared with the more polished villainy of the French Polichinelle, or Guignol. The writer of the article concluded by declaring that the wickedness of the former could not possibly be represented in France, as it would make all the dear little French children faint in their nurses' arms! Of the comparative indecency of Guignol and Punch, who is, if murderous, at least "moral," he says nothing.

In Germany, Punch is often replaced by the national buffoon Hanswurst, or Jackpudding, to whom a part was given in the old popular dramatic version of Faust.

Harlequin has passed through a varied and checkered career. On his first appearance on the Italian stage, he was a greedy, stupid valet, always blundering and stumbling; but Goldoni converted him into a "child of nature," bright, witty, and jolly, and without the least vulgarity. In France, he lost his chief roguish characteristics, and figured as a moral wit; while in England, as Fielding says, the "gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more serious disposition." Christmas harlequinades are entirely an English invention, and in the present form are credited to Weaver, a dancing-master in Shrewsbury in the last century. They are a faint revival of the old court pageants, which were given during the holiday season. A hidden meaning has been discovered in these pantomimes, and the adventures of the actors therein have been carried back into the dim dawn of history, and connected with the rites of Egyptian, Cabiric, and Mithraic mystics. Harlequin is no less a personage than Hermes; Columbine is Psyche, the soul; and Pantaloon is Charon, who, shamefully neglecting his office as ferryman, engages the services of the

clown, or Momus, in the pursuit of Psyche. This may be, and perhaps, when looking on at a pantomime, we are unconsciously participating in Mysteries that were celebrated in caverns and shielded with secrecy. But if so, how the gods have

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from their high estate"!

In our degenerate days the clown, and not Harlequin, is the central figure of the pantomime. As the electric light outshines gas, so have his more sprightly charms overshadowed the magical powers of Harlequin and the grace of Columbine. The last survival of a "goodlie and merrie companie," he has combined in his one person almost all the traits of his predecessors. His costume is usually that of the old court fool; his whitened face is his inheritance from Gros-Guillaume, who was the first to use this substitute for a mask; his greediness is like that of the Hindu Vidushaka. As Pantaloon's servant, he bears some kinship to the Greek slave and French valet; and his "Here-we-are-again" is an echo of the "Hallee" with which the devil of the Mysteries greeted his audience. Just as it is impossible to tell wherein lies the charm of certain beauty, so it is difficult to define the humor of the pantomime clown. Mere skill as an acrobat or grimacer is not in itself sufficient. Above and beyond this there must be a *bonhomme*, a spice of Falstaffian good fellowship, which is as indispensable as it is indescribable. Grimaldi possessed this attraction to a wonderful extent. Once, owing to illness, he had been replaced at Sadlers Wells Theatre by a man named Bradbury, who was such an excellent gymnast that Grimaldi feared his own popularity had been destroyed. The first night he acted, after his recovery, he and Bradbury were to appear in alternate scenes. The latter began the performance; but when he attempted to continue the part, after Grimaldi

had been on the stage, the people hissed him off, and would have nothing more to do with him, though it was his benefit night. Grimaldi could not compete with him as a leaper or jumper, but he had that nameless charm which brought him at once *en rapport* with his audience.

In the circus, the clown divides the honors with the crowds of Amazons, wild riders of the prairies, giants, dwarfs, and all the great natural and artificial wonders. He is always in the ring; he tumbles and talks, jests and jumps, laughs and leaps. His gymnastic feats are subordinate to his "gift of the gab." Like Athenæus, he prepares a "delicious feast of words." Some poets have lived solely through the merits of one poem, and many clowns become famous from one very poor joke. There was one American favorite who was popular for years, owing to an absurd story of an experiment to convert pancakes into bed-coverings; the experiment failing because, when he awoke, shivering, it was always to find that he had eaten his counterpane. Another made his reputation simply by joking in Pennsylvania "Dutch."

The clown as assistant of the itinerant doctor or merchant is not a new creation. He was in existence among the Greeks. A satirical picture on an old Greek vase represents Apollo carrying on a brisk business as a quack mountebank. He was known in the times of Charlemagne, and, as we have seen, it was in this character that Tabarin distinguished himself. To-day, in the East, especially in Japan, it is com-

mon for street venders to entice patrons to their stalls by the tumblings of acrobats and the jokes of jesters. The quack, or the "fakir," in America sets up his stand in the busiest part of the town, as his prototype did, long ago, in the sunlit streets of Athens. The clown lolls by his side, making hideous faces and playing inane tricks, whereby he attracts idlers and pleasure-seekers. Like the chorus in Greek tragedies, he gives his explanation and opinions of the words and actions of the principal actor. His remarks are usually delivered *sotto voce*, and accompanied by a feint of suffocated and uncontrollable mirth. His volubility is most astonishing. He out-Herods Herod, while the ease with which his partner can keep up a steady flow of conversation about nothing has no parallel in history, save perhaps in the Goliards of the Middle Ages.

There is, it is true, no buffoon in the legitimate drama of the present day, but this, unfortunately, may not imply purer and more refined dramatic taste in the public. Among the most popular and paying performances now are spectacular pieces and burlesques, the actors in which compare rather unfavorably with the clowns of the Elizabethan age. The latter were often coarse enough, but their fun was that of exuberant animal spirits, whereas that of their modern successors is too often the outcome of vulgarity. Theatre-goers in our age, however, can sit through a comedy or tragedy unenlivened by the presence of a clown, and this would have been an impossibility in the old times.

Elizabeth Robins.

RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

To call the volumes in the series of American Men of Letters biographies is merely to avoid a more refined description. So far as they fulfill the avowed purpose of the series they are not biographies, but critical studies based upon biographic and historic material. The lives of literary men resolve themselves so easily into this class of literature that one may easily think the distinction a forced one; yet it is true that the life of no man, whether of action or of letters, can fairly be read until we can reach some middle ground of judgment, which is made up of both exterior and interior views. We need to see the man as the world in which he lived saw him, and we need also to see him from the nearer cover of his home, and if possible to look upon the world from his side.

Mr. Lounsbury, in his study of Cooper,¹ started under the disadvantage of having no access to the private Cooper. The filial obedience of his children to their father's wish has kept the shutters up in the great novelist's house, and Mr. Lounsbury had no opportunity of knowing the man beyond what any student of literature and character might have. He has used this common opportunity, however, as no one else has used it, and by his diligence and critical acumen has really rescued the personality of Cooper from oblivion. It cannot, indeed, be said that Cooper's best known novels excite a strong desire to become acquainted with the author. This is, in part, because the time when one reads them most enthusiastically is not the time of personal curiosity; but the chief reason is in the nature of the works themselves, which create an interest in

the object, not the subject. If there was an original of Leatherstocking, one would be zealous in his effort to get at him; but the creator of Leatherstocking has kept himself detached from the character.

We may take it almost as a piece of good fortune for Cooper that he has been compelled to wait for Mr. Lounsbury, and the generation which will first read Mr. Lounsbury's book. Of all men, Cooper demands the judgment of a scientific mind, and that Mr. Lounsbury has; while the temper of the reading public is favorable to a just, impartial measure of a writer who holds a conventional eminence in the annals of American literature. More than this, Cooper's fervid, almost apoplectic patriotism stands a far better chance of generous appreciation now than it did when he was alive, because the criticism which his patriotic nature vented upon his country can be regarded in a historic, and not a personal, view.

At all events, Mr. Lounsbury has given us in detail the grounds for a clear understanding of Cooper's nature, as it was revealed in writing, speech, and action to the public. We repeat that the understanding would probably have been corrected, had the material been possible for a disclosure of his family life; but the very scrupulousness with which Cooper secluded this forms a silent but powerful witness to the strength of his affection and the integrity of his character in the innermost relations. It is every way probable that Cooper's injunction, forbidding his family to authorize any life of him, grew out of his sense of the sanctity of the person, reinforced by his experience of the coarseness and vulgar insolence of many of his contemporaries. They stopped short of nothing in their slander, and he

¹ *James Fenimore Cooper*. By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY. [American Men of Letters.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

who had been fighting them bitterly in life would give them no advantage by his death.

The circumstances of Cooper's life which resulted from his literary occupation have afforded Mr. Lounsbury the largest field for his biographic activity, because they called for the most diligence in a historical student. Thus the purely literary history and the literary criticism are somewhat slight, and we are a little disappointed that Mr. Lounsbury should have contented himself with a few generalizations, all the more that these frequently afford acute comments on Cooper's genius. As a quiet illustration of Cooper's weaknesses, the following passage is singularly happy: "Cooper, indeed, exemplified in his literary career a story he was in the habit of telling of one of his early adventures. While in the navy he was traveling in the wilderness bordering upon the Ontario. The party to which he belonged came upon an inn, where they were not expected. The landlord was totally unprepared, and met them with a sorrowful countenance. There was, he assured them, absolutely nothing in his house that was fit to eat. When asked what he had that was not fit to eat, he could only say, in reply, that he could furnish them with venison, pheasant, wild duck, and some fresh fish. To the astonished question of what better he supposed they could wish, the landlord meekly replied that he thought they might have wanted some salt pork. The story was truer of Cooper himself than of his innkeeper. Nature he could depict, and the wild life led in it, so that all men stood ready and eager to gaze on the pictures he drew. He chose too often to inflict upon them, instead of it, the most commonplace of moralizing, the stalest disquisitions upon manners and customs, and the driest discussions of politics and theology."

Thus, again, he gives an insight into Cooper's method when he says of him,

"He had a full artistic appreciation of the impressiveness of the unknown. For in stories of this kind [sea-tales] the vagueness of the reader's knowledge adds to the effect upon his mind, because, while he sees that mighty agencies are at work in perilous situations, his very ignorance of their exact nature deepens the feeling of awe they are of themselves calculated to produce." We wish that here, or in the admirable summary in the last chapter, Mr. Lounsbury had made more of that essential attribute of Cooper's power which consists in the dominance of the great forces of nature, — the sea, the storm, the woods, the prairie. It was the expression of this power in literature which made Cooper justly great, and rendered his petty slips in English ineffectual to turn men's attention away from his work.

In connection with this, there was opportunity for an interesting study of the causes of Cooper's popularity in Europe, and, by comparison with Irving, a criticism upon the impact of America upon European life and thought. There is a distinct reference to Cooper, we are sure, in such work as that of Châteaubriand and his school, and the philosophic succession is in the relation subsisting between Walt Whitman and the English poets of the day. The contrast between an overwrought civilization and a savagery which has physical freedom is one which has more than once left its impress upon literature.

It is, however, as we have said, upon the circumstances of Cooper's literary life that Mr. Lounsbury has expended his greatest care; and these circumstances were of such unceasing warfare that we are really obliged to the industrious student for leading us safely through the recital of the separate conflicts. The humorous side of the fight is recognized by Mr. Lounsbury, and thus we are saved from the dreariness which might otherwise have been our fate. These wrangles, though starting

often from petty occasions, frequently involved interesting questions of manners and politics, and by means of the narrative one gets a novel glimpse of society in America, when it was in its most crude and formative condition. The conflict between Cooper's democratic principles and his aristocratic tastes is extremely interesting, and the battle of frogs and mice which we are invited to witness is much more than a burlesque upon a greater Iliad. The reader rises from Mr. Lounsbury's book with an admiration for Cooper and an interest which lead him to regret strongly that the opportunity for an intimate acquaintance cannot be granted. The book, indeed, excites a stronger desire to know Cooper familiarly than do the novels themselves. In the absence of this familiar knowledge, we have, at any rate, the outlines of a most interesting character, and the clue to an important literary study.

To pass from Cooper to Ole Bull is to change all the circumstances of life, and yet to keep some of the common phases of character. The literary artist in the one case, the musical artist in the other, possessed an individuality in which a stout self-assertion was a very positive element. Even on the artistic side a nice comparison might be made; for Cooper was scarcely more the interpreter, through literature, of a large, forceful nature than was Ole Bull, with his violin, a singer of the wild, rushing, and impending nature of Norway. Each was a passionate patriot, though the conditions of the two countries rendered the forms which the patriotism assumed somewhat divergent. In a subtle yet entirely frank way, the great Norwegian musician is made, in the volume devoted to his memory,¹ to appeal to the reader, not simply through his musical genius, but through his generous Norse spirit, which was identified in a striking

manner with the hopes and purposes of modern Norway. To the American, the figure of Ole Bull was that of an improvisatore, who appeared suddenly and unexpectedly in this city or that, and kept great audiences under a magic spell. A poetic haze surrounded him, which was deepened and colored by the popular identification of him with the "rapt musician" of Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. How many recognized at once the picture which the poet drew! —

"And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen, till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought, —
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
And lulled it into peace again."

Never was there seen here so poetic a figure, and the public were entirely indifferent to the criticisms with which Ole Bull was assailed by members of the musical profession. The charm of his presence, and of what seemed his improvisation, was acknowledged and obeyed.

It is much, therefore, that this charm returns through the paler medium of a book, and that there is added a new presentation in the vigorous, enthusiastic Norse patriot. There is a certain thinness about the life of a musician who is only or chiefly an artist, but the warm current of national feeling which pervades this history gives a robustness to the figure of the great artist. Indeed, this Norwegian spirit appears to have possessed the writer of the book; and she has so completely effaced herself in her labor that there is even an accent, so to speak, in the style of the memoir, and the reader half suspects that he is reading a translation from the Norwegian. We have rarely seen a biography so wholly reflective of the subject, and in the entire subordination of herself

¹ *Ole Bull: A Memoir*. By SARA C. BULL. With Ole Bull's Violin Notes, and Dr. A. B. Cros-

by's Anatomy of the Violinist. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

Mrs. Bull has achieved the highest results. Greater praise we cannot give than to say that the writer never once makes us think of her; but when the book is ended we wish to turn and thank her warmly.

The *naïveté* which we are so apt to find in any native expression of Northern life characterizes this book, and the reader is admitted to the most delightful knowledge of Ole Bull's childhood, with its instinctive musical tone, to his struggling youth, and to his generous manhood. The anecdotes, which follow one another with a careless grace, are felicitous interpreters of the life; and by examples, rather than by cold analysis, Mrs. Bull permits us to get glimpses of her husband's nature. The accumulation of these illustrations leaves at length a fairly complete picture of the man; and this method is especially suited to display the character of a person so unique as Ole Bull, — a man who refuses to be classified, but maintains a singular integrity. There is only one omission which we note: if more could have been said of Ole Bull's disastrous attempt at establishing a Norwegian colony in America, the story would have had a special interest for American readers.

As it is, the book will be especially welcome here, because the musician, who was an ardent Norseman, and yet by his art and career a citizen of the world, may almost be said to have taken out his naturalization papers in this country. In spite of the disagreeable encounters which he had with individual Americans, and of the experience which he had with the country when it was in the uncouth condition which maddened Cooper, he had a poet's vision of America, and saw here the unbounded opportunities for the realization of dreams which he had for his little Norway. The hearty faith which he had in America was repaid by the genuine admiration which Americans showed for him,

and this delightful memoir, which does so much because it attempts so little, will help to keep his memory green.

It chanced that the same season brings us the life of another European,¹ who became even more identified with American life than Ole Bull. Francis Lieber was born in 1800, and was a boy soldier in a Prussian regiment at the battle of Waterloo, where he was severely wounded. He went afterward with some young German enthusiasts to fight the battles of Greece, but was thoroughly disenchanted, and, making his way back to Rome, had the good fortune to fall into the hands of Niebuhr, who received him into his house as tutor to his son Marcus. He returned to Berlin, but met with so much tyrannical treatment at the hands of his government, which seemed determined to regard him with suspicion, and even to deny him the education and service which were to make him a worthy citizen, that he broke away in despair from his country, and sought refuge in England. There he led a precarious life as teacher, but made a great gain in the person of his faithful wife, and after a brief stay turned his face to these shores. He opened a swimming-school in Boston; but quickly becoming known to the best men, he received aid and encouragement which led to an engagement as translator and editor in charge of the *Encyclopædia Americana*. This work and other literary enterprises gave him substantial reputation, and he was invited to the chair of history and political economy in the University of South Carolina. He went to South Carolina in 1835, and in spite of the uncongeniality of his surroundings — for Dr. Lieber was a man who hungered for large intellectual intercourse with men — he remained there more than twenty years. He hated slavery with a philosophical

¹ *The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber*. Edited by THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. With Portrait. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

hatred, and his professional teaching was in direct opposition to the institution: but he was a German, and thus less obnoxious than a Northern citizen would have been who should have held the same views; and he was a large man, of genial nature, who attached his pupils and associates to himself. He was, besides, recognized as an eminent man, and policy as well as personal regard forbade open hostility toward him.

He was always an exile there, however, in his own mind, and he breathed more freely and naturally when he left South Carolina, in 1857, and accepted a similar position in connection with Columbia College. He now made his residence in New York, where he remained until his death, in 1872. His life in the South, so difficult to interpret fully, brought a terrible affliction upon him; for his eldest son died in the service of the Confederacy, a name which stood for a serious offense against history in the father's eyes. His younger sons served in the Union army, and he himself lent his pen and counsel vigorously to the same cause.

This life, so varied and romantic, is told in the letters, which form, almost exclusively, the contents of the volume of life and letters. Mr. Perry's work has been to select from a large and most interesting correspondence such passages as would tell Dr. Lieber's fortunes and convey a clear idea of his political principles. In this he has succeeded; for, whatever material he may have been forced to omit, that which remains is abundantly illustrative of a great man, not only in his public aspect, but in many of the more private relations of life. In the earlier part of the work Mr. Perry has supplied context for the letters, and out of the full store of his own information has put the reader into clearer possession of the facts requisite for an intelligent apprehension of Lieber's youth. We regret that he has not continued this excellent course throughout the vol-

ume. While the letters largely interpret themselves, the reader has a right to the director statement of a biographer. He is left too often to guess at matters which a few words from Mr. Perry would have made intelligible. What was the mission to Europe, of which he writes in his diary, September 19, 1834? What is the "inclosed" to which he refers in a letter to Hillard, October 4, 1854, as filling him with bitterness of heart and a sense of utter helplessness? Was there nothing to be said regarding the temporary estrangement from Sumner except what Dr. Lieber himself reports? What was the vote of which Sumner wrote him in 1864? Lieber appears to have held some post in connection with the archive office of the war department. Exactly what was it, and what was the nature of his work? Did the bill, prepared by Lieber at General Garfield's instance, to establish a record of naturalization, become a law? These and other questions are raised by the book, and ought to have been answered in their places by Mr. Perry.

In spite of this defect, the narrative of Lieber's life is so graphically related by the letters that we are grateful to the editor for withholding any formal biography. It was a scholar who underwent the varied experience recorded in the book, and the strange union of activity and thought renders Lieber's life exceptional among the lives of scholars. Above all, the generous proportions of the man rise before the reader. There was something so Continental in his political speculations that they have a fascination for the student. He carried two countries in his head and his heart; for America and Germany found ample room in his affections and interest. The great lines on which his thought moved made him a welcome companion for statesmen and publicists, while the predominant ethical cast of his mind rendered his counsel especially valuable. There was, besides, so practical a use of

his principles that they did not discharge themselves in mere intellectual vapor, but were constantly employed in settling questions of expediency.

The letters which fill the volume are addressed to persons who in the main were in public life, and they are rich in illustration of our history. It gives one a curious sense of the simplicity of our early national life to find President Adams visiting Dr. Lieber's swimming-school, and taking a header; and one comes almost to know Lieber's correspondents through his letters to them. The absence of mere tattle and the presence of personal references of a higher order make the volume one in which the reader will find entertainment without the loss of his own self-respect. He is not obliged, as some one has said, to shut the doors of his room when he reads it. He will get a little glimpse also of Dr. Lieber's own generous weaknesses, and come to look with an amused feeling for the unfailing pamphlet which Dr. Lieber wrote a definite number of

years ago, whenever any public question arises.

It is more to the purpose that the reader will find in these animated letters a fragmentary yet forcible presentation of those great political principles which were elaborated in Dr. Lieber's writings, especially his *Political Ethics and Civil Liberty*; and many, doubtless, will lay aside this work with a resolution to attack the somewhat formidable volumes, which represent high thoughts of the greatest value. Much that Dr. Lieber wrote has become inwrought in the political writings of other men, and his ideas are found in current speculations; his correspondence served to make these ideas known, and he was the teacher of thousands of young men. That these ideas should be studied in the very form in which they were cast is desirable; but after all, even though the volumes may stand unopened, the life of Dr. Lieber has entered American history, and this volume will preserve the record for a grateful people.

LAW AND LAWYERS IN LITERATURE.

A NOVEL or a play without a lawyer in it is rare and unconventional. Wills have to be made, criminals to be tracked, and family secrets to be ferreted out or locked up in the incommunicable bosom of the legal adviser. Somewhere or other in its development the literary worker finds a fillip for his story, if not a basis for all of it, in the tangles and mysteries of jurisprudence. Many resources of both scenery and character are opened to him by the law; but not content with the legitimate advantages which it affords, the unscrupulous *littérateur* twists and tortures it to suit his purpose, without regard for its letter or its spirit. When necessary, indeed, he

creates a judicial system entirely and peculiarly his own, and under it adjudicates for his litigious puppets with a license which reflects less credit on his knowledge than on the ingenuity of his imagination.

This is one of the aspects of literature in its relation with law which Mr. Irving Browne writes of in his recent volume,¹ and he shows that it is not the minor novelists alone who err. Some of the greater authors are as absurdly inaccurate as those of little note and the reckless young ones, who take a cavalry dash at all things, and are not in the

¹ *Law and Lawyers in Literature.* By IRVING BROWNE. Boston: Soule and Bugbee. 1882.

least shy of the wildest improbabilities. Trollope, Reade, Lever, Fenimore Cooper, Samuel Warren, and the late Lord Lytton are among the offenders whom Mr. Browne quotes, though it is known that the author of *The Caxtons*, on one occasion at least, took the precaution, which may be commended to all story-writers, of submitting his hypothetical case to counsel. The law has many pitfalls, indeed, for those who attempt to explore its mazes without some professional knowledge of them; and when the author involves his characters in a lawsuit, he usually involves himself in a variety of grotesque errors. Mr. Browne singles out for exception a story by Mr. P. Deming, published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1882, of which he flatteringly says, "I have never read anything more correctly realistic." But the law of most story-writers is little different from the comical judges and juries of Mr. Gilbert's travesties.

Mr. Browne's book is not exclusively devoted to the legal solecisms of careless writers of fiction, however. It embraces extracts from the chief dramatists, historians, essayists, and moralists who have written or spoken about law and lawyers. It contains extracts from Juvenal, Aristophanes and Ammianus Marcellinus, Wycherley and Emerson, Napoleon Bonaparte, Miss Edgeworth, and Cruikshank's *Comic Almanacks*. "The law and the lawyer," says the compiler, "have oftener been the subject of animadversion and ridicule on the stage than any other class and profession. . . . Perhaps the playwrights, themselves originally ostracized, desired to bring down a powerful class to their own level. . . . The vulgar playwright, supplemented by a vulgar actor, never fails to bring down the house by caricaturing an attorney. We will not waste our time over him, but will review the more respectable dramatists, and their method of portraying our subject."

Mr. Browne takes the slurs which

have been cast upon his profession very much to heart, and in a triumphant manner he remarks that, in proportion to the carelessness and indifference, or the hostility and envy, with which learned men are regarded when they are not wanted, are the slavishness of the dependence and the implicitness of the trust which are shown when their services are necessary. "And so, when a man wants a contract or a will drawn, or to sue, or to defend a suit, or to get rid of his wife, or to prevent his wife from getting rid of him, or to rescue his own estate, or to capture somebody else's, he retains legal counsel, and forgets all about his long speeches and long bills, his wig and his gown and his green bag, his willingness to serve the first paying comer, and his zeal, which, like the affliction of the hired mourner in the East, is at the service of his client, without much regard to his deserts." So, too, the clergyman who has been called a hypocrite, and the physician who has been called a murderer, are hurriedly summoned and respectfully listened to the moment that sickness and death threaten.

But though Mr. Browne ignores "the second-rate novelist" and "the vulgar playwright," he seems to have found little in praise of lawyers elsewhere; and an imposing number of the authors whom he quotes revile and satirize the delays, quibbles, and sordidness of the profession. Judged by his work, the novelists and dramatists deal gently with the knights of the coif, compared with the poets, moralists, historians, and essayists.

The poets quoted are almost without exception scornful. Juvenal describes a lawyer who, with "pick-lock tongue, perverts the law;" and Quarles, speaking of the golden age, says, —

"There was no client now to wait
The leisure of his long-tail'd advocate."

Sewall, in his tragedy of *Sir Walter Raleigh*, refers to "the unskilful lies,

hot from his venal tongue," uttered by a lawyer; and Boileau excuses himself for his desertion of law by asking, —

"Can I in such a barbarous country bawl,
And rend with venal lungs the guilty hall;
Where innocence does daily pay the cost,
And in the labyrinth of law is lost;
Where wrong by tricks and quirks prevails
o'er right,
And black is by due form of law made white?
E'er I a thought like this can entertain,
Frost shall at midsummer congeal the Seine."

Thomson, also, is unflattering, and writes of the toils of law, which "dark insidious men" have perverted to "lengthen simple justice into trade;" Swift has his fling, both in prose and verse; Southey was fond of associating the devil and lawyers; and few things ever written have been as savage as Shelley's lines to Lord Chancellor Eldon. Coleridge wrote a somewhat coarse epigram against lawyers; and Moore, describing a visit of the devil to London, says, —

"Away he posts to a man of law,
And oh, 't would make you laugh to 've seen 'em,
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,
And 't was 'Hail, good fellow, well met' between
'em."

American poets have had little to say about the law, but of the only two mentioned by Mr. Browne one is Bryant, who, referring in some verses to his early experiences in a law office, regrets that he is

"Forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen,"
a drudgery from which he was fortunately relieved.

The chapter in which are embraced the sayings of moralists, essayists, historians, and satirists contains a few complimentary quotations, but here, again, are many gibes at the law. Ammianus Marcellinus speaks in his Roman history of lawyers as "that tribe of men who, sowing every variety of strife and contest in thousands of actions, wear out the door-posts of widows and the thresholds of orphans, and create bitter hatred

among friends, relations, or connections who have any disagreement." Napoleon describes lawsuits as a social cancer. "My code," he adds, "had singularly diminished lawsuits, by placing numerous causes within the comprehension of every individual. But there still remained much for the legislator to accomplish. Not that I could hope to prevent men from quarreling, — this they have done in all ages; but I might have prevented a third party in society from living upon the quarrels of the other two, and even stirring up disputes to promote their own interest. It was, therefore, my intention to establish the rule that lawyers should never receive fees except when they gained causes. Thus, what litigations would have been prevented!" Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham and Lord Chancellor of England under Edward III., said of lawyers that they "indulge more in protracting litigation than in peace, and quote law, not according to the intention of the legislator, but violently twist his words to the purpose of their own machinations."

In this chapter, however, Mr. Browne manages to elicit some eulogy out of the authors whom he has consulted. Sir Philip Sidney recognizes in the lawyer one who "seeketh to make men good. . . . Our wickedness maketh him necessarie and necessitie maketh him honorable." Owen Feltham, speaking of the profession, says, "They have knowledge and integrity, and being versed in books and men, in the noble acts of justice and of prudence, they are fitter for judgement and the regiment of the world than any men else that live." Burke attributed the untractable spirit of the American colonists in a large measure to their general study of the law, which, he says, "renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill-

principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze."

De Tocqueville has the most exalted opinion of American lawyers. "The special information," he says, "which lawyers derive from their studies insures them a separate rank in society, and they constitute a sort of privileged body in the scale of intellect. . . . If I were asked to place the American aristocracy, I should reply, without hesitation, that it is not among the rich, who are united by no common tie, but that it occupies the judicial bench and bar." Again, contrasting American lawyers with others, he says, "A French observer is surprised to hear how often an English or American lawyer quotes the opinion of others, and how little he alludes to his own; while the reverse occurs in France. There the most trifling litigation is never conducted without the introduction of an entire system of ideas peculiar to the counsel employed, and the fundamental principles of law are discussed in order to obtain a perch of land by the decision of the court. This abnegation of his own opinion and this implicit deference to the opinion of his forefathers, which are common to the English and American lawyer, this servitude of thought which he is obliged to profess, necessarily give him more timid habits and more conservative inclinations in England and America than in France."

But, as Mr. Browne truly says, if this friendly critic had an opportunity to observe the workings of the American courts at the present time he would find occasion to change his opinion. The "opinion of our forefathers" receives

little respect, and the decisions of the highest courts alter the rules of law on nearly every given point from year to year; nay, even from one term of court to another, and on the gravest constitutional questions.

We have already called attention to Mr. Browne's solicitude for the good name of his profession. Whenever he discovers a word in behalf of it, he refers to the author with reciprocal approbation; but the kindly word is infrequent, and his interesting book shows that some very eminent persons have entertained as low an opinion of lawyers as the creators of the pettifogging attorneys whose vulpine proclivities season the inferior melodrama.

His work indicates that he possesses the compiler's qualification of knowing where to look for interesting material; but when, as he frequently does, he constitutes himself a critic of the authors whom he quotes, he is not always successful. He is resolutely rancorous when he thinks that his profession has been unduly aspersed. One of the best scenes in *A Modern Instance* is confidently described as being "tolerably exciting, but cheap;" the ever vivacious Lever is uncivilly compared to an old woman; Lord Lytton is hastily classed as mediocre; Samuel Warren is disposed of as being "an amiable and funny but rather mean-spirited barrister;" and Fenimore Cooper, also, is dismissed as a second-rate person. Of Mr. Trollope Mr. Browne says, "If I were called on to designate the most brilliant writer of fiction of the present century, I should hesitate; but if I were required to name the dullest, I could not hesitate a moment in awarding this voluminous writer the palm." This may be offered as a specimen of Mr. Browne's criticisms, which certainly do not add to the value of his book.

MEMORIALS OF ROSSETTI.

"EGOTISM," says Thackeray, "is good talk. Even dull biographies are pleasant to read." This, while true enough in a general sense, is too elastic a statement to be serviceable in criticism, which must draw its meshes close if it would ascertain what is worth keeping. Of egotism there is certainly something in the two volumes on Rossetti now given to the world so punctually, within less than a year after his death; and noticeably in the work of Mr. T. Hall Caine,¹ which we shall consider first. Curiously enough, this egotism comes to the front by reason of the writer's effort to preserve his modesty in explaining why he must allude so much as he does to himself and his own work. He consumes, besides, a good deal of time in brief dissertations on the most desirable mode of arranging his material, and in expressing various literary opinions, which are not always strictly relevant. To this, however, he is in part constrained by the circumstances of his first acquaintance with Rossetti, which had its origin in a correspondence growing out of his public championship of the poet before he knew him. It does not, of course, follow that, because there is egotism, there is also dullness; yet we cannot escape the conviction that, if Mr. Caine had confined himself to the plainest and most succinct narrative form, he would have given us a much more valuable record and one much pleasanter to read than that which he has produced. Another disadvantage under which Mr. Caine labors, as well as Mr. William Sharp, in his more formal work, is the supposed necessity of dwelling at considerable length on the beauties of Rossetti's several longer poems. Critical or laudatory opinion is really not what we

crave from these writers, both of whom are young; and Mr. Caine is most interesting when he adheres, as in the first chapter, to a recital of events in the early part of the poet's life, or, as in the closing chapters, to incidents and impressions of his actual intercourse with him. It was the singular fortune of the author of these Recollections, although the junior of Rossetti by twenty-five years, to become his intimate friend, housemate, and to some extent confidant, during the final twelvemonth of that remarkable poet-painter's life; and such a fact alone gives permanent value to whatever he may have to tell from his own observation. As an example of the unprofitable matter with which he too often clogs his pages, this sentence may be cited: "The Blessed Damsel is a conception dilated to such spiritual loveliness that it seems not to exist within things substantially beautiful, or yet by aid of images that coalesce out of the evolving memory of them, but outside of everything actual." It seems to us that the view stated in these extraordinarily infelicitous terms does a radical injustice to Rossetti's exquisite youthful masterpiece, which simply could not exist without the aid of images that "coalesce out of" memories of the substantially beautiful; and we sincerely hope that the English Renaissance is not destined to crumble into the dust and rubbish of such verbiage as this. There are various traces of hasty composition in the volume, as where letters are spoken of as being "called forth in the course of an intercourse;" and again, where it is said that "his *reception* of my intimation of an intention to call upon him *was received*," etc. But, passing over the fact that Mr. Caine has no style and relates his story cumbrously, we are able to derive a good deal of satisfaction from the glimpses

¹ *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. By T. HALL CAINE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

which he gives of a singular and striking person, who will undoubtedly hold hereafter a distinctive place in the annals of English poetry, and one of great importance relative to the development of English art in our time. There is, apparently, not a great deal to be told in the way of incident connected with the subject's career. The son of an Italian poet and patriot, who was obliged to fly from Naples in 1820, he was born in England, and was christened Gabriel Charles Dante (as we learn from Mr. Sharp), but dropped the middle name, and reversed the others, so that he has passed into history as Dante Gabriel Rossetti. At the age of eighteen he wrote the *Blessed Damozel*; and by the time he was twenty he had also written a powerful, though short, artistic romance, executed in somewhat archaic style, called *Hand and Soul*, and had painted a crude but remarkable picture, *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*, which still holds high rank. Both his poetic and his pictorial work were marked by maturity at the very start, so that they do not offer any spectacle of striking changes or developments, unless it be in those two late ballads, *The King's Tragedy* and *The White Ship*, which indicate a tendency to become more objective, impersonal, and dramatic than he had previously been. Mr. Caine says Rossetti saw this tendency, and had resolved not to write anything more as from himself; but that was not long before his sudden death, at fifty-two. At thirty-two he married a Miss Siddall, who had been his model, and herself showed talent in painting; but his wife, resorting to laudanum for relief from neuralgia, died by an overdose of the poison when they had been married only two years. This event appears to have thrown a heavy shadow over the whole of Rossetti's subsequent life. Becoming more and more subject to insomnia, he was led by medical advice to use chloral, gradually became a slave to the drug, and was eventually

killed by it, although for some years he did not feel its evil effects, and pursued his avocation as a painter with great success. There was an alarming nervous collapse in 1872, from which he recovered; but his days were thenceforth embittered by the delusions attendant on the use of chloral, until within a few weeks of his death. At that time, a partial paralysis occurring, he was forced by his physician to abandon chloral at once and wholly. There was a terrible struggle of nature; he was delirious for many hours. At length he came to himself, calm, happy, freed from the old delusions, and looking forward healthily to fresh achievements. But the crisis had occurred too late, and his long-undermined vitality soon flickered and faded out. Although he had no English blood in him, he regarded himself as entirely an Englishman. He had never been out of England except for one tour in Holland, undertaken as a young man, where he was lastingly impressed by Memmeling and Jan Van Eyck, and two brief visits to Paris. "He seemed always to me an unmistakable Englishman," says Mr. Sharp, "yet the Italian element was frequently recognizable."

We judge from Mr. Caine's account that, since it was possible for him to leave off chloral at all, his life might have been prolonged and rendered much brighter had his friends earlier insisted on forcibly restraining him from the ruinous indulgence. But it must be remembered that they had an individual of exceptional difficulty to deal with; a man imperious and forceful, though also tender and dependent, — one who had always, no doubt, been morbidly sensitive and seclusive. For example, during the two years before Mr. Caine met him he had not been out of his house afoot, excepting when he walked in the garden at its back; and on the occasion of the garden — the leasehold of which had been severed from that of the house — being plowed up, pre-

paratory to building, he remained immured for a week. It is only confirmatory of the impression many must have received from the simple reading of Rossetti's poems to have Mr. Caine declare a belief that "irresolution, with melancholy, lay at the basis of his nature." Into the causes of the morbidness, unquestionable as it is, we can hardly penetrate with comprehensiveness until further data are provided; but we suspect that they lay in the physical as well as mental constitution of Rossetti. At all events, it is clear, from his poetry, that his mind was one which brooded over every phase of being laid before it with an intensity that passed almost at once into pain. He was like a person born too far-sighted, whose every effort to contract the gaze upon the near objects of daily life must result in a straining pressure upon eye and brain; he looked *through* existing things, in order to get at their spiritual basis and meaning; yet at the same time few men have been gifted with a more precise, vivid, and colorific vision for immediate physical beauty than he. This simultaneous fixing of the mind on the near and the far, the substance and the essence, was very possibly the fundamental cause of his melancholy. There could hardly be a more exact illustration of passion in its literal and etymological sense of "suffering" than his mental nature affords; for, with him, all emotion was so acute that it became a pang and a burden. This explains the oppressive atmosphere of which we are conscious in reading his strong, often beautiful poems, which are heavy with compressed meaning and packed phrase, like a too-honeyed cluster of tube-roses or magnolia-blooms. It gives us the key, also, to that misunderstanding of his spiritual aims by sundry critics, which caused him so much unhappiness. In contemplating the wonder and fairness of the body, he was doubtless aware of a perception in

himself that reached out towards the most subtle and refined significance of what he beheld; and, to convey this, what more natural than that he should depict in the most glowing words the physical presence that awoke such a perception? But, in doing so, he frequently lost the spiritual significance, and some readers saw nothing in the result but a "fleshy" picture. We have not the least thought of accusing his intention, but we think that, owing to his overstrained sensibility, his execution laid him fairly open to misunderstanding. Beauty became his disease. Composition itself was an anguish to him. "I lie on the couch," he said, speaking to Mr. Caine of the way in which his poems were produced, "the racked and tortured medium, never permitted an instant's surcease of agony until the thing on hand is finished." Strikingly consonant with this sad and impassioned personality were the habits and surroundings of the man. Mr. Caine makes no secret of the dismal influence which he himself felt on first going into Rossetti's habitation at 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, known as Tudor House, from the tradition that Elizabeth Tudor once lived there, and supposed to be the one that Thackeray took as a model for the home of the Countess of Chelsey, in *Henry Esmond*. On another page he says that when he left the house, "outside, the air breathed freely. Within, the gloom, the mediæval furniture, the brass censers, sacramental cups, lamps, and crucifixes conspired, I thought, to make the air heavy and unwholesome." Mr. Caine observes of Rossetti, "He constantly impressed me, during the last days of his life, with the conviction that he was, by religious bias of nature, a monk of the Middle Ages;" and further, "His life was an anachronism. Such a man should have had no dealings with the nineteenth century: he belonged to the sixteenth, or perhaps the thirteenth, and in Italy, not Eng-

land." The inference is, perhaps, too obvious to be well founded; in the Middle Ages this identical Rossetti might have failed of his development altogether, but precisely the conflict between his inherent tendencies and our modern conditions enabled him to become a new and valuable force, at a time when one was needed, though he himself may have been in a measure the victim of the conflict. It is quite natural that many should have supposed, from the known fact of Rossetti's retired mode of life and the quiet exclusiveness which has characterized the group to which he belonged, — that of Morris, Swinburne, Madox Browne, Burne Jones, Watts, Stanhope, and the like, — that he was indifferent to the merits of distinguished contemporaries with whom he had no outward affiliation; but Mr. Caine's testimony must quite dissipate this notion. There is ample evidence that he cordially admired Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, and various less known poets of his period. "Probably," he once said, "the man does not live who could write what I have written more briefly than I have done," — an utterance which involves something of pardonable over-estimate; but the sense of his own power seems not to have excluded the sincerest appreciation of what others were doing. With equally frank criticism of himself, he wrote in a letter, "All poets nowadays are redundant except Tennyson." The eighth chapter of this volume, which consists mainly of extracts from the poet's letters, contains a number of extremely interesting remarks on the English sonnet in general and in particular, and bears amazing testimony to the persistence of his intellectual activity, even under the deadly sway of the drug to which he was subjected. It is a pity that Mr. Caine did not decide to give the letters in full, seeing what encomiums he has passed upon them as comparable with

the best in English literature in "freedom of phrase, in power of throwing off parenthetical reflections always faultlessly enunciated, in play of humor, often in eloquence, . . . sometimes in pathos." His selections produce but a fragmentary effect, yet they give one an intimate insight into Rossetti's taste for careful study of the poetic art and its history in England. That he possessed a true critical faculty is not made evident, even in connection with his frequent and minute revision or amplification of his own published pieces; but indirectly, a knowledge is gathered of the elaborate way in which a great deal of his own work must have been built up, notwithstanding that he sometimes wrote very rapidly. Here may be mentioned an emphatic maxim which escapes him in one of these letters: "Conception, *fundamental brain-work*, is what makes the difference in all art. Work your metal all that you like, but first take care that it is gold, and worth working." His humor comes out pleasantly in this passage: "I am sure I could write one hundred essays, on all possible subjects (I once did project a series under the title *Essays Written in the Intervals of Elephantiasis, Hydrophobia, and Penal Servitude*), without once experiencing the 'aching void,' which is filled by such words as 'mythopœic' and 'anthropomorphism.' I do not find life long enough to know in the least what they mean." This certainly is an unexpected burst from the author of *Dante at Verona*, and brings us to know him and like him better as a man.

It is interesting to hear that Rossetti spoke of Mrs. Carlyle as "a bitter little woman;" and though he added that she was always kind to the poor, this phrase may some time serve to mitigate the offenses of the great humorist and historian in the eyes of those who have shown so much vindictiveness towards him since the publishing of the *Reminis-*

cences. There is but one other kindred allusion to a public contemporary, and that is to Longfellow, who called upon him, but "seemed to know little about painting as an art," and also made the mistake of supposing that it was Rossetti's brother who was the poet. Rossetti's own dictum upon the painter's art is a trifle unexpected: that it depends upon unwritten rules, which are as systematically to be taught as arithmetic; and that, aside from "fundamental conception, . . . the part of a picture that is not mechanical is often trivial enough." That Rossetti did not see more of the famous men and women about him, and that, accordingly, he appears in the memorials of him as rather mournfully alone and unrelated, is due to the unhealthy isolation in which he dwelt. Mr. Caine has a remark of no little penetration on the cause of his retirement: "There are men who feel more deeply the sense of isolation amidst the busiest crowds than within the narrowest circle of intimates. . . . Perhaps, after all, he wandered from the world rather from the dread than with the hope of solitude."

Mr. Caine's outline of this peculiar character as he saw it has a certain jagged and uncomely reality, which will inevitably make it an important contribution: he has drawn from the life sympathetically, yet relentlessly. On the other hand, Mr. William Sharp, himself a poet, though far more sympathetic, and going deeply into the characteristics of Rossetti's product in two arts, presents a portraiture which, because it is less unconventional and less detailed than the other, does not yield so graphic an impression.¹ Mr. Sharp, however, says, "Again and again I have seen instances of those marvelous gifts which made him at one time a Sydney Smith in wit and a Coleridge in eloquence," and adds this description of Rossetti's ap-

pearance: "He was, if anything, rather over middle height, and, especially latterly, somewhat stout; his forehead was of splendid proportions, recalling instantaneously to most strangers the Stratford bust of Shakespeare; and his gray-blue eyes were clear and piercing, and characterized by that rapid penetrative gaze so noticeable in Emerson." Touches like these, by calling up the personal presence, are of more service just now than many pages devoted to discriminating and appreciative study upon the writings or the pictures. It transpires also, in Mr. Sharp's record, that Rossetti, at about the age of twenty, was greatly impressed by Browning's poems; wrote to Browning; afterwards painted his portrait; and projected, but only half carried out, some designs illustrating works of his. He at last "held Tennyson to be the greatest poet of the period, and he was gratified as if by a personal pleasure when Mr. Watts, also an ardent believer in Tennyson, wrote his fine sonnet to the Laureate. . . . He appreciated to a generous extent the poetry of present younger writers, but failed to see in nine tenths of it any of that originality and individual *aura* that characterize work that will stand the stress of time." It is not hard to conceive how a man who united with his own artistic mastery so much cordial admiration for that of others; who, if sometimes unjust and harsh to his friends, was always manfully and pathetically penitent afterwards; who had such great powers of conversation, and was so susceptible to feeling that he could seldom read his own poems aloud without shedding tears,—how such a man should have won a number of devoted friends, and should have exercised a potent influence on the art of his period, difficult though that influence may be to trace through all its channels. Mr. Sharp devotes only one chapter to the Life. This is succeeded by a chapter on the Pre-Raphaelite idea, historical, but taking

¹ *Dante Gabriel Rossetti. A Record and a Study.* By WILLIAM SHARP. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

besides a controversial tone, which is inadvisable at this late day. The best point in it is the author's establishing of a connection between the Pre-Raphaelite movement and the Tractarian stir at Oxford, made by Newman, Pusey, and Keble. Religion and art at that time were "closelier" drawn together, and a few artists banded themselves in favor of choosing higher themes, and working them out with an earnestness and faithfulness that were devotional. Nevertheless, Mr. Sharp thinks, the primary impulse of these men was one of skeptical revolt against the feeble traditions of English art, which was in part a reflex of the prevailing skepticism in science and philosophy. Although it wears a mask of paradox, such a theory of the movement doubtless rests upon truth, and would account for the points of serious divergence between the Pre-Raphaelites and the Tractarians, who had in common a desire to rekindle the devout enthusiasms of the mediæval time. Mr. Sharp gives an extended account of *The Germ*, the organ of the "Brotherhood," and quotes suggestively from its contents; so that we get from him what it is now very difficult, for American readers in particular, to obtain elsewhere. The rest of the volume is assigned to a close and long review of Rossetti's complete labors as both painter and poet. His pictures in water-color and oils, his sketches and replicas, are all described in chronological order; and a table at the end of the book presents a still fuller list of the three hundred and ninety-five pictorial productions which Rossetti left, with their dates and ownership attached. We own to a good deal of weariness in toiling through these chapters, which, being without any kind of illustration, place the frightful tax on the mind of reimagining, by aid of a few bald words, the pictures enumerated. But there can be no doubt that for purposes of reference Mr. Sharp's review will remain exceedingly convenient, in fact indis-

pensable, to students of modern art. It cannot be said that his critical survey of the poetical works is of equal worth, although he gives a good many curious facts as to corrections made by the author in different editions, and shows a commendable independence in his judgments. In one instance Mr. Sharp seems to us strangely undiscerning: that is, where he refers to the peculiar and impressive design called *How They Met Themselves* as being simply a pictorial representation of the *Doppelgänger* legend. The whole penetrating and fine significance of the design in question lies in the marvelous variation between the actual lovers and their doubles, whom they meet in the forest, — a variation introduced without disturbing the likeness. The spectral pair represent the man and woman as they once were, and show an ideality, a youthful grace and fervor, which the real man and woman have lost. These latter find themselves confronted, by this apparition, with the tragedy of their own slow, unsuspected deterioration. But if he has failed in his interpretation here, Mr. Sharp makes amends by his fine analysis (pages 114 and 115) of the female facial type which Rossetti created, — the type that reappears in many of his works, and is perhaps his most remarkable contribution to art. As Mr. Sharp well says, "there are occasions when the intensity of its inner significance is so strong as to constrain the beholder to the strange spiritual personality represented, *alone*, leaving him altogether oblivious to the details of the rendering."

Mr. Sharp's style, unfortunately, is often loose and ungrammatical. He speaks of "regarding" a picture "a fine production," instead of "considering" it so; and in another place says exactly the opposite of what he means, thus: "The pressure of as many commissions for pictures as he could . . . execute . . . prevented *little* being done" upon a proposed work of translation. Perhaps his

masterpiece of bad construction is the clause, "Reflecting as it does in undertone the subdued murmur of 'wan water, wandering water weltering,' and for the reason that the cause of its beauty is not at first perceptible is doubtless how it grows more and more with every reading, till, I am certain, with many it becomes one of the chief favorites." But all this does not prevent him from laying his finger with precision on "the constant union of poetic emotion with artistic idea in everything that came from the pencil or the brush of Dante Rossetti," as the circumstance which raised the painter high above the plane of English art in general. He also notes that Rossetti's development in painting was much slower than his literary growth: in poetry he matured almost immediately, but there was a long term during which his pictorial work was crude. This fact, as we apprehend it, points indirectly to his possession of a larger possibility as an artist than as a poet, which required a longer period for its realization. In painting he perfected a depth and splendor of coloring which is unrivaled except by that of Titian and Giorgione; but to English literature he did not add anything, we think, of corresponding distinctiveness or importance, nor did he in that field invent anything so original as the facial type already mentioned. Therefore, although a master in both his arts, he will, unless our estimate be falsified by time, stand higher as a painter than as a poet. His poems were rather the accompaniment of his art than the results of a nature inclined by its deepest promptings to expression in language; they were the musical overflow of a genius too richly endowed to find complete satisfaction even in the art to which it was best

adapted. Their being in a manner secondary, notwithstanding the strong individuality with which they are imbued, may be one reason why they reflect so much more of the bitterness and sadness of life than his pictures do. But, whatever conclusion we may reach on this head, we are indebted to Mr. Caine and Mr. Sharp for making us better acquainted with the source from which both the pictures and the poems proceeded. Mr. Caine's book contains, furthermore, a striking photograph of Rossetti, which brings before us his singular, sensuous, melancholy, intent visage, with the noble forehead and the "bar of Michael Angelo" between the eyes; and Mr. Sharp has had reproduced as a frontispiece a beautiful design, in which the poet inclosed his transcript of the sonnet on the sonnet,

"A sonnet is a moment's monument,"

which, the lettering in one corner records, "*D. G. Rossetti pro matre fecit.*" It is a mournful study that is laid before us in these volumes, that of a greatly gifted man, whose life was clouded by sorrow and blasted by a fatal weakness. He comes before us as a sort of Keats (without the joy), who had weathered adversity and gained middle life only to become a hypochondriac, whom no successes could console; while in his weakness, and in the sloth he himself condemned, he resembles a Coleridge modified into the pure artist. But, in addition, he is himself; and it is of this self, which has been indicated to us only in its salient points, that we should like to know more. It is to be hoped that those who knew Rossetti longest and most intimately will join their forces with his friend Theodore Watts (another artist and poet) in perfecting an adequate biography.

A FRENCHMAN IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1881.

THERE is a curious contrast between the *Souvenirs* of M. de Bacourt, which were noticed in the *Atlantic* for February, and the *Impressions* of the Vicomte d'Haussonville, which are now before us.¹ It would be difficult to imagine a more striking picture of the marvelous progress of the United States than is presented by a comparison of De Bacourt's description of the crude, unformed civilization, the undeveloped society, the uncomfortable every-day existence which he found here in 1840, and that given by the Vicomte d'Haussonville of the impressions which he gathered during his hasty visit in 1881, as one of the guests of the nation at the Yorktown celebration. One can hardly believe that the two men are writing about the same country. It must be admitted, however, that the difference between the United States in 1840 and in 1881 is hardly more marked than the contrast between De Bacourt and D'Haussonville themselves. The former was a shallow, narrow-minded man, feeble, discontented, and possessing but little imagination. The latter is a shrewd and careful observer, liberal, kindly, generous, with a great deal of imagination, and a pleasant tinge of French romanticism, at which he himself is strongly inclined to smile a little sadly as one of the memories of youthful days.

There are many passages which show M. d'Haussonville to have a strong sense of humor, and he is invariably good-tempered; but his book is sober and thoughtful, with no effort to be brilliant or witty, and ought to find many readers in this country. It well repays, both in interest and instruction, a careful perusal.

In a necessarily brief notice it is im-

possible to examine such a book as this as minutely as it deserves, or to do more than touch upon some of its most salient points. It may be said at the outset that M. d'Haussonville found nothing of "that strange and eccentric character which Frenchmen always foolishly expect to find in America." Another peculiarity is that he was thoroughly grateful for the sincere and hearty hospitality which was shown him. As he gracefully says, in speaking of a fire in New York, he could not help wondering "whether one of the committee which had received us in the morning had not pushed his gallantry so far as to set fire to his house, in order to give us the pleasure of seeing it extinguished."

M. d'Haussonville has something to say on a large variety of subjects, and his remarks show great justice and keenness of apprehension. It will surprise some of our Europeanized Americans to learn that he considers our press, even of the second and third class, to have far more news and to be much better edited than the French journals. He also found the former, despite their bitter political articles, singularly free from talk and gossip about private individuals, or about those persons who really desire privacy, and he adds that "*les faits scandaleux et les procès scabreux*" which occupy so large a space in such newspapers as the *Paris Figaro* are with us relegated to their proper place in a separate column.

He examined with great care, and on the whole sums up very accurately, the state of our politics; defining the republicans as the centralizing, and the democrats as the states-rights, party,—a description which has perhaps more historical than contemporary exactness.

cien Député. Paris: Calmann Lévy, Éditeur 1883.

¹ *À Travers les États Unis. Notes et Impressions.* Par LE VICOMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE, An-

The old memories and passions of the war, he thinks, are not dead, but the predominant, overmastering feelings at present are love for the Union and national pride. In his judgment, not only slavery, but secession as well, is effaced forever, and those who look for another separatist movement will be wofully disappointed, as they were when the country submitted without a murmur to the decision of the electoral commission. He studied with some care the results of the rebellion, and after every allowance for the evils it brought he says finely, after giving an account of his visit to Arlington, "After all, only a great people is capable of a great civil war."

At the same time, his admiration of results does not blind him to existing evils. He points out the demoralizing mischief of the reconstruction period, and finds the perils which now menace us in the political corruption that crops out in our cities and in our great national departments. He regards the "spoils system" as part of the same deteriorating influence, and looks upon the inferior character and ability of men in politics and public life as a great misfortune. But M. d'Haussonville also believes that a reaction has begun; that public opinion, outside of active politicians, is a mighty force, and is both sound and strong. He hopes most, however, from the well-regulated love of liberty, characteristic of the race; the law-abiding instinct shown in the popular deference, as he puts it, for the policeman's "*baton*;" and the strong religious respect, in the existence of which he has more faith than most Americans. M. d'Haussonville says too that signs are not wanting to indicate the appearance of a higher class of men in politics, from which he draws encouragement as to our future. Although our political defects are marked, and even dangerous, he has no idea that they will prove fatal, and is of

opinion that we have the ability to rise to the level of our unequaled opportunities. His views of our politics, and of our political prospects, without being very rosy or extremely optimistic, are on the whole cheerful, and praise and blame are both awarded with much moderation. He is perfectly satisfied, moreover, that those of his countrymen who speak of us as in a state of decadence are not only very ignorant and prejudiced, but utterly mistaken.

On social matters M. d'Haussonville is no less correct than on matters political, and is far more amusing. In one place, he says that he wishes those who think there are no classes in America would come here and see for themselves. Social distinctions appeared to him very rigid, and affection for the past and for tradition very strong, — two easily explicable facts, which surprised him not a little. The latter admirable quality is part of the conservatism of the English race, and it is peculiarly vigorous in the United States from the very fact that our history is so brief and our own especial past so limited. As to the social distinctions in a country where all distinctions have been swept away, so far as law and constitutions can do it, it is only natural that, from their inherent weakness and necessary frailty, they should be more jealously guarded than in other lands, where they are fortified by statute, custom, and authority. Yet the democracy and the equality are none the less real because these harmless and rigid social distinctions exist in the United States. Apart from outward graces and refinements, our manners are, on the average and at bottom, better than those of any other people, and for a very simple reason. Democracy destroys forms, but it demands and breeds the kindness and good-nature which are the essence of the best manners; and this fact M. d'Haussonville recognizes and admits. He makes an honest confession on this point after

describing the Pullman-car conductor on the train to Chicago to whom he was formally introduced. After shaking hands the conductor discussed with him the French reception in Rhode Island and many other topics; all of which seemed to the Vicomte rather absurd, especially when he pressed a fee of two dollars into his friend's willing hand. But when he comes to the end of this little incident, he frankly grants that the conductor was, in all essentials, a better-mannered man than any of his class in Europe; and hence follows the further admission of this as a general truth applicable to the people of a country at large. In whatever he says about society, however, M. d'Haussonville shows that penetrating perception of which his race is sometimes capable, and he places his finger with unerring accuracy upon that which is at once our most distinguished social peculiarity and our chief defect. The passage is worth quoting: "En Amérique lorsque vous partez pour une ville quelconque, on vous dit invariablement, 'Vous verrez là de très jolies jeunes filles, — *very pretty girls*.' En France on dirait, de très jolies femmes. Toute la différence dont je parle se traduit par l'emploi de ces deux mots. En Amérique, c'est pour les jeunes filles qu'est organisé le mouvement social, — bal, cotillons, matinées, parties de campagne, tout roule sur elles; et les jeunes femmes, sans en être exclues, n'y prennent qu'une part restreinte, le plus souvent sous prétexte de chapeonner une ou plusieurs sœurs, cousines, ou amies. Les jeunes personnes vont également beaucoup au théâtre, dinent seules en ville, ou vont faire des séjours chez des amies mariées. . . . En un mot, elles comprennent la vie telle que la comprend cette vieille ballade du *Gâteau de la mariée*, qu'on récite ou qu'on récitait autrefois en Bretagne à chaque jeune fille le jour de ses noces: —

"Vous n'irez plus au bal,
Madame la mariée,"

et qui se termine par cet avertissement funèbre: —

"Ce gâteau est pour vous dire
Qu'il faut souffrir et mourir."

Nothing could be happier or more clever than this description of the system which prevails everywhere in the United States except in Washington, where it is necessarily limited by circumstances. American society, as now carried on, is maintained solely for the benefit of young girls, and is generally little better than a marriage mart. The parents launch their offspring as well as possible, and display their wares to the greatest advantage, but the business of the market is carried on chiefly by the young girls themselves, instead of by their mothers as in England and Europe. There is no special objection to this method of transacting the business, but it is preposterous that young girls and their affairs should overshadow and shut out everything and everybody else. The result of this absorption in one class and one pursuit is that American society is often insufferably dull and flat. It is made up too exclusively of ignorant girls and their attendant boys. Half the education of a cultivated and attractive woman is of course that which is derived from society and from the world; and yet American society is almost wholly given up to the business of entertaining and marrying those who are necessarily wholly destitute of such an education. Another effect of the prevalence of social principles of this description is the supremacy of that most rustic and unattractive of habits, the pairing system, which converts society into a vast aggregation of *tête-à-têtes*. This prevails all over the world to a greater or less extent, but it should never reign supreme. The upshot of the whole thing with us is to drive out of society nearly all married people, — for marriage under such a system is destructive of social value; nearly all unmarried women over twenty-five, who

are thought to have overstayed their market; and, finally, a considerable proportion of the unmarried men of thirty and upwards. In other words, except at a few large balls and receptions, all the best and most intelligent part of society is usually lacking. It has been pushed aside, and is obliged to find all its social amusement in small coteries of its own. This retirement is of course voluntary, because the pairing system ruins general society, and makes it, in fact, impossible in the best and truest sense. A clever young Englishman not long ago expressed his surprise at the fact that, whenever he asked who a lady of a certain age, as the French say, might be, he was invariably told, not that she was Mrs. Blank, but that she was the mother of Miss Blank. The girl, like the boy, is properly the most insignificant member of society. When a young man goes forth into the world, he starts at the bottom of the ladder, and works his way up. The same rule should apply to young women in society. They have their place, and it is an important one; but they should not start in social life at the top, and then slowly descend. Such a system is against every law of nature or of art, and with its inevitable concomitant of universal tête-à-têtes makes really attractive general society impossible. We place the social pyramid upon its apex instead of upon its base, and then wonder that it is a poor, tottering, and unlovely object.

M. d'Haussonville is remarkably accurate in all his statements, not only about society, but about everything which he noticed, and which offered food for reflection. We have detected but two errors, and for only one of them is the author wholly responsible. He says, in speaking of Washington's diary, that the entry of December 13, 1799, was the last, and that on the following night the general was found dead in his bed. Washington died of laryngitis on the night of December 14th, after twenty-

four hours of acute suffering. He was perfectly conscious to the end, and, far from being found dead in his bed, died surrounded by his family and friends. The other mistake was due to a Catholic bishop in Rhode Island, who informed M. d'Haussonville that the Roman Catholics were the most numerous of the Christian sects in the United States. The census of 1870, to which the bishop referred, does not give the number of communicants, as the bishop said, but the number of church sittings. By that census the Roman Catholics stood fourth, being surpassed in numbers by the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. The Methodists are three times, the Baptists twice, and the Presbyterians twenty per cent. larger than the Roman Catholics. The Baptists and Methodists together comprise nearly half of the whole population of the country. But it would be obviously unfair to hold M. d'Haussonville responsible for the misstatements of a Roman Catholic priest.

We have spoken of the contrast between M. d'Haussonville and M. de Bacourt, but there is one point of resemblance which curiously justifies what we said of Frenchmen in our former notice, with reference to their lack of the adventurous, colonizing spirit which has made the English race so great and powerful. M. d'Haussonville talked with the emigrants on the Canada, during his voyage to this country, and wondered greatly at their courage. "Rather than boldly break," he says, "with the memories and the affections which help man to support life, I should prefer to continue to suffer where I have lived, and die where I was born." But, unlike M. de Bacourt, M. d'Haussonville admires the hardy spirit of the colonist and emigrant, and appreciates its importance and meaning. The French names of towns in the United States led him to mourn that the empire of France in the New World has departed, and that

her influence, except in the matter of woman's dress and comic opera, is wholly extinct. "O France!" he cries, "chère patrie si douloureusement aimée, es-tu donc définitivement vaincue dans la grande lutte des nations, et comme la Grèce antique, en es-tu réduite à te venger du monde en lui donnant tes vices!" He concludes with an appeal to his coun-

try to at least preserve its love for the ideal, its sense of beauty, and its preference of beauty to utility, and ends with the wish that she may deserve to be called, as she has been named, the poet of nations, — a very strange idea in regard to a race which, with all its achievements, is almost wholly destitute of any really great poetry.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

THAT one day which Emerson made "look like enchantment," in the poor house of the lonely hill-country where Carlyle was biding his time, may well be reckoned memorable and fortunate in the annals of literature. It knit together, at the beginning of their career, the two men who were to give, each in his own land, the most significant and impressive utterance of spiritual truth in their age. Mutual respect and open sympathy arose in their hearts at first sight, and soon became a loyal and trustful affection, which, endeared by use and wont, proved for almost fifty years one of the best earthly possessions that fell to their lot. Throughout this period, except for a few brief weeks, they lived separate, and hence this Correspondence¹ is a nearly complete record of their friendship as it was expressed in words and acts. On our side of the ocean was Emerson, at Concord: freed from pressing care by his competency of twenty thousand dollars; serene in his philosophy of "acquiescence and optimism;" working in his garden or walking by Walden Pond; discovering geniuses among the townspeople; lecturing in the neighborhood, or jotting down essays for his readers, — "men and women

of some religious culture and aspirations, young or else mystical." On the other side was Carlyle, "the poorest man in London;" hag-ridden by spirits of revolt and despair; wrestling with his books as with the demon, "in desperate hope;" finding the face of nature spectral, and the face of man tragically burlesque; saying to himself, "Surely, if ever man had a finger-of-Providence shown him, thou hast it; literature will neither yield the bread nor a stomach to digest bread with; quit it in God's name, — shouldst thou take spade and mattock instead;" yet heartening himself with his mother's words, "They cannot take God's providence from thee." The letters of these two friends, so sharply contrasted by circumstances and nature, must be, one thinks, of extraordinary interest, and possibly some wonder may spring up at finding the talk in them about every-day matters, — family, work, business, friends, and the like; but to us the special charm of the correspondence lies in this fact, in its being human rather than literary, in its naturalness of speech, man to man, whether the theme, in Emerson's phrase, "savor of eternity," or concern the proper mode of cooking Indian meal. It is difficult to give in brief compass an adequate idea of the multifarious subjects discussed, or of the modification of the gen-

¹ *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1834-1872. 2 vols. Boston: James B. Osgood & Co. 1883.*

eral estimate of Carlyle that the total contents of the volume make necessary. We can only select what seems of leading importance, and trust our readers to criticise and generalize for themselves.

In the earlier portion there is much about "a New England book," as Carlyle, putting Old England to the blush, called it, — Sartor Resartus, — and of its welcome to Cape Cod and Boston Bay, which made Fraser "shriek." We are proud of that; and now we can be glad to know of the money that went to Carlyle from us for this and other books, when he needed money, and can feel a sympathetic indignation against the "gibbetless thief," Appleton, whose piracies troubled Emerson in his good work, even though we get a cheap satisfaction in knowing that a "brother corsair" in England did the like when Carlyle tried to reciprocate his friend's good offices. There is much, too, about Carlyle's coming to America to lecture: details of probable costs and profits; assurances that, advertised as "the personal friend of Goethe," he would, merely "for the name's sake," be "certain of success for one winter, but not afterwards;" congratulations that "Dr. Channing reads and respects you, a fact of importance;" probabilities of "the cordial opposition" of the university. (Ah, poor Harvard! But what can be expected from a son of thine who writes, "The educated class are of course less fair-minded than others"?) Nothing came of all this, though Carlyle did not yield his wish to visit us until he was an old man. Glimpses of humorous sights and things are given from the first: of Dr. Furness, "feeding Miss Martineau with the Sartor;" of "Alcott's English Tail of bottomless imbeciles" in London; of Brook Farm days, — "not a reading man but has a draft of a new Community in his waistcoat pocket;" of Carlyle himself (a sight, one would think, to stir Rabelaisian laughter) at a water-cure, — "wet wrappages, solitary

sad *steepages*, and other singular procedures." Now and then, too, they praise each other, as friends should. Thus Carlyle, on reading the Phi Beta Kappa oration, breaks out, "I could have wept to read that speech; the clear high melody of it went tingling through my heart. I said to my wife, 'There, woman!'" But they praise with reservations, as befitted their independence and differences. Carlyle is shy of his friend's genius as of a possible will-o'-the-wisp (beautiful, but leading whither?), and Emerson looks askance at the Harlequinries of his Teufelsdröckh. They confide their bereavements to each other, simply, manfully: now it is Emerson's little boy, "the bud of God," who is gone; and soon it is Carlyle's tenderly loved mother, and at last the wife. They send their friends to each other, — Emerson, of course, by far the larger number, — and they talk them over. In these criticisms and characterizations is the principal literary interest of the collection. Most of them are by Carlyle, and they exhibit the same power as similar passages of his Reminiscences, but more wisely used.

Here is Alcott, whom Emerson had sent on "with his more than a prophet's egotism, a great man if he cannot write well;" whom Carlyle found "a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man, of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity, — the good Alcott, with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray-worn temples and mild, radiant eyes, all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; . . . let him love me as he can, and live on vegetables in peace, and I living *partly* on vegetables will continue to love him!" Margaret Fuller Emerson describes as "without beauty or genius," — "with a certain wealth and generosity of nature." Carlyle had larger language for her: "Such a predetermination to *eat* this big Universe as her oyster or her egg, and to be

absolute empress of all height and glory in it that her heart could conceive, I have not before seen in any human soul. Her 'mountain-me,' indeed! — but her courage, too, is high and clear, her chivalrous nobleness indeed is great, her veracity in its deepest sense *à toute épreuve*." In briefer strokes, Miss Martineau, "swathed like a mummy into Socinian and Political-Economy formulas, and yet verily alive in the inside of that;" the "pretty little robin-red-breast of a man," Lord Houghton; Dr. Hedge, — "a face like a rock; a voice like a howitzer;" Southey, — "the shovel-hat is *grown* to him;" Macready, who "puts to shame our Bishops and Archbishops." The list is a long one, and it is pleasing to notice that, except in one case (Heraud, whose cause we abandon), Carlyle recognizes and appreciates good qualities in those of whom he writes. Two more of these portraits cannot be spared. Of Webster he writes, "As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous, crag-like face, the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown*, the mastiff-mouth accurately closed, — I have not traced so much of *silent Berserkir* rage that I remember of in any other man." Finally, of Tennyson, before he was taken up "in the top of the wave," — "Alfred is one of the few British or Foreign Figures who are and remain beautiful to me; a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! . . . a man solitary and sad as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom. . . . One of the finest-looking men in the world; a great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost In-

dian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic, — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe." Elsewhere, with the Carlyle touch, "He wants a *task*!"

Year by year these letters go, and "the cleft of difference" grows wider between the two: Carlyle glowing more intense with the heat of a dark realism; Emerson becoming more ethereal in his ideality. Their mutual recognition is as generous as ever, but each wishes the other different. Carlyle calls for "some *concretion* of these beautiful *abstracta*." "I love your *Dial*," he writes, "and yet it is with a kind of shudder. You seem to me in danger of dividing yourselves from the Fact of this present Universe, and soaring away after Ideas, Beliefs, Revelations, and such like, — into perilous altitudes beyond the curve of perpetual frost. . . . I do believe, for one thing, a man has no right to say to his own generation, turning quite away from it, 'Be damned!' It is the whole Past and the whole Future, this same cotton-spinning, dollar-hunting, canting and shrieking, very wretched generation of ours. Come back into it, I tell you." Again and again he repeats his warning, and calls, "Come down and help us." Emerson, on his side, speaks his own discontent with "that spend-thrift style of yours," those "sky-vaultings," and the like, but easily tolerates his friend's peculiarities, and at last takes him as "a highly virtuous gentleman who *swears*;" while to the summons to leave the mountain-tops, and "come down," he replies, "I don't know what you mean." The genius of each dominated him, and the world has not lost thereby. In the style of the one there was the aroma of Babylon, and in that of the other something of the day-dawn, as they said in their genuine compli-

ments ; but the two men could coalesce as little as would the two metaphors. They advanced in age, and the letters grew more infrequent : the fault was Emerson's. It is pitiful to read Carlyle's appeals against his friend's silence, the silence of that voice which was to him, he says over and over, the only human voice he ever heard in response to his own soul. He was wandering about his native country with that "fatal talent of converting all nature into Preternaturalism," or standing in Luther's room in the Wartburg, — "I believe I actually had tears in my eyes there, and *kissed* the old oak table;" or he was struggling with Friedrich, and ever repeating, "I am lonely — I am lonely." At the end of a long, impassioned protest (and the passion is next to tears) against the misapprehension of the phrase of "the eighteen million fools," he first makes his prayer, "O my Friend, have tolerance for me, have sympathy with me!" Again, as early as 1852, he writes, "My manifold sins against you, involuntary all of them, I may well say, are often enough present to my sad thoughts ; and a kind of remorse is mixed with the other sorrow, — as if I could have *helped* growing to be, by aid of time and destiny, the grim Ishmaelite I am, and so shocking your serenity by my ferocities ! I admit you were like an angel to me, and absorbed in the beautifullest manner all thunder-clouds into the depths of your immeasurable æther ; and it is indubitable I love you very well, and have long done, and mean to do. And on the whole you will have to rally yourself into some kind of correspondence with me again. To me, at any rate, it is a great want, and adds perceptibly to the sternness of these years ; deep as is my dissent from your Gymnosophist view of Heaven and Earth, I find an agreement that swallows up all conceivable dissents." But the letters remained long unanswered upon Emerson's table,

in spite of this and other like appeals ; he had forgotten his early words, "Please God, I will never again sit six weeks of this short human life over a letter of yours without answering it." When he does write he assures him of "the old love with the old limitations," counts it his "eminent happiness to have been your friend" and discoverer, and may well say, "There is no example of constancy like yours." The fact remains. Emerson appreciated love as the comradeship of noble minds ; but of the love that clings and yearns, and seeks only repose in the friend, he knew not. Every syllable he ever wrote of love or friendship is thought, not passion. Carlyle had the peasant's heart, the heart of a simple man ; learning had not dried it, nor flattery hardened it, nor the charities of a fortunate life lulled it. He knew Emerson's fidelity ; what he wanted was not the knowledge, but the sense of love. He was not to have it in the fullness he desired : he grew older and more lonely, and the letters fewer, until they ceased, ten years before the death of the friends, in the business necessary for the conveyance of Carlyle's bequest of books to Harvard College, in which he took great pleasure, as in "something itself connected with *THE SPRING* in a higher sense, — a little white and red lipped bit of *Daisy*, pure and poor, scattered into *TIME's* Seed-field." Here it seems fit to notice, once for all, the deep interest and friendliness of Carlyle toward America, as it is shown throughout these letters. To quote but one or two phrases, America is at the beginning "the other parish" — "the Door of Hope to distracted Europe." Of the subduing of the Western prairies he exclaims, "There is no myth of Athene or Herakles equal to that fact." Finally, at the close of all, he confesses, "I privately whisper to myself, 'Could any Friedrich Wilhelm, now, or Friedrich, or most perfect Governor you could hope to realize, guide forward what is

America's essential task at present faster or more completely than "anarchic America" herself is now doing?" *Such* 'Anarchy' has a great deal to say for itself (would to Heaven ours of England had as much!), and . . . toward grand *anti*-Anarchies in the future; . . . I hope, with the aid of centuries, immense things from it in my private mind." Burke's famous admission, in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, that he might be wrong, after all, was not more creditable to his large wisdom than is this to Carlyle's deep sincerity.

From what has been said, it will be seen that, in our judgment, the reputation of Carlyle has materially gained by this Correspondence, while Emerson remains the man we have always known. As in the *Reminiscences*, we see again the grimness, the frightful intensity, the solitude, of Carlyle's life, which is already seen to be the most tragical in our literary history. It is marvelous to

notice how exactly Carlyle's account of his states of feeling, written from memory, agrees with the contemporary record of the letters. But beyond what was told us before, we possess now clearer proofs of his sympathy and tenderness; his heart is laid bare, and we, being freed from the prejudices stirred by the praise or blame that came from it in particular cases, can better appreciate his humanity. His genius was of that kind which makes misapprehension and hatred easy; this volume helps to show us the man as he truly was, one of the noblest of men. In this service to his friend, the editor, Professor Norton, whose work, it is almost superfluous to say, is unobtrusively and thoroughly done, has enjoyed a fortune given to few. The memory of a fine friendship, which may well prove hereafter the most notable in our literature, has been added to the spiritual inheritance of the world, and by its light genius, misunderstood and maligned, will be justified.

THE NEGRO RACE IN AMERICA.

FOR the first time, an educated colored man in America has undertaken to write the history of his race. There have been fragmentary books, such as Mr. W. C. Nell's *Colored Patriots of the American Revolution*, Dr. William W. Brown's *The Black Man*, and *The Negro in the Rebellion*, besides the work on *Emancipation, its Cause and Progress*, lately written by Mr. Joseph T. Wilson, and printed at the Hampton school. There is also the encyclopædic volume called *A Tribute to the Negro*, and published by an Englishman, Mr. Wilson Armistead, some forty years ago. But none of these can compare in ex-

tent of plan or general merit of execution with the elaborate work by Mr. George W. Williams, of which the first volume lies before us.¹ If we frankly point out its defects as well as its merits, it is because its author has honestly aimed to place it on that high plane where it can be judged by the standard of its absolute worth, without any sort of reference to "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." To criticise it thus impartially is a recognition of its value.

Its author, Mr. George W. Williams, was educated for the ministry, as he states, at the Baptist seminary in New-

¹ *A History of the Negro Race in America from 1619 to 1880.* By GEORGE W. WILLIAMS.

In two volumes. Vol. I. 1619-1800. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

ton, Mass. He has since, as we understand, fought in the war for the Union, practiced law in Ohio, and been a member of the legislature of that State. He has had access to the State Library of Ohio, to the Congressional Library at Washington, and to the library of the New York Historical Society. He has had the friendship and advice of Dr. George H. Moore and Mr. J. Austin Allibone. The seven years bestowed upon his book have in themselves been a liberal education, and have left him far better trained at the end than he was at the beginning. The general plan and arrangement of the work are excellent, and a mere look at the table of contents will show that it is well arranged and methodically worked out. It is carefully annotated, fully indexed, and well printed and bound. It is, in short, in all externals, a most creditable and presentable book.

When we enter on the early chapters, the impression is less encouraging. For the author to base his whole view upon such a frank assumption as "It is fair to presume that God gave all the races of mankind civilization to start with" (i. 22) is to place himself on ground quite apart from anything that can be called science. Nor is the detailed treatment any more satisfactory; it is not apparent that the author at all recognizes the amount of learning now needed to discuss such problems as *The Unity of Mankind*, or *The Negro in the Light of Philology*; and the few authorities he cites — such as Blumenbach, Prichard, Smyth, Nott, Gliddon — are somewhat superseded. His view of the present condition of Africa is better, but still very inadequate. He does not, for instance, make any reference to the extraordinary progress and influence of Mohammedanism among the native tribes. Nor does his information give us all we need to know about those races which he describes most fully. For instance, he mentions the Yorubas, and tells us

something about that remarkable man, Rev. Samuel Crowther, but does not so much as mention his *Vocabulary of the Yoruba Language* (London, 1852), a book whose remarkable collection of native proverbs has given the tribe a place in literature. Some of Mr. Williams's generalizations, too, are very hasty and sweeping, as when he says, "The great majority of Negroes in Africa are both orators and logicians" (p. 75); or, "It is a fact that all uncivilized nations are warlike" (p. 61); or, "The children [in Africa] are very noble in their relation to their mothers," to which he presently adds, "The old are venerated, and when they become sick they are abandoned to die alone" (p. 83). His unbounded admiration for the Christian humanity of Mr. Henry M. Stanley will not be universally accepted; and he is occasionally betrayed into such slips of style as to say of Mr. Winwood Reade, "He is a good writer, but sometimes gets real funny!" (p. 61).

If we frankly mention these defects, it is to emphasize the fact that Mr. Williams's book grows better as it goes on. The chapters on Sierra Leone and Liberia are decidedly superior to the more miscellaneous pages which precede them; and when he comes to his own proper ground, the *Negro Race in America*, a still further improvement is shown. The chapters on slavery in the colonies represent much original work, and are uniformly, though not equally, valuable.

One sees at a glance that Mr. Williams has built largely on the labors of his predecessors. His treatment of the military services of the negroes is based on the admirable work of the late George Livermore; but adds to it. His discussion of slavery in Massachusetts is mainly founded on the elaborate work of Dr. G. H. Moore. As a natural consequence, each of these departments is treated on a larger scale than the rest of the book; and the author has

been, in some cases, hindered as well as helped by the authority he has followed. This is especially the case with what he has drawn from Dr. Moore, who, while eminent among historical scholars, has a strong controversial tendency, which makes him a dangerous guide for an inexperienced writer. Accordingly, we find this polemic tone exaggerated, not diminished, in his disciple. This is a pity, for the work of Dr. Moore, which called out some controversy in its day, has now been generally accepted as a very important contribution to the theme it treats, and does not gain by having its militant aspect revived and intensified, sixteen years later. Besides, there is a great difference, both in manner and in weight of metal, between the original champion and his imitator. Dr. Moore, though sometimes sharp, was rarely discourteous; and he was, at any rate, dealing with men who, like himself, belonged to the guild of mature and experienced scholars, and who, moreover, were still living. Mr. Williams, on the other hand, has to do with men now dead, to whose standing and attainments a young writer owes at least the tribute of respect; and yet it cannot be denied that where Dr. Moore is sharp Mr. Williams is simply pert. To show this a single extract will suffice, premising that the subject under discussion is the date of the introduction of slavery into Massachusetts:—

“But there is n't the least fragment of history to sustain the hap-hazard statement of Emory Washburn that slavery existed in Massachusetts ‘from the time Maverick was found dwelling on Noddle's Island, in 1630.’ We are sure this assertion lacks the authority of historical data. It is one thing for a historian to think certain events happened at a particular time, but it is quite another thing to be able to cite authority in proof of the assertion. But no doubt Mr. Washburn relies upon Mr. Palfrey, who refers his reader to Mr. Josselyn.

Palfrey says, ‘Before Winthrop's arrival, there were two negro slaves in Massachusetts, held by Mr. Maverick, on Noddle's Island’ ” (i. 175–6).

Now this passage includes a series of unfortunate misstatements, and is marked by the greatest unfairness. The extract from Dr. Palfrey's history is apparently transferred by Mr. Williams from Dr. Moore's *History of Slavery in Massachusetts*, where it is contradicted in the same way. Now Dr. Moore's history was published in 1866; and his citation from Dr. Palfrey's work, as originally published in 1860, was correctly given. But Dr. Moore accidentally overlooked the fact that no such statement existed in the edition of 1865, which was already before the public when his own book was published. Dr. Palfrey had seen reason to doubt the correctness of his own inference, and had altered the words “before Winthrop's arrival” to the more careful phrase “before the year 1639,” thus disarming Dr. Moore's criticism in advance. It might fairly be said that Dr. Moore, as a librarian and careful historian, was bound to take note of this correction, though he published his book only a year after the change had been made. No man should make a citation for purposes of controversy without verifying it in the latest edition of his author. But if even Dr. Moore must be convicted of an oversight, how much greater the oversight of Mr. Williams! He publishes a book in 1883, and selects for severe criticism, in the great work of Palfrey, a sentence which has not stood in its pages for eighteen years; and has, indeed, been twice altered, for the present editions give “1638” instead of “1639.”

So much for that part of the passage above quoted which relates to Palfrey; now let us consider that part relating to the other writer criticised. Mr. Williams says that Judge Washburn “no doubt” relies upon Dr. Palfrey for his

statement as to early slavery. But if he had taken the pains simply to look at the dates of the books he quotes, he would have found that Judge Washburn's statement was published in 1858, and the second volume of Dr. Palfrey's history — which is the volume cited — in 1860. The fable of the wolf and the lamb is not clearer than that, under these circumstances, it must rather have been the Doctor who relied upon the Judge. But, beyond this, Mr. Williams here again commits an unfairness, very much like that of which he was before guilty. Judge Washburn's early work was but preliminary to a much more elaborate lecture on Slavery in Massachusetts, printed in the Historical Society's Lowell Lectures in 1869. In that lecture — published, be it observed, fourteen years before Mr. Williams's book — Judge Washburn follows Dr. Palfrey in modifying his original statement, and says only, "When Josselyn was here in 1638 he found Mr. Maverick the owner of three slaves. He probably acquired them from a ship which brought some slaves from the West Indies in that year" (Lowell Lectures, page 207); this being precisely the statement also made by Mr. Williams. It thus appears that Mr. Williams quotes from two eminent authors an early misapprehension, which they themselves had separately corrected, ignores the fact of these alterations, and claims for himself the merit of the revised statement.

It is peculiarly unfortunate for Mr. Williams that he should not have seen this later lecture by Professor Washburn, both because it is one of the most elaborate essays on the subject, and because it traverses some of the most important positions assumed by Dr. Moore and too implicitly followed by Mr. Williams. But this is not the only error of the kind by our author. He not merely ignores some of the most important assertions of others, but he ignores his

own. For example, after citing with just praise the bill passed in Connecticut in October, 1774, aimed against the slave-trade, — but not, as Mr. Williams implies, against slavery itself, — he says, —

"The above bill was brief, but pointed; and showed that Connecticut was the only one of the New England colonies that had the honesty and courage to legislate against slavery" (i. 261).

And yet it appears, by his own previous pages, that the Massachusetts legislature had passed three different bills to prohibit the slave-trade, — one in 1771 and two in 1774, — all of which failed only because the royal governor refused to sign them. This is only an instance of the curious feeling of petty hostility to Massachusetts which runs through all Mr. Williams's colonial chapters. The feeling is curious, because, by his own statement, he owes his education largely to the institutions of Massachusetts, and ought at least to do her common justice; and the hostility is petty, because he overlooks the result and cavils at the ups and downs of the process. Few will now claim that there was in Massachusetts, at any rate during the provincial period, any very general elevation of tone above the other colonies, upon the slavery question. But after the Revolution the matter can be tested by results; and any question over the phases of the contest becomes trivial, in view of the fact that Massachusetts succeeded where others had failed. By Mr. Williams's own showing (i. 436) the census of 1790 reported slaves in every State of the Union, save Massachusetts alone. The final test of the battle is the victory. The world has never found much time to listen to those who argue that Wellington was, after all, a poor general, and ought not to have happened to conquer at Waterloo. To add on the next page that Vermont, because it came into the Union in 1791 with an antislavery constitution, was

therefore "the first one to abolish and prohibit slavery in North America" is idle. In 1790 Massachusetts was without a slave, whereas at a previous period she had had some five thousand. Whether the change was brought about by legislation or by custom is a mere matter for Dryasdusts. If to be voluntarily without slaves, after having once held them, is not to have abolished slavery, what is?

But it is not alone where Mr. Williams has a case to make out that he is tempted to hasty assumptions. Not only does he begin his history with 1619, and make no allusion whatever to the fact that negro slavery was first introduced on what is now United States soil by the Spaniards at St. Augustine in 1565, but he seems to suppose that he is announcing something new in stating that the first slaves were brought to Virginia in 1619. He says that "nearly all" writers on American history, "except the laborious and scholarly Bancroft and the erudite Campbell," have made the mistake of assigning 1620 as the date. But it was, in truth, the laborious and scholarly Bancroft who, by employing the incorrect date in more than a dozen successive editions of his history, did more than anybody else to set later writers on the wrong track. As a matter of fact, the error has long since been thoroughly corrected even by Mr. Bancroft himself, and the current school manuals of American history now give the correct date. Mr. Williams's own theory, which he says "we are strangely moved to believe," that the actual landing may have been, after all, in 1618, is not very clearly stated by him, and seems to have little foundation.

To the chapter on the Military Employment of Negroes we can give hearty praise. Though necessarily founding his work upon the monograph of Mr. Livermore, the present author has greatly amplified that, has followed up ref-

erences and authorities, and has made faithful use of the new matter which has since accumulated. Where, for instance, Mr. Livermore obtained from the Rhode Island archives manuscript copies of some papers in regard to General Varnum's project of raising a negro battalion in 1778, Mr. Williams has the whole archives at his command, they having been mainly printed during the twenty years since Livermore wrote. The later chapters of the book are excellent, but it is a little hurried toward the close, and omits much that is important. This is especially true in regard to the literature of the subject. The author does not even mention the books which did most to mould public sentiment and rouse humane feeling toward the negro race. He not only names, but reprints, that noble protest by Samuel Sewall, entitled *The Selling of Joseph*, published in 1700, which, taken in connection with his unique *Diary* and his brave self-humiliation after the witchcraft trials, will make him more and more famous as time goes on, as being not merely the Pepys of his generation, but its most heroic figure. Mr. Williams also refers to the antislavery pamphlets of Appleton, Swan, Coleman, and Salisbury. But there were publications far more influential, which he does not mention. He does not speak of John Woolman's *Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes* (Philadelphia, 1754), or its sequel in 1762. He does not allude to Benjamin Rush's *Address to the Inhabitants of the British Settlements in America, upon Slave Keeping* (Philadelphia and Boston, 1773); or his larger pamphlet, vindicating this from a criticism "by a West Indian" in the same year. He does not speak of the *Forensic Dispute at Harvard College in 1773, on The Legality of Enslaving the Africans*; or of William Pinckney's noble speech made before the Maryland House of Delegates in November, 1787;

or of the sermon by Jonathan Edwards, on *The Injustice and Impolicy of the Slave-Trade*, preached at New Haven, Ct., September 15, 1791. He might well have mentioned also the remarkable Letter to George Washington on his Continuing to be a Proprietor of Slaves, by Edward Rushton, which appeared at Liverpool in 1797. But with

whatever defects of omission and commission, the author has produced a work of great value; one that will be a treasury of facts for future students, and greatly facilitate their work, although it will inevitably be superseded in time by a history prepared with yet fuller research, more careful literary training, and a more judicial spirit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A CHAPLAIN in a Southern penitentiary, who is also doing a noble missionary and educational work among the poor and destitute colored people in his vicinity, sends his friends a graphic account of the unpacking of a Christmas box, received from friends at the North for the school-children under his charge. The humor of it is so quaint and delicious that the private circle of friends for whose amusement and edification alone it was written, ought not to have the sole enjoyment of it. The immediate theme is a boy's remonstrance and protest because the contents of the box seemed chiefly intended for the girls.

"The boys have long felt themselves aggrieved, but whether through design, or because of nature's reservations in the matter of boys North, they could not quite determine; some inclining to think one way, some the other.

"Last year, looking in at the window during the process of unpacking, one boy observed with much acrimony, 'Dat yer's de tenf doll dat's come out' dat one box, 'sides all de dresses and white fixins; and all fur no 'count gals. I'se disgusted, I is.' And he sat down with his back to the window, as if there were nothing worth looking at.

"'An' what's ten dolls mongst a hundred gals?' said a sprightly girl, quickly facing him. 'Dey ain't one on 'um

fur me, kase I ain't had a good lessing since I 'member. An' what's you making a fuss fur? Boys can't git it all.'

"'Git it all!' replied the boy, rising in wrath. 'Did ye see ten marbles, or ten pair of breeches, or ten jackets, or ten nuffin else fur boys? Git it all!—you 'se a baggage, you is. We uns don' spec for to git nuffin whatumsoever, an' we don't want your dolls!'

"'An' a good reason why you can't git nuffin, kase de folks Norf knows you is n't wuf a gif', you lump of livin' impurance,' said the girl, no ways daunted by the boy's threatening manner. 'An' ef dere is n't any boys dere, wich I t'inks very likely, it's kase de Norven folks has got more sense dan Souvern folks, an' knows what boys is too well t'ave 'em a kickin' roun'. You is a misplaced creation anyhow, boys is; allers a-grumblin', an' a-hollerin', an' a-slammin' doors, an' a-fochin' in dirt. What good 'ud new clothes do you, you mud-rollin', tree-climbin', peach-stealin' creature?'

"The rejoinder to this is not recorded among my memoranda, so I cannot give it. But I find among them, written on loose sheets, and of about the same date, a conversation wherein the boy's views are set forth with some force. My notes indicate a conversation, but comprise only the heads and occasional

oddities of expression on the part of one speaker, hence it must here take the form of a monologue; but it is altogether too good a specimen of 'unique' eloquence to be lost.

" 'Not meanin' to be saucy, nur to be runnin' any onnecessary risks, we has yit sumpin fur to say about dis yer matter, bein' as we don' see no jestice in de way t'ings goes on. Talk about shoes! Jus' look at dese, w'ich is de only ones dis miserbul worl' has for me. See my big toe an' his little brudder a-tastin' of de fros' an' col' dis ebenin'. Is n't you 'shamed fur to see dat ar', while you has de bes' dat delan' fords? An' look at dis yere hat! Dis is all de coverin' fur my pore head dat I is had fur goin' on five year. It ain't got no top nur yit no brim. De col' rains o' de skeyi comes down onchecked fur to gim me rheumatiz; an' when I goes to take it off fur to bow to de ladies, I allers pulls my own har. Is n't you 'shamed o' dat in a member o' de schule consarnin' w'ich you is one ob um? I won't speak o' dese yere pants, kase dey is full of mouves w'ich speak fur dere selvs, only I will jes menchin dat my daddy has no trouble fur to fin' a place fur to gimme a 'membrancer; I does n't have to ondrass. I jus' leaves it to you if it 's one o' de 'greeabilities o' 'xistence to be 'bleeged t' allers crawfish outen a room back'ards, 'r to be keerful whar I sits down, 'r to be a 'tinual subjec o' larfin' on de part of dose onfeelin' ones what has no sympathy wiz misfortin'. De las' time my mammy mended 'em she sewed on a gunny bag wiz my las' kite string; an' I ain't been able to tell w'ich wuz wuss, de scratchin' o' de gunny bag or de miserbulness of nuffin. I ain't got a pockit what 'l hole what 's put inter it, an' I conserkently has to make a pockit out'n my mouf, w'ich ain't de bes' 'dapted fur dat perfession, bein' made 'riginally fur swallerin', — w'ich it do, sometimes, wiz tings dat I is sorry fur to lose. If you t'inks dat all dis is

n't much, what dus you 'pinion 'bout my jackit? [He was in his shirt sleeves] Is n't it pretty? You kin see right froo it widout any trouble. Sort o' gossamer like; s' like what de ladies wears when dey wants to make b'lieve dey has clo's on. Mammy says I had a jackit wonst, an' ef I hed been keerful I might a' had it yit. It wur when I was a baby, dat jackit wur, an' I leaves it to you ef I could a wored it ever since. When de wind blows col' I tries to 'member how dat jackit use' to feel, but I don' find it warmin'. I won't speak o' dis yere shirt, as it ain't much to speak of, an' is tored now opin all de way down in front. Dis yere frien'ly string is all dat hol's it togedder; an f' I wor to menchin it as I feels, 't might go on a strike, an' den whar 'd I be? Now dese dat I is been a menchinin' is all dat I has in dis worl', 'ceptin' some marbles an' udder t'ings dat I has buried away in a safe place down in de lot. Lots of de fellers is no better off nor I is. If dere is any thin' in dis yere worl' meant fur yus I hain't foun' it out yit. I has allers heard that boys worn't good fur nuffin. I 'spresses no 'pinion 'bout dat, at present. What I *knows* is dat dey don't *git* nuffin in dis yere miserbul worl', 'ceptin' kicks an' cuffs an' sottin's down. I hearn tell dat dere is folkses up Norf what sorry fur de pore nigger. So dey is; I jedge, fur de men and de wimming, an' mos' 'specially fur de gals; but I don' see no signs goin' fur to show dat dey keers for nigger boys. I t'inks dat de hull worl's out of jint in dis matter, 'specially since de Sunday-school 's gone back on us, too. But I dunno of no way to help it, t'ings bein' as dey is now.' "

— Some mornings ago, a portion of the social world was considerably agitated by a rumor that one Timotheus, poet, had used a lyre with twelve strings; the original number had been seven, but had answered very well all bardic purposes. When the legislating worthies of Sparta (for this was in Sparta)

heard of the affair, they had Timotheus called, tried, and found guilty of the offense alleged; doubtless, too, the sentence and its execution were characteristically Laconic. At our remove, it is difficult to appreciate the objection at the time brought against this lyrical improvement; we only know, there was grave apprehension that the twelfth string, if retained, would prelude the entrance of luxury and civic degeneracy, against which the guardians of the state had always presented a firm front.

We smile at the scruples of those crusty conservatives, — most un-Greek-like Greeks that they were! Here we have a harp of a thousand strings, and they disputed the propriety of adding a pitiful five! Do we continually practice a beggarly, bound-out philosophy, because we dare not risk contact with the delicate and pleasant things of life, lest they steal our strength and valor? On the contrary, we import our philosophy from Persia, and maintain that we are better candidates for citizenship, both in this world and the next, in proportion as we increase the number of our enjoyments, and expand our capacity for enjoying. We praise prosperity; sweet are its uses. Perhaps in no other age before this could each human being so well suit himself from the treasury and armory of his time. He has but to beckon his choice, and it hastens to him, with means and equipments, from among the crowd of benevolent genii. One's chief difficulty is to decide which, of all these wooing opportunities, it were best to wed.

So we say, exulting in the plenitude and variety of modern life. Yet it is possible that the old Spartan fear was not altogether groundless. Are we sure that the harp with its thousand strings makes purer and stronger harmony than the same instrument when the strings were fewer? We have books, the lecture, music, art, the drama, and numberless other generous contributors to our

instruction and entertainment; we each receive into our mass a portion of the lively heaven, taste; we have "social contact," which quickens sympathy and makes wit nimble; we have at hand all our powers can absorb, — are soothed, satisfied, unadventurous. On the imaginative side, our growth seems not commensurate with the apparent advantage and encouragement of the situation. Would we not be justified if we drew the following conclusion: material possession of the things it accounts desirable oftener sates the imagination and puts it to sleep than rouses and stimulates it. The child that has not its amusement provided from the toy-shop, the child without companions, invents and constructs for itself the furniture of its play, — dramatizes its thought, and therefrom peoples the solitude. Imagination, genius, often works to best advantage when, to the casual observer, it appears to be exiled and defrauded. What it misses most it straightway exerts itself to supply by ideal creations. These ideal creations are the "sum and substance" of poetry.

— This is a world of compromises, of balancing contraries, weighing of pleasures against pains, etc., and, by dint of close search and careful adjustment, one generally succeeds in getting hold of the correspondences and making the scale swing even. But bad weather is one of the things that the most optimistic philosopher may find a difficulty in finding a set-off for, especially if he live at a remove from the stones of a city pavement, the sole security for the foot in this present weather dispensation of slipping and splashing on ice or in slush, and when pedestrianism is only a trifle worse than getting about in vehicles which go skating around icy corners, dragging over muddy clearings, and jolting over the gulfs of gutter-crossings. Nature has had a dismal face on during the past few weeks; the landscape has had the smudgy look of a poor mezzotint,

— nothing but blurred lines and a dull uniformity of color. To-day the weather is still bad, according to barometers and in the meaning of weather prophecies; but at length has come a change in the aspect of things, which one may take as compensation for their unpleasantness to the mere bodily sensation. Until ten A. M. there was no visible world, external to the few feet of space in which each one found himself. Then began a battle between the dense fog and the sun, aided by a feeble breath of southwest wind. The sun peered for a moment over the edge of vapor-drift, in size and color like a pale moon, and then sank and was lost again beneath the billows of mist. The mist decidedly had the best of it, and I was glad to see the sun go under. Across the frozen river a layer of white vapor stretched motionless along the hillside, and looked like another solid stream, bounded by a second blue hill range. When I presently went out in the sleigh, and turned toward the south, the mountains that run westwardly and cross the line of vision were looming grandly up, while above the actual mountain was a splendid cloud-piled height. Looking off at it over the length of intervening valley, I could almost fancy myself on the Axenstein, gazing Lucerne-ward to Pilatus and his great *confrères*. Another turn of the road brought the river into sight again, and right across the narrow opening between the hills, at right and left, lay a low fog wreath, which a chance sun-gleam fell on, and turned into a gold-tipped barrier closing the way to fairyland. Out of such stuff as these floating, fluctuating mists it is that fancy loves to build cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, which presently are "melted into air, thin air." There is hardly a street in our town from which some glimpse may not be had of the river below and the hills beyond, and, as we turned to the north again, on our way homeward, I glanced down a side street,

and saw what seemed the remains of a great conflagration; for the sun just then had quite disappeared, and the heavy masses of fog lying below, at the end of the street vista, were the color of thick smoke, which seemed to hang over the smouldering ashes of a huge fire just extinguished. Why has there never arisen a second Turner to attempt the noting of these curious atmospheric effects, which are sometimes, though not so often, seen inland as well as on and by the sea? Any one with an eye for color of course finds a never-failing and intense delight in the effects of dawn, sunset, and twilight, and the variations of tones in clear or partially clear skies; but we are not so apt to take note of color effects in dull weather with clouded skies. I, for one, know that I have Ruskin to thank for directing me to find a pleasure in observing the delicate gradations and subtle blending of tone in neutral skies and landscape. I never could see the truth of his statement, however, that nature does not use brown paint.

— A curious and beautiful little plant is the mimosa, but if it could be rendered spontaneous in my garden I would not encourage its growing there; to be continually offending so delicate a creature would be far from pleasant. The same consideration might warrant one's hesitating to cultivate in his garden of choice acquaintances many human counterparts of the genus mimosa. These sensitive plants, by reason of the tender, irritable surface they present, always manage to convince us, while we are with them, that our moral touch is exceptionally harsh and clumsy. We are not aware of having given offense until we see the recoil of the sensitive plant, — its leaves shrinking and folding together, retiring about the stem; until we meet, instead of genial reciprocity, a precipitate withdrawing into itself of our friend's personality, all kindly mutualities being temporarily suspended. How much patient adroitness it takes

to bring back *in statu quo* our relations with the wounded, only those know who have had to deal with the plant. We have referred, casually, to some contemporaneous instance, or have passed criticism upon remote affairs or persons, or have drawn a harmless, humorous characterization, when, *presto*, our listener feels a hand laid upon him. He never "gives away the sermon," but takes all to himself; and the humorous characterization, also, he contrives to carry off, to his own discomfiture. And we are left to plead guilty to an ugly *gaucherie*! If the sensitive plant would only consider of what inverse misery it is the cause! But that is rarely the nature of the plant; it has little power to exchange places with another, little imagination where itself is not immediately concerned. After some not unuseful experience of its peculiarities, it has dawned upon us that selfishness is the big tap-root which feeds the germination and morbid growth of such sensitiveness. It might not be amiss to lay down a rule: Doubt those persons who are frequently given to the confession that they are sensitive, — far too sensitive for their own good. (The latter half of the statement is true enough, but not in the sense intended by them.) If they were indeed as sensitive as they would have us believe, the fact would have to be ascertained in some other way than through oral acknowledgment. Having to deal with them, we probably find that what they mistake in themselves for fine spiritual acumen and sensibility is something very akin to jealousy, — an ungenerous distrustfulness of nature. "To cherish good hopes, and to believe I am loved by my friends" — recommended by no less authority than Marcus Antoninus — is an excellent specific in these aggravated cases. Who that maintains continual bivouac, lest at some unguarded moment he fall victim to Punic faith, is a suitable candidate for any of the ingenious offices of

friendship? He is undoubtedly too wary and suspicious (not sensitive) for his own good. The only admirable order of sensitiveness is that to which the Apostle's definition of charity is applicable. Like that Christian virtue, it suffers long, is patient, vaunteth not itself. It has a shy "elvish face," and is not to be met with upon the street. It so sedulously hides itself that the kindest house-mate impinges on it unawares. It has a rare aptitude for vicarious suffering, and every day immolates itself, unthanked, for some one. It supposes every one it meets to be endowed with as thin a skin as its own, and is therefore constantly on its guard to commit no cruelty. Often it absurdly overrates the tender susceptibility of others; takes superfluous pains to direct its eye-shot well above any physical or moral imperfection of its neighbor, and in any company is always "heading off" the conversation, lest it range over the opinions and prejudices of those present. So vivid is its dramatic imagination that it is sometimes perilously near sympathizing with depravity, its manners becoming infected with the neighboring baseness. Then its behavior is not unlike that of Christabel, who unconsciously narrowed the eye, and repeated the vicious glance of the serpent-lady.

Genuine sensitiveness parries discovery by a variety of ingenious methods, one of which is to announce its complete imperviousness; it bids you feel the rhinoceros rings and bosses it has put on, intending to pass them for its natural habit. To conclude, we give the deposition with which a sensitive plant lately favored us: "It is the frank and egoistic behavior I have adopted, of late years, that makes it seem easy to lay hands upon my heart and life; but I find the device protective, and the hurts I receive are far less painful than they used to be."

— May I be pardoned the impertinence, but I have of late taken some

pains to ascertain the age of the heroine,—the heroine of the contemporary novel. Examining carefully, in several instances, the data furnished by her sponsors, I have sorted out and tabulated certain general facts. These facts show her age to be, never under twenty; rarely two-and-twenty; usually from twenty-four to twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and even there-above, giving an average of twenty-five (plus). While pursuing these numerical calculations, I am closely observing the heroine's face. There are no "telling lines" upon the brow or about the eye, and her color is still faultless. It is to be noted, moreover, that she retains in her manner a wonderful measure of youthful vivacity and frankness. I am far from caviling at the happy ease and gracefulness with which she carries the weight of her years. This is as we would have it; but the singularity of the case appears, when her age is contrasted with that of her predecessor, the heroine of the old-fashioned novel. The latter is always a *jeune fille*, who, when the narrative of her fortunes is concluded, has scarcely more than crossed the threshold of the twenties. Rustic and unschooled, or accomplished and sophisticated; phlegmatic or piquant, timid or audacious,—whatever her temperament and behavior, she is invariably lovely and of tender age. What writer of fiction in its early days would have

presented, or what reader would have accepted, a heroine who did not possess the two chief requisites, beauty and youth? Of beauty, it is still expected the heroine shall have a certain allowance, as a pair of fine eyes or a "sensitive mouth." As to youth, the restriction no longer holds. Why the changed fashion? I account for it in only one way: the metaphysical tendency of the modern novel seems to require that the character of central importance shall interest us subjectively. This character must be subtended by actual experience, ripe feeling, settled convictions, and a clever vein of casuistry. Now, as these do not consist with the idea of extreme youth, and as consistency and realism are the special jewels of the present fiction school, it follows that we have a heroine who, to say the least, is "no longer young." Again, conversation is, as every reader knows, an essential element of the contemporary novel; and analysis would probably show the following ratio: Conversation, including speculative interpolation by the author, three parts; incident, one. What, in the present exigency, were a silent or monosyllabic heroine? The heroine is she who converses subtly, saying far more than "meets the ear," adroitly touching both the heights and deeps of experience. The conversation of school-girls is not wont to be of this order; hence the reigning heroine's maturer age.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. On Viol and Flute is a volume of poems selected for an American publisher (Holt) by Edmund W. Gosse from those previously published in England. The fine scholarship, good taste, and literary atmosphere of the author are very noticeable. He has so fine a literary sense that he almost creates nature. — Lyrical and Dramatic Poems selected from the works of Robert Browning, by Edward T. Mason (Holt),

is preceded by a portion of Mr. Stedman's criticism of Browning. The book appears to have the design rather of persuading people to read Browning, by showing that he is not always obscure, than of giving a typical selection. — College Verses, compiled by the Berkeleyan Stock Company (The California Publishing Company, San Francisco), is a selection of verses which have been written at various times between 1872 and

1878 by members of the University of California. The book indicates a clearer understanding of what poetry is than similar works published at the East. — It may be allowed to draw attention to a little volume of privately printed poems by E. R. Sill, formerly connected with the same university as officer, entitled *The Venus of Milo and other Poems*, in which one may detect something more than clever versification. Two of the poems, *The Fool's Prayer* and *Five Lives*, have exceptional value. — *Mirabeau*, an Historical Drama by George H. Calvert (Lee & Shepard), bears witness to a spirit of scholarship which troubles itself but little with poetic fashions. — *Poems*, by Ernest Warburton Shurtleff, with an introduction by Hezekiah Butterworth (Williams), is a volume of quiet poetry, written out of a sincere feeling for the purer elements of life and nature. — *Songs of an Idle Hour*, by William J. Coughlin (Williams), make one wonder what the author does when he is busy.

History and Biography. Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information relating to all ages and nations has passed to its seventeenth edition, which contains the history of the world to the autumn of 1881. Benjamin Vincent is the editor, as he has been since 1855, and the long life of the work goes far to remove the appearance of arrogance on the title-page. It has been revised for American readers by George Cary Eggleston, who "has corrected errors in the English work with respect to American matters; has added American dates to all important titles from which they were omitted in the English work; and has inserted such additional titles relating to American subjects as were necessary to fit the work for the use of American readers." (Harpers.) It is furnished with a full index. — *The Shenandoah Valley* in 1864, by George E. Pond, associate editor of the Army and Navy Journal (Scribners), is the eleventh in the series of campaigns of the civil war, and contains an account of the important battle of Cedar Creek. — *Reminiscences and Memorials of Men of the Revolution and their Families*, by A. B. Muzzey (Estes & Lauriat), is based upon personal recollection of many men of note in the neighborhood of Boston, and is devoted to an affectionate and amiable account of persons and families. The writer is an old gentleman, who values the past and lingers over its memories. — Mr. Josiah Quincy in *Figures of the Past*, from the Leaves of old Journals (Roberts), has done a somewhat similar task, but has confined himself more closely to his own recollections, and has had the advantage of drawing from a long series of journals. The book is a series of simple and often very agreeable pictures of life, chiefly in Boston and vicinity, extending over a period of more than half a century. Mr. Quincy, who died before the book was published, belonged to a notable family, and his recollections have the charm of good-breeding, even when the literary form is *negligée*.

Literature and Literary Criticism. The third series of *Spare Hours*, by Dr. John Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is largely devoted to semi-professional papers, but Dr. Brown in his medical

character is rarely technical and always a familiar friend. There are few recent English writers who have established such intimate relations with their readers. — A new edition of Hawthorne's works has been begun (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) with *Twice-Told Tales*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *The Wonder Book*, and *The House of the Seven Gables*, four of the twelve volumes promised. The type is admirable, the accompanying etchings very agreeable, and the bibliographical introductions by Mr. Lathrop reserved and interesting. Altogether the edition has the appearance of having been carefully planned, as it certainly is well executed. — In the new issue of Dr. Holmes's writings, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) comes second, and is furnished with a new preface. — *Early English Literature* (to Wiclif), by Bernhard Ten Brink (Holt), is translated from the German by Horace M. Kennedy. It treats of the literary monuments of England of the earliest period, and is a minute, painstaking study, somewhat dry, but not without a conception of the forces which lie behind literature. It may be commended to students. — *A History of Latin Literature from Ennius to Boethius*, by G. A. Simcox (Harpers), in two volumes, is rather for the general reader than the special student. "My original aim," the author says, "in writing, was to do something toward making Latin literature intelligible and interesting, as a whole, to the cultivated laity who might like to realize its literary worth, whether they read Latin or no." The book has a special value from its literary treatment of the Latin Fathers. — *The Iliad of Homer*, done into English prose by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, and Ernest Myers (Macmillan), is a companion volume to Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey*; and although prose befits the *Iliad* less than the *Odyssey*, many readers will find a new charm in this translation, since it permits a more nervous and yet flowing English than is possible in verse. — *Socrates*, a translation of the *Apology*, *Crito*, and parts of the *Phædo* of Plato (Scribners), is a new issue in paper of a translation published anonymously in 1878, and prefaced by an introduction from Professor Goodwin, of Harvard. — In *Foreign Classics for English Readers*, *Rousseau*, by Henry Grey Graham, has appeared (Lippincott), and illustrates English conservatism as well as French philosophical romance.

Business. *The Business Man's Commercial Law and Business Forms Combined*, by J. C. Bryant (J. C. Bryant, Buffalo, N. Y.), is described further as a *vade mecum* for the counting-house. It deals with such matters as come within the range of ordinary business, and is also furnished with questions which render it useful as a textbook. The author is one of the well-known firm of Bryant and Stratton, who have long conducted an organization of business colleges.

Household Economy. *Ice-Cream and Cakes*, a new collection of standard fresh and original receipts for household and commercial use, by an American. (Scribners.) This business-like volume contains nearly five hundred receipts and wise counsels, among which we note with pleasure the injunction, "Just as soon as you have done using

any dish or implement, wipe it perfectly clean, and set it in a dry place. Don't wait till a more convenient time.'

Education and Text-Books. A Hand-Book of English and American Literature, for the use of schools and academies, by Esther J. Trimble (Eldredge and Brother, Philadelphia), begins its preface with the hopeful sentence in italics, *The study of literature is the study of the works of an author*, and closes with a discouraging sentence, also in italics: *Encourage pupils to make their own criticisms of an author's style*. The book itself affords somewhat distracting help in each direction. The editor tries to pack much illustrative history in a small space, and gives the most fragmentary examples of literature, while the criticisms, especially upon current writers, are very poor models for the youthful critic. The trouble with the editor is that she has good principles, but forgets them as soon as she engages upon her work, and becomes involved in a hopeless attempt to tell young readers everything. — From Chicago (Townsend MacCoun) come two tidy books, Mueller's *Horace* and Dindorf's *Iliad*. They are simply texts, being a part of Trübner's series, adopted by an American house. The neatness of the binding commends the book both for text-book use and for the book-shelf. — Mr. John Wentworth Sanborn publishes from Batavia, N. Y., a manual which he has prefaced with the title *A Method of Teaching the Greek Language*, tabulated; together with directions for pronouncing Greek, rules of accent, division of words into syllables, formation of tenses of the verb, and on reading Greek at sight. It is in effect a drill book, and is intended to give the grammatical side with precision and iteration. — Professor J. B. Greenough, of Harvard, has issued with Ginn & Heath a *Virgil*, which comprises the *Bucolics* and six books of the *Æneid*. It is fully annotated, furnished with a vocabulary, and further illustrated by a number of descriptive woodcuts. A second volume is to follow, containing the remainder of the *Æneid* and the *Georgics*. The book has an attractive air of thoroughness and finish. — In the Pestalozzian series (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) has been published *First Year Arithmetic*, accompanied in the same volume by a *Teacher's Manual*. It has been prepared by James H. Hoose, and professes to be based upon Pestalozzi's system of teaching elementary number. — The dime question books of the same publishers now include *Botany*, *General History*, *Astronomy*, *Mythology*, and *Rhetoric and Composition*. — Mr. Rolfe's edition of *Shakespeare's Plays* (Harpers) is completed by *Pericles* and *Two Noble Kinsmen*, on the title-page of the latter of which he places also Fletcher's name. He omits Titus Andronicus from his series, in which he may be right on strictly critical grounds; and one could well spare the gory horrors of the play, but there are some passages which are Shakespearean enough to be Shakespeare's. The series, as a whole, is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is designed, — use in schools.

Fiction. *Dust*, a novel by Julian Hawthorne (Fords, Howard and Hulbert) is a story of English life in the early part of this century. — The

Surgeon's Stories by Z. Topelius, is a series of six Swedish Historical Romances, of which the first, under title of *Times of Gustaf Adolf*, has just been published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. — *The Jews of Barnow*, stories by Karl Emil Franzos, translated from the German by M. W. Macdowall (Appleton) gives an interesting interior view of Jewish life in Poland, and comes at a time when the public is readier to be interested than it once was. — *Mrs. Lorimer*, a *Sketch in Black and White*, by Lucas Malet (Appleton), is the reprint of an English novel which has excited attention in England. — *Dukesborough Tales*, by Richard Malcolm Johnston, in Harper's Franklin Square Library is an American book, revived by its author, who has added other more recent stories in the same vein. The old-fashioned air of the work ought not to deter readers, and will not if they should happen to light first on the singularly clever story of *The Various Languages of Billy Moon*. The book, besides its interest as a volume of stories, portrays curious provincial life in Georgia. — In the same series is *My Connaught Cousins*, a novel of Irish life, prefaced by Robert Buchanan, who vouches for the truthfulness of the pictures. — *Homespun Stories*, by Ascott R. Hope (Appleton), is a collection of lively stories, of school-boy life chiefly.

Philosophy and Religion. *Notes on Evolution and Christianity*, by J. F. Yorke (Holt), has for its object, in the words of the preface, "to turn a small stream of fact and criticism on to an important question. Is there in the teaching of Christ an originality so wonderful as to be accounted for only by the assumption of a special divine revelation?" Mr. Yorke does not put out the question by his stream. He concludes by appealing to his readers to accept "the teaching of the last and greatest of God's prophets, science, who alone can tell us truly what we ought to do and what we may become." As if the fundamental relation of man to Christ was that of a student to a teacher! — *Ingersollism from a Secular Point of View*, by George R. Wendling (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), is also from a violent and oratorical point of view. — In the *Philosophic Series* (Scribners) which Dr. McCosh is issuing, the second number is *Energy, efficient and final cause*.

Nonsense. A book written by the Spirits of the So-called Dead, with their own materialized hands, by the process of independent slate-writing, through Miss Lizzie S. Green and others, as mediums. Compiled and arranged by C. G. Helleberg, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The title-page bears a stanza from Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, in which we are told that *Dust thou art, to dust returnest*, was not spoken of the soul; but we never saw any dustier souls than those that are taken down from the top shelf in this book.

Fine Arts. In the Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux Arts, published by A. Quantin, Paris, to which we have already called attention, three new volumes have appeared: *La Peinture Anglaise* by Ernest Chesneau, *Les Procédés de la Gravure* by A. de Lostalot, and *La Gravure* by Henri Delaborde.